

# McDougall *of* Alberta

A LIFE OF REV. JOHN McDOUGALL, D.D.  
PATHFINDER OF EMPIRE AND PROPHET  
OF THE PLAINS

JOHN MACLEAN, D.D.

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*McDougall of Alberta*

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A LIFE OF REV. JOHN McDOUGALL, D.D.  
PATHFINDER OF EMPIRE AND PROPHET  
OF THE PLAINS

*By*  
JOHN MACLEAN, D.D.

*Author*

"The Indians of Canada"  
"The Warden of the Plains"  
"Canadian Savage Folk"  
"Life of James Evans"  
"Vanguards of Canada"

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## *Dedication*

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*To*

HIS HONOR ROBERT G. BRETT, M.D.

Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Alberta

FIFTY YEARS have come and gone since we sat together in the village of our youth. Sacred memories of your father and mother and the folks at home still linger. When the call of the West came strong and clear in after days, we followed the gleam over the old Red River Trail till we stood at last under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Through all the years our friendship has become more beautiful and enduring. As an expression of my love and gratitude, and as a token of our common devotion to the interests of the North-West, as well as of our associations with the subject of this volume, it gives me pleasure to dedicate this book to you, my dear old friend.

JOHN MACLEAN.



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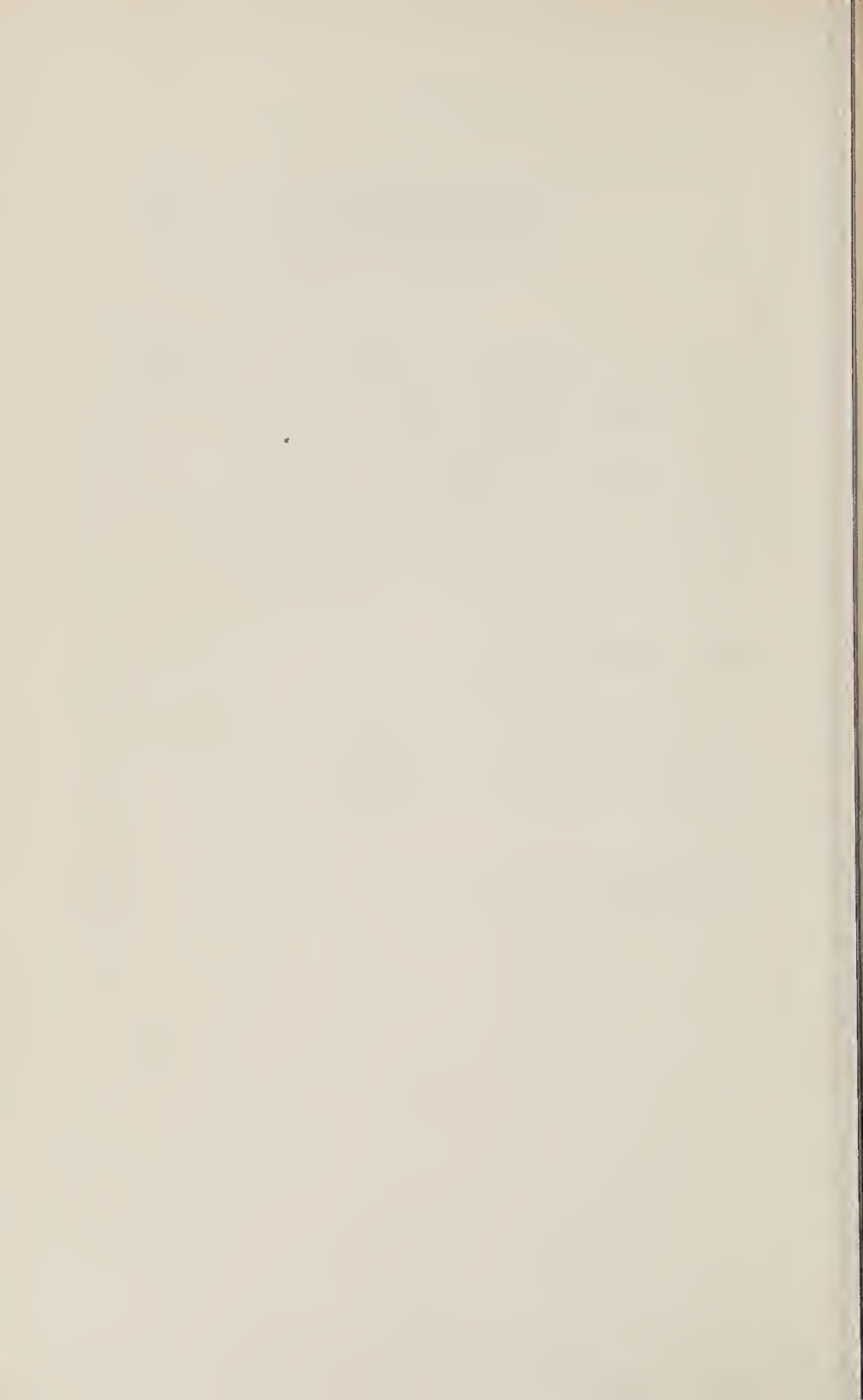


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## Foreword

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GIVEN a worthy life as a subject and a competent biographer, the result will be an interesting and inspiring book. One naturally thinks of Boswell and his *Life of Johnson*, a book which will last while English literature endures, and covers both men with just fame. The memory of too many great Canadians is allowed to vanish because their fine ideals, their penetrating vision, their illuminating thoughts and brave and benevolent deeds are not suitably recorded, so the encouraging lessons of their lives are lost to our coming generations, who are smaller in character stature on that account. Accordingly, I hail the coming of Dr. John Maclean's book on the "Pathfinder of Empire and Prophet of the Plains, John McDougall, of Alberta." Perhaps I am prejudiced in my unhesitating and hearty welcome of it, for I knew both McDougall and Maclean well since 1880, and much admire their lives. They were great adventurers for good. They had a passion for a noble purpose to help their fellows as best they could, very human in their sympathies, well qualified for leadership in the spheres they chose. They loved the social intercourse of our civilization, but their life purposes took them much away from the busy haunts of men to frequent isolation, but they followed

"That rare track made by great ones lone and beaten  
Through solitary hours,  
Climbing past fear and fate and sin, iron-eaten  
To godlier powers."

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*Foreword*

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I could recount from my knowledge of events then current, many diverting stories about John McDougall, but leave all such narratives to the author, who is much more expert in that than I. I also could repeat some fascinating yarns about John Maclean himself, but the readers of this book might think I was about to write his biography. As a biographer I would suffer from comparison with him, hence I halt. Yet I hope some capable person as great an admirer and friend of Dr. John Maclean as the Doctor is of John McDougall, will write for us the story of Maclean's Life on the Canadian Prairies, for encouragement and help to many people.

It is with pleasure that I commend this book to Canadian readers, because the Life of John McDougall was worth while, and the author, a man of keen discernment in affairs human, and a good writer.

J. A. M. AIKINS.

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## *Chapter I—In the Beginning*

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IN THE history of communities there arises now and again a common man with high ideals, a deep and abiding love for his fellowmen, and a prophetic genius in relation to his country. These qualities frequently arouse jealousy and opposition on the one hand, and on the other, admiration and homage; but when a man comes to the end of the trail, hatred dies in the hush of sorrow over the grassy mound. The great man comes to the front in varying garb in the history of the world. At first the strong man is the hero, and Nimrod receives the worship of man. Next, the man of brain becomes the idol of the populace, and Homer is exalted. With the new era, the good man is the greatest, and goodness becomes supreme.

John McDougall was born well, his forbears on his father's side being reared on the heather hills of Scotland, where plain living and high thinking kept company, and love of country was joined with strong faith in God. By the law of heredity, the quality of cool and clear judgment, and the habit of thrift, were passed on to the prophet of the plains. His grandfather was a non-commissioned officer in the British Navy, a God-fearing man, who emigrated to Canada, and served his country in naval service on the Great Lakes, during the War of 1812. The military instinct was strong in the family. John McDougall's father served as a private in the Royal Foresters'

Regiment, and John himself found an outlet for his latent heroism during the second Rebellion in the North-West.

In the making of this man of destiny, there looms the life and character of his father, George Millward McDougall. Born to hardship from the day of his birth, until he fell asleep on the plains of Alberta, with the driven snow as a shroud and a mantle of peace, he coveted the honour of filling the hardest places. Ever calm in the hour of danger, and with firm belief in the immense influence for good or evil of insignificant people, and of obscure deeds, he shared the conviction of George Eliot, who says, in *Middlemarch*—

The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.

Trapping fur-bearing animals, clearing the bush farm, and working in spare time for the settlers, he became expert in his youth with the axe, gun and trap. In young manhood he sailed Lakes Huron, Erie and Michigan as captain of the schooners *Indian Prince* and *Sydenham*, trading with the Indians and preaching at every suitable opportunity. It is no wonder that he determined to become a missionary, or that his love for the Indians, together with his personal courage and genius for leadership, should be inherited by his eldest son.

Elizabeth Chantler, the mother of John

McDougall, was a birth-right member of the Society of Friends. In person she was tall and dignified, beautiful in youth and venerable in old age. Possessing a strong will, kept under fine control, a bright intellect regulated by sound judgment, and a kind disposition mellowed with the passing years, she developed a saintliness of character. Honoured and trusted by the stalwart Cree Indians, she governed the Mission House during the long and frequent absence of her husband, and exerted a wide and deep influence over the Indian camps in times of distress. At Victoria, now called Pakan, in the Province of Alberta, she spent thirteen months alone with her family, during the epidemic of smallpox. She was afterward in a similar position for nearly two months, and in these periods of loneliness she conducted religious meetings, read sermons to congregations, taught the women to knit and sew, cared for the sick, and buried the dead. On another occasion she had the oversight of twenty babies when their mothers were ill with scarlet fever. John McDougall was born well.

The birthplace of this trailmaker of the West was Owen Sound, in the Province of Ontario. Of all the places in Canada there was none better fitted as a starting point for a pioneer than the frontier village of Owen Sound, with its small cluster of crude log houses on the banks of the Sydenham River. Tradition says that he was the first white child born on the shores of Georgian Bay. "My earliest recollections," he says, "are of stumps, log heaps, great forests, corduroy roads, Indians, log and birch-bark canoes, bateaux,



mackinaw boats." Mingling with Indians till he could speak Ojibway better than English, sailing on the lakes with his father, visiting bands of Indians on the various islands, tramping through the forest in the hot summer days and in the depth of winter, listening to his father preaching in log shanties, such was his preparation for pioneer life in the West.

He was born December 27, 1842. Life would have been very different for him and many others had his advent into the world been twenty-five years later. By the unwritten law of predestination, he came to his own Bethlehem at the appropriate time, announced by a star unseen by human eyes, although there were no wise men with material gifts of adoration.

McDougall's early childhood was spent in the backwoods, where the settlers lived on coarse food, enduring unspeakable hardships as they hewed out small homesteads in the forest. Their rugged manliness and splendid generosity made a deep impression on the soul of the child. Intemperance being rife among the white folks and Indians, many terrible scenes of destitution and cruelty were witnessed, producing in McDougall an intense hatred for liquor, which grew with the years.

There was light in the darkness, however. As father and son plodded through the deep snow of the blazed trails to a humble log shanty, where a congregation of simple folk assembled for worship, they all prayed and sang with holy fervor, and forgot their trials in the joy of fellowship with God. Widely scattered were these



lowly places of worship, like oases in the desert, and from these primitive conventicles there went forth men and women of sturdy faith and sterling character, to lay the foundations of our national life.

When George McDougall decided to become a missionary, he felt the need of better education for so great a service. With a view to attending Victoria College, Cobourg, he sold off his possessions, left his son, John, then between six and seven years, with Mr. Cathey, teacher of the Mission School at Newash, and David, a younger son, with his uncle who lived in the bush. In the depth of winter, the two boys of tender years with heavy hearts watched their parents start on their journey through the forests from Owen Sound to Cobourg.

There was great need for suitable men to labour among the Indian tribes. Elder William Case had a great work on hand, looking after the Mission and Manual Labour School at Alderville, where he resided, as well as having the oversight of the Missions to the native tribes scattered widely throughout the Province of Ontario and beyond. As the infirmities of age were pressing heavily upon him, it was deemed advisable to take George from college, after spending one year there. He was received on trial as a minister, and sent to Alderville as assistant to the venerable apostle to the Indians.

Although George McDougall was anxious to secure a fuller education, the call to service was obeyed with a will. With no backward look, and with a brave and undaunted heart, he went forward

to the great mission of his life, in which, as a martyr, he was to die.

John McDougall was seven years of age when he left the Mission School at Newash, and went to Alderville. He was a chubby youngster, born among Indians, and never separated from them during his long life. Speaking the native language more fluently than English, his arrival at his new home was an occasion for rejoicing among both the Indians and white folk. He talked like a native, and carried himself in their free and easy manner, winning the affections of old and young alike. Elder Case took him on his knee, patted him on the head, and gave him his blessing, while his daughter told him beautiful stories, and caressed him, till he became her devoted slave. The Indian children who crowded around him laughing and talking were soon boon companions, and he the hero of the native village. The Indians named his sister "Humming Bird," because she was a great crier! Westerners now know and love her as the widow of Senator Richard Hardisty.

Those were great days for the sturdy boy and child of nature, as he mingled with the Indians, accompanied his father on his preaching tours, and drank health and pleasure in the open air. An unbroken colt, wild and black as coal, breaking all the halters, and daring any one to mount him, presented a rare invitation to a courageous youth. George McDougall, with that spirit of bravery which never knew fear, one day seated his son John upon the spirited animal. It snorted and

bucked, determined to get rid of its load, but the young rider held his seat firmly. Such was his pride and joy that he was wont to boast, even in old age, that though he had broken many bronchos on the prairies, he never would forget his ride on Elder Case's black colt!

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## *Chapter II—Garden River*

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THIS sturdy "white Indian" was a child of the open road, receiving his education by fits and starts, and never much under the direction of teachers. He had, however, a liberal training in the whispering rustle of the leaves, the songs of the birds, the beautiful and changing colours of the landscape and the sky, the inscriptions made by the finger of God on the grass and in the heavens. He listened to the voices all about him, and read the human story in the common lives of men. His book learning began, as we have seen, in an Indian school at six years of age, and for four years he had Indians for his schoolfellows. He learned both languages, and became equally conversant with the customs and modes of thought of the red and white races.

After one year spent at Alderville, his father was sent to explore the shores of Lake Huron for a suitable location for a Mission to the scattered bands of Indians. Following the course of Kahkewayquonaby (Peter Jones) and Shawandais (John Sunday), who had earlier visited the camps with the Gospel message, he finally decided upon Garden River as a central station best suited for his mission. The family, who had remained at Owen Sound anxiously awaiting the decision, were now brought to the camp, where the savages, frenzied with liquor, gave them a wild reception.

Of tender years, reared in poverty, awakened early to a sense of responsibility, John McDougall

took his full share as a helper in the founding of the mission. In the building of a church, school and residence, while his father chopped the logs in the bush, John drove the oxen, hauling the timber to its destination. With his knowledge of the Ojibway language, he acted as interpreter for his father. In spare hours, which were few, he fished and picked berries to help maintain the family, for the salary was but three hundred and twenty dollars a year and prices were high.

Wherever John went, his brother David followed him. Should he linger by the way, and fearing that he might become lost in the woods, John would call out "David, come on!" The Indian boys, who invariably accompanied them in their rambles, were amused as they heard this frequent call, and, being ignorant of the English language, they concluded that the sentence was David's name. Unable to pronounce the syllables, they called him "Dape-tic-o-mon." The name stuck to him during the years spent among the Indians, and long afterwards, when he grew to be a man, they still called him "Dape-tic-o-mon."

The Indians from childhood were naturally good runners, and delighted in races, but the boys at Garden River found their match in the little white Indian, who always beat them. His success was so great that they named him "Pa-ke-noh-ka," i.e., The Winner.

John was the inseparable companion of his father, visiting the houses, camps and sugar bushes as interpreter. Though young, he could not help noticing the wonderful changes that were

taking place, for many notorious characters were converted, the liquor traffic was suppressed, and the people became happy and prosperous. During the summer months this child of tender years sat at the stern of the mackinaw boat, steering the craft along the north shore of Lake Superior, where his father called at the Indian camps to preach before his little congregations of red men. While the missionary, unhasting and unresting, never seemed to weary, the boy, cold and tired, sat at his post far into the night.

In winter, the father led the way with axe in hand, testing the ice, while the son followed, driving the pony and sled. In summer, with a daring born of faith in God, this hardy pioneer sped down the rapids of the American "Soo," first having put his son ashore, as a measure of safety. When the American Canal was being built, the Garden River Indians got out timber for the contractors. The youth of twelve years seized this opportunity of making some money, by hauling logs from the bush as a teamster for an Indian. His pay consisted of fifty cents a day and his board. During one summer he sold cordwood for a trader on commission, and it was characteristic of the embryo missionary that his first earnings were expended in a shawl for his mother, and a subscription to the missionary fund.

The elder McDougall having been appointed Chaplain of the Canal Company, the Superintendent and some of the Directors called at Garden River, and took the missionary and his son on a trip in one of the company's tugs. As they were proceeding down the river they met a yawl with



Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, aboard, on one of his journeys to the north country. Simpson informed them that there was a steamer loaded with passengers aground between the islands, and begged them to go to their assistance, as there was great danger should a storm suddenly arise. Off the tug hurried to the rescue. They found the vessel with three hundred passengers and the crew working strenuously to dislodge the ship. Straining the hawser, they rocked the steamer vigorously till dark, then on through the following day with increased help, when they were rewarded for their pains by floating her without any serious damage.

As John McDougall's parents were anxious that he should receive some business experience, a situation in the store of Edward Jeffrey at Penetanguishene was secured. Memorable was the day when father and son arrived in the town. There was a candle in every window, and the people were shouting with unrestrained joy, "Sebastopol is taken!"

The majority of the settlers there were French, and in contact with them McDougall picked up a working knowledge of the language. A drunken Indian on one occasion demanded goods without money, and when refused, chased the lad around the store with a knife. For some time John evaded the savage by jumping over the counter, till he finally sprang to the door. Once outside he called for help, and the Indian fled. When the drunken fellow was in danger of being punished, the young clerk stood up in his defence, being anxious rather to discover and punish the man

who had sold the liquor. This was his characteristic attitude all through life. His wages for one year consisted of his board and a suit of clothes, together with the experience, which was worth much to him. Lord Northcliffe's saying comes to mind, "Ambitious men do not take salaries; salaries are the expedients of the weak." At the end of the year he returned home again by way of Barrie, and from there by train to Collingwood, thus bringing the memorable experience of his first ride on the railroad.

Six years at Garden River wrought great changes among the Indians. The heathen orgies, the drunken frolics and immorality passed away, the people became sober and industrious, the young folks were educated, and there were manifestations of deep spiritual life. One of the chiefs named Ocestah, in an effective speech at the native Council, thanked the missionary for his kindness and devotion, and in a letter, he and Pahahbetahsung, another chief, expressed their love for the Gospel, voiced their appreciation of the benefits conferred on them, and rejoiced in the fact that fire-water had no longer any power over them. Thirty years afterward a band of Indians numbering seventy souls was found near Chapleau, which had been converted at Michipicoten under the labours of George McDougall, and the testimony of the officer in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's post in the vicinity is given thus: "These Indians are a godly people. I often attend their services, and find their prayers and addresses fervent and intelligent, and



they have not been corrupted by the vices of the white men."

George McDougall was transferred to Rama in 1857, where twenty thousand of the gentle Hurons and warlike Iroquois had their villages between Lakes Simcoe and Huron more than two hundred years ago. Unconsciously the lad, who was destined to become a great missionary to several Indian tribes, was passing through a period of splendid training. These Rama natives were but partially civilized, having had a missionary for only ten years, but already there were sure indications of progress and peace.

Hardly had the family got settled in their new home, when John, now a boy of fourteen, was sent to Victoria College at Cobourg, where he entered the preparatory department. He was known among his acquaintances as the "Indian fellow," who came "from Lake Superior at the foot of the Rocky Mountains!" In a few days, however, he won respect and admiration by defeating all competitors at outdoor games, and by soundly thrashing his jealous room-mate for destroying his Latin Grammar, and tying his Sunday clothes in knots.

When the year closed there was an empty treasury, and so there had to be another period of storekeeping at five dollars a month and board. He felt, however, that he was rich with fifty dollars in his pocket to return to college. The winter months sped swiftly, and in the summer holidays there came, unexpectedly, the announcement of his father's appointment to Norway

House, Manitoba. When the father said quietly to the youth of seventeen years, "My son, I want you to go with me," the hope of years was dashed to the ground. College days were at an end.

Norway House was the destination, but how to reach that far distant mission was a puzzle. The longest way round was the shortest and easiest after all, and so in July, 1860, the missionary's family turned their faces toward the West. By steamboat, rail and stage coach they travelled, across Lake Michigan, through Wisconsin, up the Mississippi, onward to St. Paul, and then by stage coach to Fort Garry. When the young man climbed the banks of the Assiniboine River amid rain and mud, he saw the walls and bastions of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort. Where the city of Winnipeg now stands there was then but one house. Governor McTavish took John's father, mother and sisters into his home for the night, while he was compelled to remain with the goods which were transferred to a York boat, the crew being drunk. Next morning the brigade of York boats started for Norway House, four hundred miles toward the north, each boat with eight oars and a steersman. Down the Red River they rowed, past St. Boniface, Kildonan, the Stone Fort and Archdeacon Cowley's mission, then on up Lake Winnipeg, calling at Berens River, and in ten days they received a gracious welcome from the Hudson's Bay factor and his wife at Norway House. The Ojibway crew, or as they were called, the *Saulteaux*, were ignorant of John's knowledge of the native language, and frequently passed remarks about the passengers

which amused the missionary party. One day John saw a muskrat near the boat, and shouted in Ojibway to one of the Indians who had a gun, to shoot. The man was taken so much by surprise, that he lost the muskrat. "This fellow," he said excitedly to his companions, "speaks as ourselves." The Mission was located two miles from Norway House at Rossville, founded by James Evans in 1840. Here they unloaded, home at last! The Rev. Robert Brooking and family, their predecessors, were then relieved.

A new era had been ushered in. Hereafter "Ever Westward" was to be the watchword. The missionary career of the Prophet of the Plains was begun in earnest, and thereafter there was to be no rest until "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

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### *Chapter III—Norway House and Beyond*

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IN THE wild Northland among the Cree Indians, far from the haunts of civilization, John McDougall became a schoolmaster at eighteen years of age, coveting the high honour without any salary. The natives spoke the Swampy Cree. As the Cree and Ojibway belong to the Algonquin stock, the young teacher was soon proficient in the use of the language spoken at Norway House, and this qualification not only endeared him to the people, but fitted him specially for his great work. From the mainland, the islands and the fort, the children came in summer by canoe, and by dog train in winter. While the average attendance at school numbered eighty, the task was not heavy, as the scholars were obedient, eager to learn, and loved the young man as one of themselves.

Those were great days in the Northland! Off in the morning while it was still dark, several miles to the traps, back for breakfast, and then to school shortly after sunrise. Wood had to be secured for the church, school, and mission house, and the youngsters were always ready to follow their leader after school hours, in the exciting race with the dog teams and sleds. The challenge of being the first to reach the forest, chop and split the fuel, pile it on the sled, and reach home, was always accepted with great glee. There was fishing in the summer, and at odd times football matches at the fort, between the schoolboys and

the company men. Every day of the year had its own duties and delights. Pleasure and profit were blended together, for the larder at the mission house had to be filled from forest, field and stream.

In this wild northland, where the Northern Lights dance with colour and brilliancy surpassing the skill of the artist to capture on canvas, this young man of destiny, bold and happy, battling with the fury of the storm, oftentimes weary and hungry, was being transformed from the leisurely ways of youth into the hardy pioneer of an empire in the making.

The only horse in that extensive area had been brought in by James Evans twenty years before, but was unfit for travel. The native modes of conveyance, canoe in summer, and sled, cariole or snowshoes in winter, had to be employed. During the first cold season, a trip was made to Jackson's Bay and Oxford House, a lonely post, one hundred and eighty miles distant from Norway House, where the Rev. Charles Stringfellow and his wife were stationed. Off the party went, William Rundle, the handy man of the Mission, forging ahead on snowshoes, beating the trail, John Sinclair, the interpreter, driving the dogs hitched to a cariole, and George McDougall, the veteran missionary. His son John followed with a train of dogs and sleighs, which carried fish for the dogs, pemmican and food for the men, and the camping outfit of kettles, axe and bedding. This was the first real winter trip for the young man. Unaccustomed to snowshoes, and the long and steady strides of the natives,



with the frequent upsetting of the sleigh and often stumbling over with his snowshoes, he was left far behind. On and on, down frozen rivers, across portages, and between islands, the party sped, till lost in the distance. John, with aching limbs and discouraged by his slow progress, longed for home and friends, but there was no use in complaining, and hope came only at the close of the day. Forward, ever forward, round the bend of a river, across an island, through the forest, onward, still onward, till at last he reached the camp.

The dogs unhitched, great logs chopped, and a huge fire blazing, made the camp cheerful after the heavy day on snowshoes; then supper of pemmican and tea, while the whitefish for the dogs were thawing out. The animals were interested spectators, for they received only one meal a day, and that was when their work was done, six fish to four dogs. As they were being fed, the driver stood, whip in hand, ready to deal sharp blows, as they snarled and fought and stole an extra share. Mitts and moccasins lay drying by the fire, the Indians smoked a cheerful pipe of tobacco and kinni-kinnick, stories were told, and as the stars shone out, beds were made in the open, a hymn was sung, a short prayer, then off to sleep.

Up they arose at three in the morning, all too soon for the young man, a bit of pemmican and a cup of tea, then away on the northern trail for another day. With legs and feet stiff and sore, the dogs, knowing their driver for a tenderfoot, became lazy, while Rundle and Sinclair raced

ahead and out of sight. Suddenly the young runner became disgusted with himself. He braced up, gave a yell that frightened the huskies, and away they went bounding over the snow. Catching up on the Indians, he startled them as he called out, "Why don't you travel faster?" He had found the secret, and there was no more whining, for he kept at the front, and remained there till the close of his life.

A hearty welcome at the Jackson's Bay Mission from Rev. Charles and Mrs. Stringfellow, a change of food, and a sleep in a real bed in the house, brought the northern trip to an end. Mail came to Norway House once in six months, but the Jackson Bay Mission was out of the world, for the Mission was distant from the Hudson's Bay Company's post, fifteen miles in summer, and many more in winter, and the Indians were absent a great part of the year.

Three days spent at the Mission on business matters, and they were off again to Norway House. A heavy storm greeted the party on their homeward journey, making travel on snowshoes very difficult, still they ran with dauntless courage, and made an average of forty-five miles a day.

George McDougall decided to enlarge the church at Norway House, and the best timber was to be found at Playgreen Lake, twenty miles distant. The Indians went there to chop the logs, while John took his boys with their dog trains to haul them out, and be in readiness for rafting them down the river in the summer. When night settled down the camp grew hilarious as huge fires blazed. Fish were thawed, boiled,

roasted and fried to taste; moccasins were dried and mended. Outside the circle were dogs of all breeds and colors, lounging, fighting, snarling, as they waited for their supper. Then came songs and hymns, the forest ringing with the music, stories of Canada and beyond, by the missionary, a prayer, then off to sleep under the Northern Lights.

When the first goose was seen, harbinger of spring, there was always great excitement in the village, as it spoke a welcome change in diet. Boys imitated the call of the wild goose, and old hunters were busy making wooden decoys. There was none so happy as the young school teacher when, with his single-barreled muzzle-loading gun, he brought down his first goose on the ice, far out on the lake, and then, loading as he ran, fired again and killed him.

The ice went out of the lake during the last days of May, and John, with William Rundle, went off to the bush one day ahead of the party which was to raft the timber. They caught whitefish and sturgeon, and made the camp ready. When the logs arrived at Norway House, the Indians sawed in turn, the lumber being left to season till the autumn, when the carpenters of the Hudson's Bay Company, according to promise, enlarged the church. The day of reopening was a great occasion for old and young, and the wonderful story was told around the camp fires for many years.

Norway House, named after a party of Norwegians, who had settled there for some time, was the first depot post of the Hudson's Bay Company in the interior, coming from York

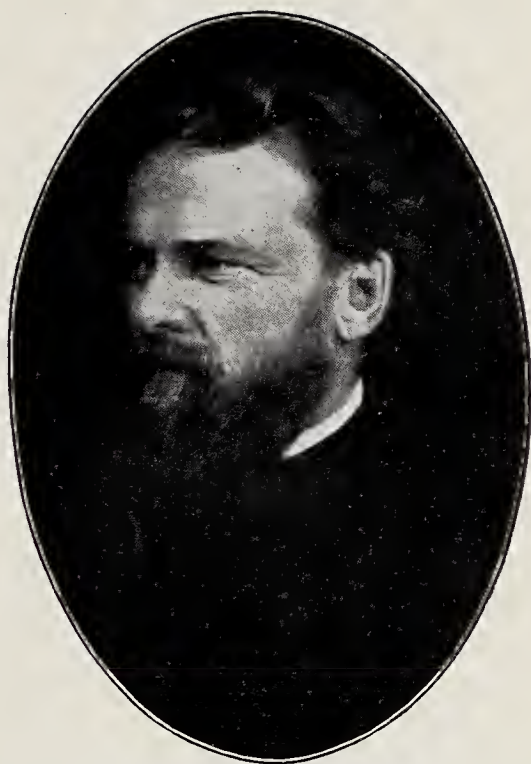


Factory on Hudson's Bay. The "green hands" of the company, before being sent to various districts in the further interior, were wintered there. Great fleets of inland transport came to Norway House in the early summer. From the north came brigades of boats, including those of the Mackenzie River, the Athabasca, English River, and Cumberland Districts; from the west came the brigades of the Saskatchewan and Swan River Districts, and the Braroos, i.e., the men from the great plains; and from the south, the Red River brigade. Gathered at this common centre, the old fort was a gay spectacle, with boats and tents lining the banks of the river, the smoke of many campfires mingling in the air. The motley crowd spoke the English, French, Norwegian, Ojibway, Iroquois, Chippewyan and Cree languages, with the Cree as the dominant tongue. There were assembled the Company's men, the governor, chief factors, chief traders, clerks of various grades, steersmen, bowsmen, and middlemen, hardy voyageurs all of them. Wonderful men were these, whose stories of heroism, endurance and loyalty have never been fully written or told. Some of them came from distant posts, hundreds of miles in the interior, travelling on snowshoes to a frontier post, then, on the first break-up of the ice, by boats, descending rivers, running rapids, portaging falls, to York Factory. Here their bales of furs were unloaded, provisions and articles for barter with the natives were taken on, then they returned homeward to the frontier post by the beginning of winter, devoted to the interests of the great company.

These annual gatherings at Norway House were seasons of great responsibility and much anxiety to the missionary, as there were many temptations both of rum and evil associations. Going out with the brigades were native Christians, with whom the missionary held counsel, instructing them as to their duties and opportunities of doing good by the way.

The Norway House Mission had been founded by James Evans, inventor of the syllabic system of the Cree language, and had been continued by William Mason, Thomas Hurlburt and Robert Brooking until George McDougall arrived. In these twenty-odd years, the natives had been transformed from a state of savagery into a life with new hopes and high ideals.

There was a tragic canoe trip to Oxford House in the autumn of 1861, when George McDougall took William Rundle and John Sinclair with him. Everything went well, till on the return journey, as they were running a rapid, the canoe upset. Though the missionary was a good swimmer, he was in great danger of being drowned, as he wore a heavy coat which dragged him down. Rundle, faithful to the last, swam to the overturned canoe, shoved one end toward his good friend, shouting, "Keep up, master; I am coming!" As he came near, he cried, "Now, master, take hold; hold hard, master!" As they were borne through the rapid, they were swept into an eddy and were saved, but most of their outfit was lost. Sinclair managed to swim ashore. A short time afterward the brave Rundle had one of his fingers bitten by



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a jackfish that he was taking from a net. Mortification set in and he died. Thus went home to God one of the great men of the northland.

With the beginning of the fishing season in the autumn, the Indians set out in various directions. The school being closed, John and a young native crossed the lake, made a camp and began fishing in earnest. It was hard work placing the nets under the ice, visiting them two or three times during the night, sifting the fish and throwing them out on the ice, where they were immediately frozen. During the day they overhauled and dried the nets in the open and mended them in the tent, after hanging the fish on the staging. It was a busy time, for they put up about two thousand whitefish, as well as some jackfish, which were taken to the Mission by dog train.

The four pups owned by John were now over a year old, fine big dogs, and as wild as wolves. The task of breaking them in, one by one, taxed the wisdom, strength and good temper of father and son for many days, but when trained they became famous runners, the pride of their owner, and the delight of his Indian friends. Flying trips were made with his parents or sisters to the fort and native camps, or out to the Hudson's Bay shanties, where the Company's men were taking out timber and wood for the fort. A long winter trip was also taken to Oxford House in fifty-six degrees below zero weather, whither John was sent with a load of provisions for the Rev. Charles Stringfellow and his wife. In the company were two Indians returning to Jackson's

Bay, together with John's man, all of whom, except the owner of the dog team, were badly frozen, great black scars appearing on forehead, cheeks and chin. John made a record trip homeward, averaging sixty miles a day.

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## *Chapter IV—A New Venture*

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A LONG farewell to Lake Winnipeg, Norway House, and the regions beyond came to John McDougall, when his father, as Chairman of the District, including Keewatin, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabasca, decided to visit the missions around Edmonton in the summer of 1862, and take his eldest son with him. The elder McDougall went south to Winnipeg with some Hudson's Bay Company officers, and rode across the plains with Richard Hardisty, a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, as his guide and companion. Hardisty, later Senator Hardisty, afterward became son-in-law of the missionary. It was a long trip on horseback from Winnipeg to Carlton, but the early missionaries were accustomed to hardship. An old and dear friend of the writer, the Rev. James A. McLachlan, who, with six Indian children and an Indian boatman, perished in Lake Winnipeg, lived with his wife sixty-eight days under canvas on their journey from Winnipeg to Pakan, Alberta.

Bidding his mother and a great host of native friends good-bye, John soon afterward left with the Saskatchewan brigade of boats, bound for Carlton, there to await the coming of his father. With a merry song, away they went, up Jack River, across Playgreen Lake, the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, and up the swift Saskatchewan, where the Grand Rapids, about three miles in length, compelled the boatmen and passengers to



make a long and arduous portage. Each man carried a load of two or three hundred pounds on his back. The boats were pulled on skids and rollers, over hills and through valleys, while the men were pestered with mud, mosquitoes and "bull-dogs." One evening, two big inland canoes, manned by Iroquois Indians, conveying Governor Dallas of the Hudson's Bay Company on his way to visit the posts on the far north and west, overhauled them, having Chief Factor William Christie as escort. After camping together for the night, the Hudson's Bay Company party sped away in the early morning, singing their canoe-song, and keeping time with the graceful dip of the paddles.

Tracking many miles along rocky beaches, pulling the boats through the rapids, crossing and recrossing the river with the changing current, dodging brush and trees on the path, ankle deep in mud, sweltering with heat, bitten by mosquitoes, carrying heavy loads over the portages, the progress of the western brigade was slow, but with the first glimpses of the prairie, catching the aroma of the wild flowers and invigorating air of the plains, the spirits of the party rose, quickened with the delight of the wonderland. On they sped, past the side of the present town of Prince Albert, with not a settler to break the monotony, when suddenly the river rose and the current became stronger. But Fort Carlton, the end of the long journey, was near, and with joy at the sight of home and friends, the struggle was renewed. Here was the famous buffalo country at last, with wide prairie spaces, and here were

buffalo-skin lodges. John ran toward the fort on the south side of the river, and taking the only vacant place at the dinner table, feasted on the buffalo steak. Pemmican and dried meat were common to Western travellers, but the fresh meat of the buffalo was a delicacy to a hungry man, and his first steak was never forgotten. But he stopped too soon, refusing another helping that he might enjoy the next course. When he said, "Will you please pass the bread?" a hearty laugh was the unexpected response which fell upon his ears. An old gentleman remarked, "Young man, you are out of the latitude of bread!" There was buffalo steak and nothing else, and for many a day he was to taste no other kind of food.

While George McDougall travelled westward over the prairies, he had visions of the procession of the future. He wrote later, "Every mile we came is abundantly fit for settlement, and the day will come when it will be taken up and developed." He reached Fort Carlton fifteen days after the arrival of his son.

The canoe and dog-train were then discarded as means of transport. The plain around the fort was dotted with buffalo-skin lodges, vivid with biographical pictures, scalp-locks dangling outside, as an evidence of the prowess of the owners. Sauntering about were the crews from the brigades, hunters from the prairies, half-breeds and Indians decked out in savage finery, while everywhere were dogs by the hundred, native horses with saddles, and the inevitable *travaille* used by the women. It was a festive season, with horse races and foot races, in which John was still,

as in boyhood, "The Winner." Great herds of buffalo were distant not more than one hundred miles, only two days' ride from the fort. Parties of Indians who came to trade brought news of tribal wars among the southern Indians, where horses were stolen and scalps taken, but these were common events in the brave days of old.

When George McDougall arrived, arrangements were made for continuing the Western journey. Richard Hardisty supplied father and son with a tent, a couple of riding horses with saddles, a pack horse, and La Gress, whom the Indians called "Grease," a splendid guide of wide experience, an excellent traveller and a good cook. Swimming their horses across the north Saskatchewan, away they went at a jog-trot through the Thickwood Hills, skirting Bear's-paddling Lake. They passed the springs with the old legend of the buffalo hiding in the waters and coming forth at frequent intervals, along Jackfish Lake, across the valley of the Turtle River, then to the foot of Red Deer Hill and Frenchman's Butte and into Fort Pitt, on the evening of the fourth day from Carlton, an average of fifty miles a day. Here was a hunter's paradise! The grasses, rich and abundant, drew great herds of buffalo, and the district became famous for its horses, and the hunters it produced.

Big Bear, the famous Cree chief who joined the Riel Rebellion of 1885, was for a number of years the hunter for Fort Pitt. According to custom, George McDougall held a religious service there on Sunday, and on the following day sped away northward through a land of beauty, for the days

of August, 1862, saw the prairies, lakes and hills in all their glory. Over the Two Hills, along the beautiful beach of Sandy Lake, on to Saddle Lake, and into the forest, where the travellers were safe from the bands of marauding Indians of the plains, they hastened, arriving at the mission centre known as Whitefish Lake, the home of the Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer and his people. Quite a settlement had grown up around the mission house and school. The natives had built comfortable houses under the direction of the energetic missionary, who was called upon to preach in the Cree language, dispense medicines for the sick, settle disputes, help fell timber and saw it into lumber, and lead expeditions to the lake or to the plains for fish and buffalo.

The missionary party was just in time to catch Steinhauer and his people, who were getting ready to move toward the feeding grounds of the buffalo, for the settlement was on the verge of starvation. Peter Erasmus, the famous interpreter and guide, who had been freighting goods from the Red River to the Whitefish Lake Mission, was engaged by George McDougall. Benjamin Sinclair, a Swampy half-breed from the Hudson's Bay country, who had been assistant to the Rev. Robert Terrill Rundle, the first Protestant missionary west of Red River, a big, honest fellow and a great hunter, had settled close to the Mission. When Steinhauer and his people went off to the plains on a buffalo hunt, the McDougall party started for Smoking Lake to pick up the Rev. Thomas Woolsey and his Indians, hoping to meet somewhere fifteen or twenty days later, and hold a

missionary conference. The distance was great and the location uncertain, but these men were prophets and explorers and they had no fear. McDougall came to the Saskatchewan River, broad and deep. There was no bridge nor any boat at hand, and how were they to cross? The ever-resourceful Peter Erasmus laughed at their doubts and fears. While the two aged missionaries were selecting a site to replace the mission at Smoking Lake (which they decided to name Victoria, now Pakan), Peter sent John McDougall to cut two straight, long, green willows, about an inch and a half in diameter. These he twisted into a hoop, and placing it in the centre of the oil-cloth which they carried with them, he turned it inside the hoop on all sides. Into this strange craft they put the saddles, blankets and all the camp outfit, and bore it to the water. Obedient to Peter's call, the missionaries waded into the stream, and got into this improvised boat, while Peter fastened one end of a lariat to the receptacle, tied the other end to a horse's tail, and leaping on the back of the animal, hauled them safely to the other side. The rest of the party seized the tails of horses, drove them into the river, and swam across in safety.

Arriving at the camp of Maskepetoon, where the Indians were gathered on the buffalo grounds, the aged chief sent out criers for the people to assemble and listen to the words of wisdom from the praying men. Steinhauer led in prayer, and George McDougall delivered an eloquent address, interpreted by Peter Erasmus, in which he told them of the benefits of the Christian religion, the



end of tribal wars, the future settlement of the country, the need for the Indians to adapt themselves to the new conditions, and the just treatment which would be given them by the Government. This speech made a deep impression upon the men of the plains. A great buffalo hunt was held in honour of the visit, after which about one thousand carcasses strewed the ground. After giving assurances that he would return within a year to labour among them, George McDougall and his friends retraced their steps to Edmonton. As the season was well advanced, and the aged missionary being anxious to proceed in haste to Norway House, he arranged that his son should remain in the country, as assistant to Thomas Woolsey, and have things in readiness for his return. McDougall sailed down the river in a skiff, while Peter Erasmus and John McDougall went by the trail toward the appointed place at which they were to meet for a long farewell. But the road through the dense forest was rough and the horses they were driving were wild and unmanageable. They arrived one day late, only to find a brief note stuck in a small pole. The missionary had waited and gone.

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## *Chapter V—On the Frontier*

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EDMONTON, the great centre of the north, where thirteen different tribal peoples, speaking eight distinct languages, were wont to assemble, had special attractions for John McDougall. Beautiful for situation, with vast resources in coal and forest lands, the key to the wonderland of the far north, even in his youth possessing the vision of a prophet, he believed that it would become an important city. Woolsey and his young helper, with their men, were kept busy through the winter getting out timber and sawing lumber for the new mission. The aged, sick and starving natives sought food, medicine and advice, but provisions were scanty, and food supplies were distant one hundred and fifty miles or more. John McDougall and a man were sent to the Indian camps for buffalo meat, and on their way met the winter packet for Edmonton, containing letters from George McDougall. These could not be delivered until the mail had reached its destination. The young assistant got permission to go alone over an unknown trail for the letters, and off he sped with his dog-train, making one hundred miles in one day. With a brief rest at Edmonton he hastened homeward, only to be caught in a fierce storm. The aged missionary, who had passed many sleepless and anxious hours, forgot the letters in his joy over the young man's safe return.

With the coming of spring the Indians went



off to the buffalo grounds, and the mission folk were free to plant a garden, build a fence, and erect buildings. In July John McDougall left Edmonton with the summer brigade down the Saskatchewan River to meet his parents, his two sisters and brother. Two days out they met, after a year's absence.

Tragic days, full of disaster, lay in the distance. Disease and death lurked in every bush and went stalking through the land. Hostile savages, bent on revenge, prowled through the darkness. A kind providence, however, threw a veil over the future. Rest there was none for these sturdy pioneers. They determined to cross the river and discover the haunts of the wandering and destitute Mountain Stoney tribe. While Peter Erasmus was seeking a ford, father and son were shooting ducks, which were abundant. By a strange mishap, John's gun slipped from his hands, struck a rock and went off, the discharge of shot striking the elder missionary and his horse. Nearly two days were spent extracting the pellets, and bathing the wounds in cold water. The search was eventually rewarded by meeting some Wood Stoneys. Meetings were held in their camp, located near the spot where some of Rundle's converts had been slain, and arrangements were made for a conference with the Mountain Stoneys when they returned from the hunt.

The larder at the mission by this time was nearly empty. There was a large family and the buffalo were three hundred miles distant, a whole week's journey. A much longer time would be required for the return with the meat, but hunger

laughs at distance and time, so an expedition was organized, and southward they sped in quest of food, meeting straggling Indians on the trail. Among these was Maskepetoon, the aged and notable Cree Indian chief, who was delighted to have a talk with the missionaries. The old man sat in John McDougall's waggon, as he went to secure some of the young Indians to help in the buffalo hunt. While introducing some of the Indians to his white friends, an aged native approached. After shaking hands with the young missionary he held out his hand to Maskepetoon, who looked down on the ground until John urged him to accept the courtesy, which he did reluctantly. The stranger, recognizing the Cree chief, burst forth in thanksgiving for the kind deed. Maskepetoon was deeply affected, and for some time did not speak, but at last he exclaimed, "John, that man killed my son, and I have often longed to kill him; but because I have wanted to embrace the Christian religion, I have with great effort kept from avenging my son's murder. I have never spoken to him or shaken hands with him until now. Meeting your father and sitting beside you has softened my heart, and now I have given him my hand. It was a hard thing to do, but it is done, and he need fear no longer so far as I am concerned." This noble deed was an expression of the faith inculcated by Rundle, Woolsey and Steinhauer, and the aged chief was only one of numerous trophies won from paganism in the lodges of the Cree Indians.

In the spring of 1864 the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton notified the missionaries





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that they would have to buy their own supplies at Fort Garry, since they required all transports for themselves. Fort Garry was distant one thousand miles, a single rough trail for the creaking Red River carts, with rivers and streams to ford. A year's provisions had to be brought for Victoria and Whitefish Missions. The whole summer was consumed in that trip, a quick return journey being made in fifty-six days filled with adventure. These missions received their mail once a year by the winter packet of the Hudson's Bay Company. The nearest doctor lived in Fort Garry, and there was not a dentist in the whole country.

Days of trouble loomed ahead when scalps were brought into the Mission. After a Hudson's Bay post had been established at Victoria, freighters passed to and fro. Strange Indians were known to be prowling about, and the buffalo were travelling northward, followed by the Blackfeet, the inveterate enemies of the Cree and Stoney Indians. These events induced the missionaries to erect a high and strong palisade around their premises. Treaties of peace had been made between the Blackfeet and Crees through the powerful influence of Maskepetoon. On one occasion John McDougall had been held for some time as a hostage. Peace had been of only temporary duration. A spirit of suspicion and unrest had also been aroused by the presence of strange white men in the district. The proud boast of the greatness of the native tribes, and the wild scheme of a few daring young warriors to seize the trading posts and slay the white people, had been shattered through the prophecy

of some of the wise men of the lodges. "The day was at hand when the vast herds of buffalo would be extinct, and the whole country would be filled with hundreds of thousands of settlers, coming as a thick cloud." The time indeed was opportune for the missionaries to prepare the way as heralds of the new empire in the West, and they were up and doing with real enthusiasm, born of love for the Indians, and an abiding faith in the vast possibilities of the country.

John McDougall saw Fort Garry (Winnipeg) grow from one lone house in 1860 to a village of half a dozen houses in 1864. Portage la Prairie had only two white farmers. The following year a dreadful epidemic of scarlet fever and measles, brought from the south by white traders from the Missouri River, raged among the Indians. Many of them died; still the missionaries laboured at their post. In January, 1866, John McDougall made a trip to Mountain Fort, one hundred and eighty miles distant from Edmonton, catching his first view of the Rocky Mountains, as memorable as that of Verandrye, who called them the Shining Mountains. During that year he entered the ranks of the ministry, though he had been a missionary without portfolio all the days of his life.



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## *Chapter VI—The Smallpox Epidemic*

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**F**AIR as a summer day the spring of 1869 was ushered in, with the promise of peace. While laughter and song were heard in the camps of the Blackfoot, Cree and Stoney Indians, and in the half-breed settlements, unseen foes, leaving disaster and death on the trail, were slowly and stealthily approaching from the south. Runners brought alarming reports that the herds of buffalo were decreasing, and were now so far distant that the hunters could not travel to the feeding grounds. The news caused despair, for the store of pemmican was exhausted, and the berries were not yet ripe. Starving, desperate and lonely warriors lay down to die. The wail of the mothers for their dead children, and the weird coronach of the red men, struck terror and dismay into the souls of the bravest. Along the trails corpses of men and women lay, with none to bury them, and in the lodges the cries of little children mingled with the moans of the dying.

While famine raged all over the plains, the camps were unprepared for another attack by a deadlier enemy, against whom there was little remedy and no way of escape. On one of the steamboats plying between St. Louis and Benton on the Missouri River, smallpox had broken out among the white men. Their discarded garments having been secured by some Indians, the disease was introduced among the Blackfeet, spreading northward over the plains, until thousands were



stricken, and the land for several hundred miles was a sepulchre of desolation. Far and wide the smallpox travelled, attacking the Cree, Stoney and Sarcee Indians, the plains hunters, half-breeds, Hudson's Bay Company's employees, as well as the missionaries and their families.

This was not the first epidemic of smallpox among the Western tribes. These people had suffered from it for nearly one hundred and fifty years. The ravages spread so rapidly at frequent intervals that, through some predisposition to this terrible scourge, whole tribes were nearly decimated. As early as 1738, the disease was brought from Hudson Bay, working havoc among eight hundred Assiniboines and five hundred and fifty Crees. In 1781 whole camps of the Indians were swept away in Rupert's Land, driving the white traders out of the country, an aged man or woman alone being left to tell the harrowing tale. About 1820 the disease wrought destruction among the Sioux, Gros Ventres, and Flatheads, south of the International Boundary Line. The Blackfeet escaped, but the Crees and Stoneys in the Qu'Appelle District were almost entirely destroyed. In 1838, at least half of the tribes on the plains were swept away. Still another deadly wave came from the Missouri River in 1858, and again the Qu'Appelle Crees were smitten, so that, added to their incessant strife with the Blackfeet for possession of the buffalo hunting grounds and for horses, the tribe was nearly wiped out. This does not yet complete the sad story, for in 1862 some white travellers brought the disease from California to British Columbia. In 1880, when Father Morrice ar-

rived at Victoria, B.C., the priests informed him that a few years before the ground of the surrounding woods was still white with the bleached bones of the victims. There had also been a severe epidemic among the Indians on the plains in 1865, which destroyed twelve hundred of the Blackfeet alone.

When the last recurrent attack came in 1869, it spread from the Gros Ventres on the Missouri River to the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans and Sarcees, in what is now Southern Alberta, to the Stoneys and Crees as far north as Edmonton, then westward to the Rocky Mountains, and eastward through Saskatchewan almost to the limit of the Province.

Rumours of serious trouble at Fort Garry caused grave anxiety to George McDougall. Fearing that the spirit of revolt might affect the native tribes in the Saskatchewan country, he determined to make a journey of investigation, but before he left, a runner brought news of small-pox among the Blackfeet. The Mission to the east was important, and, hoping that the plague would be stayed, he started toward the seat of trouble, leaving instructions for his son to scatter the people and thus save them from contamination. The Wood Crees came from the south, where they had been on the warpath, telling of camps with not one living soul. The half-breeds fled toward the north, motley crowds, sick and starving, flocking to the Mission at Victoria (Pakan) for food and medicine. John McDougall closed the church and school and sent the people out on the plains, away to the northern lakes. Many thus

escaped from the disease. Still others came, until the dying and dead lay thick around the fence at the mission house, and out on the trails, where they had staggered and fallen. Just beyond the mission was a camp where all were dead, save one man with his son. The father waited upon the boy till he died in his arms. Rushing to the mission for an old garment to wrap around the body, he performed the sad duty of burying him, and as he arose his pent-up grief broke his heart and he fell dead.

Returning home from a harrowing scene in one of the lodges, whither the young missionary had gone to minister comfort, he felt the grip of the loathsome disease. By holding on to the fence he managed to reach home, where he gave orders for the removal of all articles of furniture from one of the rooms. By means of a hot bath, and a double dose of Dover's Powders, profuse perspiration was induced, and within two days he was well. His first impulse upon recovery was to visit the sick and dying. Among the number was a grand old man, Thomas Woolsey, *alias* Red Bank, who was alone in a little brush hut. Together they sang the old man's favourite hymn. Then he said with quivering voice, "I am going on, John. It is all right. My body is corrupt and will soon decay, but my spirit is young and strong, and Jesus will take me home." Many years afterward, the scene still fresh in his memory, the missionary wrote:

As I stood there beside the bent leaves of the fluttering willows in the shade of which my friend lay dying, his body terrible to behold

in its premature corruption, and listened to his clear, emphatic testimony to the comfort and assurance and triumph of faith in Jesus Christ, my own heart was made strong in this blessed gospel.

Within a few days of the arrival of the elder McDougall, the son, through undue exposure, was seized with inflammation of the lungs. He hovered for three weeks between life and death, yet one week after he rose from his bed he was again at work, so urgent were the calls for help. He suffered from the effects of this severe illness for three years.

Terrible were the ravages of smallpox in Central and Northern Alberta. At Moose Lake a whole settlement was carried off, leaving as sole survivor a little boy among the unburied dead, who scampered to the bush, and with great difficulty was caught and saved. A Stoney Indian said of Banff, "It was a graveyard, and the crying went up both night and day."

When George McDougall left Winnipeg, he crossed the plains in nineteen days. Along the trail he met bands of Indians fleeing from the plague and carrying death with them. Many of the natives flocked to the trading posts and mission stations for relief, some drank whiskey almost boiling hot, while others in their agony rushed into the cold waters of the rivers, many breaking the ice in their desperation. Strange to say, some of them survived.

On the arrival of his father from Winnipeg, John went out on the plains to isolate the Indians and to secure buffalo meat for the mission family,

which, including a number of orphan children that had been adopted, comprised nineteen souls. Besides these there were hundreds of natives who sought out the mission in times of distress. On the way, accompanied by his native companions, he passed through a part of the country where the Blackfeet had left scores of their dead unburied. Beside the trail stood the tent of the great Chief Natos, who had instigated the murder of the notable Cree Chief Maskepetoon. Inside the lodge was the body of the chief, while from the top floated the Union Jack, and his official coat trimmed with ermine.

The buffalo were feeding several hundred miles south-east, and although there were dangers both from the smallpox and hostile Indians, they continued their quest, and made a successful hunt. Returning with their carts heavily laden, the party was about forty miles from Victoria (Pakan) when an Indian met them and said to John McDougall, "Three have died in your house before I left, and it was said that your father was not expected to live." John mounted a horse, and rode at utmost speed, arriving after dark. As he walked up the board path to the house, his father recognized the familiar step and called out, telling him not to enter as the danger was not over. Everyone in the house had been stricken except the mother, and she was worn out with watching. Flora, the youngest daughter, aged eleven years, was dead, also Anna, aged fourteen, the daughter of Ogamahwahshis, who had been adopted into the family. Georgina, the eldest, upon whom the parents relied, a good Cree scholar,



wise in counsel and having great influence with the Indians, passed away a few days later. John's little daughter Ruth was among the living, but his heart ached when told how his father, with David, his brother, and Susa, an Indian who had lost all his family by the disease, had buried their precious dead in the garden. Sad and lonely the young missionary went back to his party, and kept them isolated untill all danger had passed away.

Meanwhile the Indians became desperate, blaming the white men for bringing the disease into the country. The more intelligent natives knew that the Crees, who had gone south on a war expedition, had been stricken through ravaging a camp of dead lodges, and by their foolish deed had spread the smallpox over the Western plains. Ignorance, famine and bereavement aroused the passions of the red men against everyone at the missions and fur-trading posts. Determined on revenge, they began to pillage, murder and spread the disease wherever it was possible to do so. The Blackfeet came north, stealing horses and cattle. The Crees threw garments from corpses into the gardens, spat on the floors, besmeared door handles and picked the diseased scales from their bodies, leaving them in places where the white people would come in contact with them. Long nights of intense pain and distress, followed by days of suspense and grief, came down on the old North Trail.

Warned by previous epidemics and taught through bitter experience, some of the native tribes, as well as the missionaries and Hudson's

Bay Company's people, sought to escape the plague in its march of death over the plains. The Assiniboines kept far out on the central plains, beyond the common trails. Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer led the Indians from Whitefish Lake into the depths of the northern forests, and became so isolated that nothing was heard of them for a long time. Peter Campbell secluded his people at Pigeon Lake.

Having witnessed the overthrow of the Provisional Government and the hasty departure of Louis Riel, Colonel Butler was requested by Lieutenant-Governor Archibald to "accept a mission to the Saskatchewan Valley and through the Indian countries of the West" in relation to the smallpox epidemic. It was October and winter was approaching. The western journey was over one thousand miles with occasional detours, so his baggage must be light, and he must travel swiftly. At Fort Pelly he found that out of sixty persons thirty-two had died, while at Fort Pitt more than one hundred Crees had perished close to the stockades of the fort, hungry wolves fighting over the bodies of the unburied dead. On reaching Victoria, Saskatchewan, he was joined by George McDougall and a Hudson's Bay Company official who accompanied him on the way to Edmonton. He arrived one month from the day he had set out from the banks of the Red River.

Colonel Butler did his work well, and after travelling twenty-seven hundred miles on horseback and by dog-train, he arrived at Fort Garry, February 18, 1871. The record of his journey



and report to Governor Archibald are to be found in his fascinating volume *The Great Lone Land*.

There were great deeds of silent heroism in those brave days of old. At the Hudson's Bay Company posts men and women remained faithful at their posts, ministering to the sick and going forth to bury the dead. At the mission stations of the different religious denominations, men and women counted not their lives dear, as they went among the lodges, giving food and medicine, advice and consolation to those in distress. At Prince Albert, the Rev. James Nesbitt, Presbyterian missionary, vaccinated the Indians and settlers, and saved many lives, bravely plodding on from day to day, unconscious of his heroism, though exposed to death every hour. When the scourge became virulent at St. Albert in 1870 and Fathers Leduc and Bourguine were stricken, Father Lacombe hastened to the rescue, oblivious of personal danger. So great was the devotion and so untiring the efforts.

During the epidemic at Victoria, Saskatchewan, and the surrounding country, George McDougall and his son John, though themselves suffering from the effects of the disease, waited upon the dying and buried the dead, having the assistance of Hudson's Bay Company officers, who, at the risk of their lives, never failed in the performance of duty. Colonel Butler spent an evening with the McDougall family at Victoria, following the sore bereavement at the Mission house, and he records his visit there.

I spent the evening of Christmas Day in the house of the missionary. Two of his

daughters sang very sweetly to the music of a small melodeon. Both song and strain were sad—sadder, perhaps, than the words or music could make them; for the recollection of the two absent ones, whose newly made graves, covered with their first snow, lay close outside, mingled with the hymn and deepened the melancholy of the music.

During the past two hundred years, several hundreds of thousands of Indians must have been destroyed by smallpox, tribal wars and other misfortunes, whole tribes at times being annihilated. The writer some years ago supplied information on the Blackfoot Indians, through Horatio Hale, the eminent philologist, to the Committee of the British Association on the North-West Tribes of Canada. Among the data sent was a vocabulary of the Blackfoot language. Mr. Hale reported that there were words in the language which did not belong to it, and were not pure Algonquin. This showed that some unknown tribe had probably been decimated, the women and children alone being spared and absorbed into the tribe of their conquerors. They brought with them the unknown language, of which some words still linger as memorials of a lost tribe.

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## *Chapter VII—The Red River Trouble*

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THE DISAPPEARANCE of the buffalo with the consequent famine, and the terrible ravages of the smallpox, naturally caused a great deal of unrest among the Indian tribes all over the country. The half-breeds, links between the two different races, also became restless through the calamities which had befallen them. The Indians of Manitoba, independent of the buffalo and outside the range of the epidemic, were not afflicted, but all over the Western prairies, there were constant murmurings. In a few instances the Indians and half-breeds were persuaded by missionaries to remain loyal to the Government. The slaying of Maskepetoon, the famous Cree chief, by the Blackfeet, while on a mission of peace, began a series of tribal wars, which kept the country in an unsettled state. The Crees sought revenge by killing more than one hundred of the Blackfeet, and sent out word that they were going to destroy all the mission stations, as they were harbouring their enemies. The Hudson's Bay Company's posts, and all the native camps, were likewise to be wiped out of existence. The Plain Crees, driven northward by the Blackfeet, fled to Victoria (Pakan) for protection. The people of Edmonton had a skirmish with the Blackfeet, and thirsting for revenge, these savage hordes sent word to Victoria, that at noon on a certain day they would storm the mission settlement. Three hundred Cree war-

rriors anxiously awaited the attack, although they looked upon the message as a bit of bravado, since the Indians are not accustomed to warn their foes of any warlike manœuvre. Superstition played no small part in deterring these marauders of the plains from attacking the settlement. They knew that two missionaries lived there, and they were always in fear of these white medicine men, lest they would invoke the help of spiritual powers in their defence, and send disease and death upon the camps.

Still there were dangers lurking on every side on the far Western plains. The Cree Indians held the northern part of the territory, and these were divided in their loyalty toward the white men. None could be trusted except those who were under the influence of the missionaries. The Assiniboine or Stoney Indians, though not so great in numbers, were a hardy race. Thrifty in their habits, more independent of the buffalo than the other tribes, hunting small game in the mountains, they were courageous in war and loyal in peace. The inveterate foes of all the natives were the Blackfeet, including the Bloods, Piegons and Blackfeet proper, as well as the Sarcees, a smaller tribe, wild and uncouth, who never seemed to improve with the passing of the years.

The McDougalls were conversant with what was going on among the native tribes, and they had good reason to be alarmed. There were rumours abroad that some power higher than the Hudson's Bay Company was coming into the country to treat with the Indians about their lands. Injudicious parties had informed them

that the Company had sold all the land, receiving a large sum in payment, consequently the natives were excited, and on the verge of rebellion. Being ignorant of the meaning of civil government, they would brook no interference with their rights. Newspapers in central and eastern Canada, discussing the question of peace, stated that with its influence the Company could easily settle with the natives. This was true in so far as the forest Indians were concerned, but it did not apply to the tribes on the plains, over whom the Company had no power. For some years the Company's traders had not ventured into a Blackfoot camp, and the last time that an attempt was made to trade with them, the traders lost their goods through robbery and violence. Twice during the previous summer the Plain Crees had pillaged the Company's stores.

While the rougher elements in the native camps were bent on revenge upon the white people and the Indians who remained loyal to them, George McDougall and his son John were travelling incessantly among the camps. More than four months were spent in attending the native councils, listening to the speeches of the chiefs, and urging them to wait patiently, that justice would be rendered unto them. West of Carlton there were not less than seven hundred half-breeds anxious for civil protection and treaty with the Indians. In Upper Saskatchewan, now included in the Province of Alberta, there were twenty thousand natives, who, by a wise and just policy, could have been made friends of the Government, for the Indians in general, as well as



the half-breeds, loved the Union Jack, and were afraid of the encroachment of the American traders with their intoxicating liquor and firearms.

John McDougall went among the various native camps, holding councils with the chiefs, and addressing vast crowds of the people in the open air. These visitations were held at the risk of his life, as the young warriors were always ready for a skirmish, and were opposed to those who were working for peace. In order to counteract disturbing and disloyal influences, constant communication was kept up with the Sweet-Grass, Big Bear and Wood Cree camps. Fear reigned at the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, and the mission settlements. They were quite unprotected, while discontentment flourished on every side.

When the mail packet brought word of an insurrection at the Red River, the isolated settlements in the West became anxious lest the spirit of revolt should spread among the half-breeds and native tribes. George McDougall left in the spring for Fort Garry, to purchase supplies for the missions, and learn the extent of the trouble there. He reconnoitred Fort Garry, and volunteered, if nineteen others would join him, to recapture the fort, but he failed to find any bold enough. He returned home only to find a great foe in the terrible smallpox epidemic.

At the Red River there were two classes of settlers separated by nationality, religious creed and modes of living. On both sides of the river northward were the Scotch, known as the Selkirk Settlers, descendants of the pioneers who came



out in 1812, a hardy and industrious class, and loyal to the Hudson's Bay Company. At St. Boniface and beyond were the French, most of whom were small farmers, hunters of the buffalo, servants of the Company as freighters and voyageurs. There were other small settlements toward the west. Scattered among all of these were the half-breeds. The settlers were happy and contented, save for a few who resented the authority of the Company in prohibiting them as "Free Traders" to buy and sell furs.

Suddenly a spirit of unrest took possession of the people, and not without cause. The Hudson's Bay Company, as we have seen, sold its rights in the West to the Dominion Government. Shortly afterward, without consulting the people, an Act was passed, providing a new administration of affairs for the North-West. Naturally the men who had helped to lay the foundations through years of hardship and heavy toil, some of whom had been born in the district and had made homes, laid out farms, and built schools and churches, became anxious over the impending changes. New settlers began to come in, ignorant of the character, privations and habits of the pioneers, some of whom were aggressive and contemptuous in their dealings, consequently resentment and friction followed. Surveyors were sent out, and even a Governor came, claiming authority for the establishment of courts of justice. The Federal Government apparently had either ignored the people or assumed that they would be loyal. However, a serious blunder had been made by making no

preparation for the change from the regime of the Hudson's Bay Company to that of the Crown. All the old settlers, without distinction of nationality, language or creed, were thrown into a state of anxiety. The British were dissatisfied, and did not unanimously work for peace, while the French became restless and defiant.

The time was opportune for an uprising and a leader was found in Louis Riel, a restless French half-breed, educated in eastern Canada, and in John Bruce, a Scotch settler. They were joined by a number of the French Metis, and these insurgents, forming a Provisional Government, seized Fort Garry and thrust Dr. Schultz, afterward Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and a number of the loyal British settlers, into prison. Meanwhile the Dominion Government under Sir John A. Macdonald sent the Hon. William Macdougall, one of the founders of Confederation, to act as Lieutenant-Governor, as soon as the formal transfer was made. In his eagerness to assume the responsible duties of his office, he came into conflict with Riel and his Provisional Government, and was debarred from entering the territory. The insurrection assumed dangerous proportions. Information regarding the unsettled conditions of the country was conveyed to Ottawa by the Hon. William Macdougall, who had returned east brooding over his grievances. The British and Dominion Governments in time became conversant with the real state of affairs through letters sent by settlers. Other communications never reached their destination, the mails being tampered with. Important despatches were also

sent forward by Archbishop Machray of the Anglican Church, and Rev. George Young of the Methodist Church. It was finally deemed advisable to have Mr. Donald A. Smith, whose influence was powerful among all classes, proceed to Fort Garry for the purpose of a settlement of peace. Mr. Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona), as Chief Commissioner, was accompanied by Vicar-General Thibault and Colonel deSalaberry, as Associate Commissioners. Through interviews with Riel and public conferences with the settlers, terms of peace were eventually agreed upon.

Archbishop Taché of the Roman Catholic Church was attending the Ecumenical Council in Rome during this period, and on his way through Canada had an interview with the Dominion Government. Being assured that justice would be rendered to all parties, he promised to use his influence toward peace and a righteous settlement. His arrival at Fort Garry was hailed as an omen of good, and his presence was soon felt in a better feeling between the French and British parties.

With the tragic murder of Thomas Scott, there came the revolution. Donald A. Smith would have nothing more to do with Riel, and departed, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Richard Hardisty, of the Hudson's Bay Company. The only remedy left was the presence of a military force, and the Government sent Colonel Wolseley with fourteen hundred men. After a dangerous journey of three months and many hardships they arrived at Fort Garry, but Riel had fled to the United States, and thus a bloodless victory was

won. As the troops approached Fort Garry there was general rejoicing. A sense of relief at last came to the settlers, and the Rev. George Young, who had visited the prisoners regularly and attended Thomas Scott at his execution, rang out a cheerful welcome with the bell at Grace Methodist Church, which is now doing duty at Emerson. The insurrection was over.

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## *Chapter VIII—Rifted Clouds*

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DURING the Riel regime the Indian tribes in Manitoba remained loyal to the Crown. The native runners, however, carried direful news to the Hudson's Bay Company posts, mission settlements and Indian camps. The agitation spread rapidly all over the plains, and grave indeed became the fears of the white people. A report was brought to the McDougalls that a secret meeting of a large and representative gathering of the tribes had been held, where discussions were held relating to their troubles. While some of the radical elements in the camps harangued eloquently on their sufferings, and urged that a war of extermination be started at once against the Hudson's Bay Company, the white people, and the Indians and Metis who were favourable toward them, there were others, including the chiefs, who advised the natives to wait for more definite information. The Council was dissolved, but the rebellious spirits muttered revenge, and kept up an incessant agitation among their own people. Conditions grew worse. The mission settlements were on the verge of starvation; the buffalo being far away, few were bold enough to cross the plains in the face of so grave a danger. The wives of the missionaries and of the loyal natives who sought protection at the settlements, had not the courage to urge the men to go in search of food. A desperate need, however, demanded a desperate remedy. About



forty carts, with men, horses and dogs, sallied forth for a buffalo hunt. Within ten days the larders were again full.

Chief Factor Christie and the Company's officials from Edmonton surprised the McDougalls with a visit shortly afterward. A conference was held, with such great success that the mission staff joined the party on its way to Whitefish Lake. Meetings with Rev. H. B. Steinhauer's people were held for several days, the missionaries preaching the evangel of peace, and the chief factor delivering lectures on Government and Christianity. The chief factor offered as a reward for their piety and patriotism the gift of a plough, and agreed to grind their wheat at the Company's mills at Edmonton at small cost. Within a few days the chief factor made another visit to the McDougalls, reporting that the Indians were assembling near the Hand Hills, on the Red Deer River, and that rebellious speeches were being made in the councils. Something must be done quickly to thwart the plans of their enemies. It was decided that John McDougall should visit the Council at the Hand Hills. Having chosen loyal natives to accompany him on his mission, he left the same day for Edmonton to secure supplies for his own party and gifts for the Indians. A hard ride of six days brought them to the encampment, where several thousand natives were assembled. At the lodge of Sweet-Grass, the head chief, they were given a royal welcome. McDougall at once delivered his message from the Company and the missionaries, and asked the chief to call his people together in two







John McDougall Pleading with the Indians at the  
Time of the Red River Rebellion

days. Not only did he accede to this request, but he also expressed his gratitude for the visit, as dissension was great and a war of extermination ready to break out at any moment. Faces wearing a dark scowl peered into the lodge at frequent intervals, and only the authority of the chief prevented a massacre.

Religious services were held on Sunday, attended by a great number of reverent worshippers, for many of them knew the missionary, as they called him "Aha-yua-me-ha-we-ye-neese," i.e., "the young man who talks to Him." On Monday, the day of the meeting, a terrible blizzard of sleet and snow fell suddenly, stampeding horses and hurling lodges to the ground. For six hours the storm raged.

The storm having subsided, a great host assembled on the open prairie. Although the cold was intense, for more than an hour McDougall spoke in words that thrilled, and the burden of his message was loyalty, patriotism and friendship among the people of the plains. He told them that he brought greetings from the northern settlements, that not only were all the people interested in them, but they also shared their grief, for they, too, had suffered. He assured them that he had been sent by the Church and the great Company, which had dwelt amongst and traded with their people for many generations, and as an evidence of this deep sorrow for them in their distress he had brought gifts for them all. He closed by saying:

I will gladly carry your message to those forts and settlements on the Saskatchewan,

and when we are through my men will distribute the gifts we have brought as the evidence of the good-will and wishes of your old friends, the Hudson's Bay Company.

When John McDougall had finished his speech there was profound silence. Then Sweet-Grass called out in a dignified voice: "Will I voice the multitude?" "Yes!" came the thundering reply. Addressing the missionary, he said:

We are thankful that our friends in the north have not forgotten us. In sorrow and hunger and with many hardships we have gathered here, where we have grass and timber, and since we came, buffalo in the distance, few, though still sufficient to keep us alive. Your coming has done us good; it has stayed evil and turned our thoughts to better things. We feel to-day that we are not alone; man is numerous and God is great. We are thankful for the gifts you have brought with you. We will smoke and forget, and if there has been wrong, will forgive.

The gifts were distributed and there came an assurance of peace. Three weeks had been spent on this momentous journey, and great was the rejoicing at Edmonton when the messengers returned.

Two months later John McDougall was sent to the Rocky Mountain House by the officers of the great Company, on a similar mission of peace. A short time before this, when Colonel Butler was at Victoria (Pakan), George McDougall, together with Richard Hardisty and Mr. Clarke, accompanied him to Edmonton, where Chief

Factor Christie and Richard Hardisty were sworn in as magistrates for the Western territory. Assurances were also given of a monthly mail service.

A hard ride in inclement weather brought John McDougall to Rocky Mountain Fort, where he learned that a band of Mountain Stoneys, who were his loyal friends, had gone south. He thereupon followed their trail, and after spending a week with them and quietly interviewing everyone he met, returned highly elated with the success of his secret mission. Having suffered a great deal from cold, and being exhausted with his long and hard rides, Chief Factor Christie ordered a short rest. While passing through the fort at Edmonton to the office he saw two of his Indian friends from Pakan ride into the fort, and with a nod of recognition he passed on. While making his report, a package was handed to the chief factor, who became pale, and turning to the young missionary, said with deep feeling: "John, I know you are a Christian. You want all the help you can have now, for I must tell you that your wife is dead, and was buried at Victoria the day before yesterday."

Stunned beyond expression, he went to his room and prayed. He then started on his lonely journey, back to his three motherless girls. Three times he had bade farewell to his loved ones as he left on a mission of mercy, only to find a new grave upon his return.

Edmonton had been occupied as a mission since 1840, when Robert Terrill Rundle went there, but no church so far had been erected.



George McDougall decided in the spring of 1871 to make it a permanent mission. In the summer he moved there with his family, leaving John in charge of Pakan. An episode which might have had tragic consequences happened at Sucker Creek. Through frequent rains the creek had become swollen. He decided to test the current with a single horse and buckboard. Leaving his wife and two men with the goods on the bank, he entered the turbulent stream and was swept away, his arms becoming entangled in the reins. Consternation seized the spectators, for they expected to see him swept under the floating trees and debris. He loosened the reins with his teeth, and being a powerful swimmer struck for the shore, which he reached in safety, while the horse and rig were carried toward a dangerous point on the opposite bank. Quickly springing on another horse, he dashed into the roaring torrent, while the watchers were helpless to furnish any assistance. Dexterously guiding the animal, he reached the stranded horse and buckboard and saved them. A canoe and lines were made of rawhide and in this strange conveyance the goods, with the rest of the party, were conveyed across the stream.

While the elder missionary was making preparations for the erection of a parsonage and church at Edmonton, assisted by Hudson's Bay Company employees and half-breeds, John McDougall made a fast trip down the Saskatchewan in a skiff to Fort Pitt. He was accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Richard Hardisty, and her children, on their way to Carlton, where her husband was



factor. The journey of nearly two hundred miles he made in two days. Always on the alert to preach the Gospel at every opportunity, he visited the native camps at Fort Pitt. This was the headquarters of such famous chiefs as Sweet-Grass, Little Pine and Big Bear. Here congregated Chippewyans of the Beaver River and the north country, Saukteaux and Crees, while even the Blackfeet sometimes traded at this post.

Returning homeward with two horses, he made one hundred and three miles in one day, trotting along in Indian fashion, without stopping, except when he changed the one horse for the other. This was one of his common feats, as the writer knows by experience, having travelled a great deal with him in later years. A few days afterward, while busy at work in a hayfield, he was told of the approach of his brother, David, with his bride, Annie, daughter of Kenneth McKenzie of Burnside. Nine hundred miles over the Western trails in a buckboard on a honeymoon trip was a rare and invigorating experience. When George McDougall heard about his new niece, he travelled on horseback ninety miles to bid her welcome and give the young couple his blessing. After spending a few hours with them he returned over the same trail and settled down to work again.

The spring packet in March, 1872, brought the announcement of a Conference to be held in the summer at Winnipeg, which all the missionaries of the Methodist Church between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, were summoned to attend. As Peter Campbell was going to take charge of Victoria (Pakan) and John McDougall

was stationed at Pigeon Lake, it was deemed advisable that the change be made as speedily as possible so as to have everything in readiness for the long journey to Fort Garry.

After the removal came ploughing, seeding and hunting, when the missionary with his people went out on the plains to hunt the buffalo, that there might be ample provision of meat and hides for the coming days. While skinning and cutting up the buffalo, suddenly as a whirlwind came a large party of Blood Indians out of the timber bluffs, led by Sotaina, i.e., Rainy Chief, every man armed with repeating rifles and breech-loading revolvers, which were new to those dwelling north of the forty-ninth parallel.

Sotaina was a brave man, adored by the people of his tribe for his prowess, and feared by his enemies. Still he was a man of peace, hating war because of its disastrous consequences. In addition to his great abilities as a leader, he was a silent and deliberate thinker, speaking only when the occasion demanded. He was also an orator of the highest order, swaying his auditors with symbolic language. When the missionary and savage chief met in the open, they soon discovered that they were kindred spirits, striving for the welfare of the people, each equally anxious to strengthen the bonds between all the tribes. Sotaina a day or two later approached the Stoney Indian camp with a large retinue. The Stoney camp admired the splendour of their visitors, and, unafraid, accepted the honours conferred upon them. By invitation the Stoney Indians returned the visit. Six Stoney chiefs accompanied the

missionary, and as they approached the Blood Indian camp were met by an escort which led them between long rows of lodges, until they arrived before Sotaina. Chiefs and warriors gathered around the lodge, the sides being lifted so that all could see and hear, and, by the aid of a Cree woman who had been taken captive, the missionary addressed the inquisitive and interested crowd. He told them where he came from, and the conditions there; why he was here, and who had sent him.

I dwelt largely on the benefits of peace, spoke of the inevitable change soon to come; told them that now the land was without government and men did as they pleased, but the day was near when murder, wrong and theft would be stopped, and that the power which would do this was powerful and merciful. They need not fear the future so long as they aimed at doing the right thing between one another and all men. This great power would make no distinctions; the white man and the Indian of every tribe and nation would stand the same before it; there would be no favoritism. This was the Great Spirit's wish; this was what His Word enjoined. We were brethren, the land was big, and we could all dwell in it in peace. There were in my audience many who had every reason to hate the white man; every better instinct in them had been insulted and beaten down by the selfishness of the white man; wrong and injury, bestiality and crime had they suffered from his hands. Moreover, their idea of the white man's government was of a ruthless, despotic,

absolute power, breaking treaties, building prisons and erecting gallows. These liberty-loving people hated the very mention of government, but to-day, if what I said was true, and some of them had heard that I told the truth, then there was hope for them as a people.

Sotaina replied through the interpreter:

My people, you now see why I asked John to come to our camp. I saw that he was different and when he spoke to me I felt that he was indeed God's man. I listened to him and heard things which touched my heart, and now you have heard him. Let us try and be ready for the change that is coming. He says that there are many white men who are like him, friends of the red man, who wish us well, and will help us to a better future.

After spending three hours in the camp, and enjoying the feast in their honour, the missionary's party left. As they were departing, Sotaina told McDougall that he was going to make a private visit to the Stoney camp, as he was anxious to learn more regarding the changes near at hand. True to his word, Sotaina spent a night with the Stoneys, asking questions and discussing problems, and thus a great work of preparation was accomplished, ushering in a new era of permanent peace.







McDougall the Missionary Negotiating with Warring Crees



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## *Chapter IX—Down East*

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THE TIME was drawing near when the missionaries must start for the Conference in Winnipeg, a long journey of one thousand miles across the prairie by horseback and buckboard. John McDougall held a consultation with his men in the Stoney camp, and it was decided to have a buffalo hunt so as to secure meat and hides; afterward the camp should move to their home at Pigeon Lake, while the missionary, with a few of his men comprising three lodges, should proceed toward Edmonton, where George McDougall was waiting the arrival of his son. The hunt was successful, and after a rousing prayer-meeting the two parties separated, each following the trail toward its own destination. Reaching a rising bit of ground, the missionary made the startling discovery that he had run into a Sarcee camp of thirty lodges, led by Chief Bull's Head, the Ishmael of the plains. McDougall dared not turn back, as that would be an evidence of weakness and would only invite an attack, so he summoned courage, and putting on a bold front, determined to cultivate the friendship of the wily leader of the Sarcee Indians. The two men walked together through the camp, conversing in the Cree tongue, and when the chief's lodge was set, they entered it. Soon a crowd gathered, curious and defiant, but the missionary seized the opportunity of addressing them, on the same theme as that upon which he had spoken to the Blood Indians. The

majority listened attentively, but some of them resented the references to a common brotherhood, linked together for protection and peace. All, however, were reverent when he spoke of the Great Spirit. In the evening the missionary told the chief that he and his men were his guests, and he desired him to protect the three lodges, and to take charge of their horses. Bull's Head grinned at the confidence placed in him. It was a strange and dangerous adventure, but the Stoneys slept in comfort. Great was the astonishment of McDougall when he saw the chief bringing in the horses, not trusting them to any of his young men. As he handed them over, he remarked with a broad smile: "I suppose you thought that your horses were stolen?" "No, Chief," replied the missionary, "I slept in your camp just as I would expect you to sleep in my house. The one great Father watched over us all. Are we not his children?"

With another smile the chief inquired: "Do you think so?" As the missionary gave a decided answer in the affirmative, there gathered upon the countenance of the savage chief a new expression, suggestive of a vision of a better day, as he said: "Well, I like that."

There had been trouble in the Sarcee camp, and as a consequence it was divided into two parties. The conversation between McDougall and the chief having ceased, the other disaffected part of the camp approached. The Stoneys dreaded an attack from their old enemies, and John McDougall was also fearful of the meeting of these warlike elements. His little brother, George, who was with him, kept close by his side

for protection. While pondering over their peculiar situation, there rushed in a number of Sarcee scouts, who sprang from their horses and excitedly conveyed the intelligence that there was a large camp of Cree Indians within three miles, and that an attack from their desperate foes was imminent. The haughty savage chief lost his courage, and as a humble suppliant besought McDougall's advice and help. From the description of the Cree camp given by the scouts, the missionary knew that these were his own people. His opportunity had arrived. He informed Bull's Head that there was no cause for fear, and he suggested that the whole Sarcee camp accompany him, and make a friendly visit to the Crees, assuring them that the Sarcees would receive a gracious welcome. Taking him at his word, Bull's Head commanded that the lodges be taken down and to march as the missionary had directed. In a short time nearly one thousand men, women and children were travelling over the plains. It was a strange spectacle and a risky venture. There were warriors on splendid horses, women on horseback with the *travaille*—the native vehicle—loaded with tents, cooking utensils and provisions, little children, aged men and women on foot, and more than a thousand dogs, of all sizes and colours, and they were marching at the behest of one white man, defenceless and suspicious, toward the camp of another tribe much superior in numbers, and with whom they had been at war for many years. It was an act of sublime faith, and McDougall might well wonder as to whether or not he had made a huge blunder. Determined to

prevent any serious disaster, he hurried forward, and coming up to the Crees, Stoneys and Saulteaux, and French and English half-breeds, who were nearly all his own people, announced that the Sarcee camp was approaching on his invitation, and that as they were his friends, he asked whether or not they would be made welcome. A hearty response in the affirmative was given, and to increase the assurance of friendship, an escort went to meet them, while others sought a place of allotment for the Sarcee camp. So soon as all had been settled, a rousing song service of old Christian hymns in the Cree language was held, much to the surprise and gratification of the Sarcees, who felt that they indeed were among friends.

As there was a large herd of buffalo in the vicinity, a grand hunt was organized, in which everyone participated. Several hundred animals were killed, thousands of pounds of dried meat and pemmican were prepared, and hides were dressed for lodges, moccasins and garments. In the midst of the activities, John McDougall was suddenly stricken with a low fever, during which his life was despaired of, as the medicine men had lost their power, and there were no doctors in the country. A short time before there had been an epidemic of mumps, when he had become a victim, suffering severely. As he lay helpless and discontented in a lodge, the native women waited upon him, while the whole camp was so sympathetic that, even though they were anxious to move on, they tarried until he had sufficiently recovered to start homeward.

At the end of six days, he told the people of the Conference to be held in Winnipeg, and as he was leaving, Crees, Stoneys, Sarcees, Saulteaux and half-breeds gathered, wishing him a pleasant journey. "We will pray for many blessings on your journey, and a safe return. Carry our greetings to the praying chiefs, and the Christian people. Tell the Law Chief at Red River that we hope he will not allow any fire-water to come West to us."

Peter Campbell, missionary at Pakan, Henry B. Steinhauer, missionary at Whitefish Lake, and A. I. Snyder, teacher in one of the mission schools, afterward a devoted and successful minister in the Province of Ontario, had started on the long trail a week before, while George McDougall was awaiting at Edmonton the return of his son, that they might journey eastward together. After a hasty visit with old friends and his two daughters, Ruth and Gussie, John McDougall took charge of the party, his father and himself in a buckboard, Susa, an Indian, in a cart, and his youngest brother, George, driving nine loose horses to make changes on the way. When out two days on the trail they called at David McDougall's to see John's daughter, Flora, and found that the master of the house had gone shopping to Winnipeg, eight hundred miles distant. Up and away over the prairie they went at a steady jog, making seventy miles a day. The transport officer becomes a seer as he rides along: "Thousands of homesteads will dot the land we are passing in our day's journey, which now is solitude sublime. This whole land is waiting; God has not yet touched the button



which will switch the trend of humanity this way. Nevertheless, I firmly believe He will do so in good time."

The first missionary Conference of the Methodist Church west of Lake Superior was held in Winnipeg, June, 1872. From Toronto came the Rev. Dr. William Morley Punshon, the famous pulpit orator, Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood, General Secretary, and John Macdonald, Esq., Treasurer of the Missionary Society. From the north came Rev. Egerton R. Young, accompanied by some Indians, while from the West, George McDougall, John McDougall, Henry B. Steinhauer, Peter Campbell, and Adam Ira Snyder. The Red River District included Revs. George Young, Michael Fawcett, Matthew Robinson, Allan Bowerman, and George Edwards. Morley Punshon and John Macdonald were guests of Lord Strathcona at his residence, "Silver Heights," where the whole Conference was entertained one afternoon. John McDougall was ordained on Sunday morning in Grace Church, when Dr. William Morley Punshon preached an eloquent sermon. The previous evening, the young missionary was asked: "Are you ready for your ordination to-morrow morning?" There was no examination or trial sermon, as his twelve years of splendid service were considered sufficient to entitle him to enter the ranks of the ministry. The Hudson's Bay Company's large warehouse on the banks of the Assiniboine River was cleared out, decorated with bunting and flags, and provided with seats. A large crowd from the town and surrounding country gathered the followin





MRS. JOHN McDOUGALL



night to hear Dr. Punshon deliver one of his notable lectures, "Daniel in Babylon." Lord Strathcona occupied the chair, and with him on the platform was Lieutenant-Governor Archibald.

Ignorance of the country and of its inhabitants lying between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, prevailed amongst all classes, and John McDougall was interviewed by the Lieutenant-Governor and leading citizens during his stay in the town. Being an intrepid traveller for ten years, exploring all parts of the country between Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains, and conversant with the Indian tribes, half-breeds, officials and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, he was able to give expert testimony.

The Conference decided to undertake a mission among the Stoney Indians, and the choice of a missionary fell upon John McDougall, who accepted the responsibility, but was not greatly elated over it.

So soon as the sessions were over, George McDougall with his son George and Susa, started westward, while John McDougall went with the eastern delegation for a vacation of three months amid the scenes and friends of childhood. His companions, Dr. William Morley Punshon, Dr. Enoch Wood, and John Macdonald, Esq., informed him that he must be married before he returned. They were anxious to help him, and Dr. Wood went so far as to suggest that he had a young lady ready to accompany him on his Western trip. McDougall, however, kept his own counsel, and so it came to pass that late in September, 1872, he was married to Miss Eliza Boyd at Cape Rich,

and without delay they turned their faces toward the West.

More than two weeks were spent on the way from Toronto to Winnipeg, with Rev. Dr. George Bryce and his wife, coming to lay the foundations of Manitoba College, and Commodore Kitson, head of the fleet of river steamboats. At Winnipeg they received genuine hospitality at the first Methodist parsonage in Manitoba, where the Rev. Dr. George Young and his wife, and their son, now Captain George H. Young, gave them a gracious welcome, and sought to induce them to remain for the winter. The call of the far West was sounding in their ears, though one thousand miles still lay before them, and winter was at hand. So after spending two days securing provisions, they started on their long, lone trail. It was the fifteenth day of October, 1872, the young bride, buoyant with the charm of a new experience, led the procession in a democrat wagon, drawn by a single horse. Her husband's "Keep a steady jog!" rang in her ears as he followed on horseback. One day they came upon a drunken French half-breed running to and fro, setting the prairie on fire in revenge for his companions having set him afoot. As the fire swept towards them, there arose the cry, "Powder! Powder!" The carts were rushed into the middle of the stream, and covered with wet tarpaulin. Onward came the prairie fire, roaring in its freedom, and consuming everything in its course. With the instinct of an experienced plainsman, the missionary burned a wide space around his camp, ensuring safety. The fire jumped the

creek, and swept onward, leaving a black expanse of ruin. As the party jogged along, suddenly, out of the unknown, a motley group, dirty, uncouth and wild, rode up, none other than a remnant of the Sioux Indians whose hands were polluted in the massacre in Minnesota. After a short palaver, the missionary again hurried on.

Six hundred miles more to the end of the trail! The nights were cold, ice was forming on the lakes and ponds, later a wild snow-storm burst upon them, and the winter had set in with a vengeance. Was there ever a more romantic bridal trip? Sleet, snow and bitterly cold winds assailed them; the trail was covered, and only an occasional bluff of timber stood here and there wherein they might find shelter at night. Jack Norris, the trader, with a long train of carts, helped to break a channel through the ice in one of the streams, but the democrat stuck in midstream, breaking the cross-bar, and Mrs. McDougall had to be carried ashore. Next day the hind axle of the vehicle broke, and the wheel rolled off, without any means of repairing it. The young bride was transferred to a cart, and the jolting journey continued.

The storm raged, the snow was now lying eighteen inches deep on the level with great snow-drifts everywhere. Then a wild blizzard caught the weary travellers; the tent and carts were buried under the snow. The cold forbade sleep, and the horses were in grave danger. Crawling out in the middle of the night, the tent was removed to a huge drift where there was protection from the howling wind. Every morning

the tent and carts had to be dug out of their white burden. The missionary and Neche, an Indian helper engaged on the way, went ahead breaking a path. On a bitterly cold day, Mrs. McDougall, who was suffering keenly from the intense frost, got out of the cart to regain some warmth by walking, and was left some distance behind before her absence was noticed. The party was surprised one stormy night by the arrival of Sandy McDonald, a native of Kildonan on the Red River, and a runner from Jack Norris' camp, who had never been so far west before. Provisions were getting low, and he had volunteered to go to Fort Pitt for a dog-train and supplies of food. After a hearty meal and a cheerful talk, out and away over an unbroken trail, travelling by instinct, this hero of the plains pursued his lonely journey, while his friends by the camp fire stifled their fears in a prayer for his safety. Back again with his borrowed dog-train and a heavy load of pemmican and dried meat, McDonald spent an hour with the McDougalls, imparting the latest news, and then on to his own camp.

A few miles from Fort Pitt, the storm increased. "Little Bob" stood helpless, the cart with its load was left behind. A camp was made, only to be buried under the snow. Digging their way out, the two men found a spruce grove at some distance, where they made camp, and after rescuing the brave woman imprisoned in the tent, a great fire was made. The missionary was so exhausted, that, when he had drunk a cup of tea, he fell over unconscious, worn out with the heavy toil on the long trail. A lonely vigil was kept through the



night. As the men slept, the weary woman piled wood on the fire, watching and waiting for the dawn. The day broke at last, but not the storm. The men awoke, refreshed and ready for another fight with nature in her wildest mood. The carts being dug out of the snow, a weary plodding journey of ten miles was begun. Fort Pitt was reached late at night, and a glad welcome awaited from old friends.

Fitted out with snowshoes, flat sleds and fresh horses, with Sandy McDonald in place of Neche, the bridal party again struck out into the bleak, trackless prairie. McDougall made a path on his snowshoes, doubling back to form a deeper trail. The bride followed in a comfortable carry-all. Sandy drove the loose horses, and poor "Little Bob" brought up the rear. The snow became crusted, and the horses' legs were bleeding. The trail seemed endless.

The home of David McDougall was at Pakan. His first-born was only a few weeks old, and the mother in great suffering from an ulcerated breast, with no medical help. A brief needful rest was secured for the bride, and then another lap of the journey, the last hundred and fifty miles, and home at last! What a bridal trip! Two months and a half from Portage la Prairie, six hundred miles through sleet and snow, but love and duty laugh at storms, though scars of suffering are inscribed on human souls.

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## *Chapter X—The Stoney Indian Mission*

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THE CONFERENCE at Winnipeg having decided on a mission among the Stoney Indians at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, George McDougall, as Chairman of the District and stationed at Edmonton, desired to consult his son now under appointment, and whose home was at Pigeon Lake. By agreement they met, and started on a tour of exploration. After several days' hard riding they reached the Bow River Valley, where they were discovered by a native scout, who directed them to the camp of the Mountain Stoneys. They received a hearty welcome from the two chiefs, Bear's Paw and Chenika. On the following day, under the guidance of their friends, they scoured the whole country as far west as the Kananaskis and the Old Bow Fort. This part of the territory lay west of the Old North Trail, whereon for centuries had travelled the native tribes of the plains, including the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Sarcees, Crees and Saulteaux. As there were frequent tribal wars, the establishment of a mission so far south was a dangerous venture. Indeed the Hudson's Bay Company had built the Old Bow Fort, but because of the depredations of the southern Indians, they were compelled to abandon it. This fort was only a few miles from Banff, and the ruins were still prominent when the writer, in 1882, accompanied John McDougall on a visit to one of the Indian camps in the vicinity.

Missionaries had come in contact with the Stoneys as early as 1840, when Robert Terrill Rundle, after whom Mount Rundle was named, settled at Edmonton, and went out in search of these people, and lived among them at frequent intervals. Father De Smet, a Jesuit missionary, came from Oregon and established missions among the Kootenay Indians in 1843-1844. In 1845 he came by way of the Cross River, through the Whiteman's Pass, and at the summit of the Pass erected a cross. Descending the Spray River to the Bow River Valley, he visited the Stoney Indian encampments in October, 1845, near the present site of the village of Morley, where he spent some time preaching to, and baptizing, these Indians, then going on to Edmonton and wintering at the Company's fort. He returned in May, 1845, to the Columbia by way of the Athabasca Pass. Thomas Woolsey took up the work of Rundle, and John McDougall followed in the line of succession. For more than one hundred and fifty years, traders had visited the camps to dispose of their goods in exchange for furs. Explorers and travellers had followed the Stoney Indian trails, and all of them had been impressed with the sturdy honesty and warlike ability of these people. Sir George Simpson had come in contact with them in his famous journey. Paul Kane, the artist, found scope for his pencil and brush among the worthies of the buffalo-skin lodges. Captain John Palliser and Dr. James Hector left the impress of their life and character on these men whom they employed on the great survey, and their names on mountain, lake and

pass. Indeed, the story of the map is an embodiment of history, wherein are imbedded thrilling episodes, tragic events and severe hardships.

Some time after Dr. Hector had discovered the Hector Pass, named in his honour, he was kicked by a horse, and from that circumstance that vicinity was renamed the Kicking Horse Pass. The natives had their own distinctive and appropriate names for mountains, rivers, lakes and valleys, some of which still remain. The Stoneys called Cross River, Tsha-kooap-te-ha-wap-ta, alluding to the fact that some early traveller had set up a cross in the pass, not far from the summit. This, no doubt, refers to the cross of peace erected by Father De Smet. The Bow River and Valley were named Mun-uh-cha-ban, *the place one takes bows from*, as the mountain pine, or Douglas fir tree grew there in abundance.

The Mountain and Wood Stoneys were the warriors of the foothills, and none of the tribes of the plains dared to venture into their territory, west of the old North Trail. These people are the Assiniboines, being a tribe of the Dakota or Siouan Confederacy. The name Assiniboine means Stone Sioux, contracted by the white people into the Stone people and Stoney Indians. Its derivation is due to the fact that it was the custom of these Indians to cook their food on heated stones, from *ûsin*, stone, and *upwawa*, he who cooks by roasting, in the Ojibway tongue.

Thus in April, 1873, having explored the valley of the Bow, and being charmed with its seclusion and the grandeur of the scenery, it was decided to locate the mission for the Mountain

Stoneys there, and to commence work as soon as possible.

As the General Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society, Dr. Lachlan Taylor, was making a tour of inspection of the Western Missions to the Indians, it fell to the lot of John McDougall to become his guide across the plains. Having chosen Jacob Big Stoney, a reliable native, as his companion on the sixteen-hundred-mile journey, and having bidden a sorrowful farewell to his family and friends, they left Edmonton in June, 1873. Calling at the trading posts on the way to pick up the mails, resting on Sundays, and without change of horses, they arrived in Winnipeg in less than fourteen days. On the trail John McDougall translated the hymn "Nearer My God to Thee" into the Cree language. The writer has listened enraptured to its sweet strains in the camps of the natives.

Although Winnipeg was only a small town, Jacob was bewildered at its grandeur. The churches were visions of the glories of heaven, which language could not express.

When Dr. Taylor arrived from a visitation to the missions on Lake Winnipeg and beyond, he was greeted with a large congregation. Over the prairie trails westward, the three travellers, each in a separate vehicle, then wended their way. The Doctor, enthusiastic over the vast expanse, breaks out in a rapturous mood: "Is this not most beautiful? Ah! what a wonderful country! Look, did you ever see anything grander than that?"

Travelling fifty miles a day, a jolting buckboard, glaring sun, deep ruts, harassing mosquitoes,



and bulldog flies, no wonder the tenderfoot forgot his dignity and became morose.

At Fort Pitt the Revs. George McDougall and Peter Campbell were waiting to escort the Missionary Secretary up the valley of the Saskatchewan. Whitefish Lake, Pakan, Good Fish Lake, Pigeon Lake, and Edmonton were visited in turn. At Whitefish Lake the missionary, Rev. H. B. Steinhauer, was absent, being out on the plains with his people, hunting the great herds of buffalo, but Benjamin Sinclair, the assistant, was at home. Benjamin was an expert hunter and trapper, a primitive carpenter, able to build a boat or a house, make a dog sled or pair of snowshoes, an agriculturist, growing wheat and barley and a variety of vegetables, and above all a remarkable preacher. He possessed a deep knowledge of the Bible, and had a thorough grasp of the Cree Syllabic. Yet this scholar had never been to school. Dr. Taylor was deeply interested in this native, who had been assistant to the Rev. Robert Terrill Rundle. Within fifteen miles of Edmonton a fine company, consisting of Hudson's Bay Company officials, the chief factor and his lady, some of the principal clerks and postmasters, citizens and members of the mission family, greeted them with a hearty welcome. The following Sunday Dr. Taylor preached two eloquent sermons, and dedicated the new church. On Monday night he delivered his famous lecture, "The Holy Land," and next day started southward toward Benton on the Missouri River for home. It was late in September, 1873, when they set out, the party consisting of Dr. Taylor, George and John McDougall, Ira Snider,



a probationer for the ministry, and an English half-breed named Whitford. A strict watch had to be kept against horse thieves. The Crees, in whose big camp service was held, warned them of the Blackfeet in the vicinity, and as they parted said: "It may be the Great Spirit will give you favour with the wild tribes and wilder white men you are sure to meet on your trip."

Although keeping a sharp lookout, and making a dangerous short-cut down an almost precipitous canyon toward the Bow Valley, a large war party of Blood Indians, bent on mischief, suddenly surrounded them. But the dark cloud gradually lifted as a young warrior harangued his companions, telling them that he knew the missionaries, and that they were the friends of the natives. Chief Natos Onesti, who in later years became a loyal and devoted friend of the writer, took them under his protection, and made them prisoners in the camp. During two days of captivity a fine opportunity was seized for preaching and lecturing to these nomads of the plains, a Cree woman married to a Blood Indian acting as interpreter. At the end of their enforced stay, Chief Natos handed over all the property of the missionary party, and leading them on the trail for a long distance, ordered the young men who were following with the intention of attacking them, according to native custom, to return to the camp. When he had led them about ten miles on their way, he shook hands with the missionaries, and said: "Now, travel far to-day, and watch well to-night!"

Travelling through the foothills, and the Bow Valley, Dr. Taylor became enthusiastic over the

rich soil, abundance of water and beautiful scenery. The McDougalls conducted him to Fort Benton, and on their return made ready for the founding of the mission among the Stoney Indians.

On November first John McDougall, with his wife, his brother, David, John's man, named Donald, and some native helpers, left Edmonton for the Bow Valley. As the Blackfeet were lurking incessantly in the vicinity, a site was chosen back in the hills, three miles from the river, and beside a beautiful spring lake. The mission was named Morley, after the famous pulpit orator, the Rev. Dr. William Morley Punshon. The greatest precaution had to be taken. Only a few days before one of the leading men of the Stoneys, a famous hunter and a fine type of Christian, Enoch by name, had been killed by a party of Blood Indians. Therefore, while the fort in the hills was in course of erection, a number of the Stoneys kept faithful watch. The fort was similar to those usually built in the country. The doors and windows of the several buildings were all inside the square, and there was but one gate for entrance. Hardly had it been finished when some Blackfeet appeared, emboldened by their faith in the missionary, who would protect them against attacks by the Stoneys, and yet ready for plunder should they find the fort unguarded. During the winter a log church was built outside the fort. When John McDougall was alone in the bush one day cutting logs for the building, he was stunned by a falling tree, and almost lost his life.

The routine of work at the mission consisted

of visiting the scattered camps on the plains, preaching, baptizing, marrying, giving addresses on the changes at hand through settlement, and an annual trip to Benton for supplies. During the absence of the missionary, Chief Jacob Big Stoney and his men guarded the mission. On one occasion John sprang a surprise by his unexpected arrival, while the home guard were visiting their friends. Within two hours a party of rough fellows from the Blackfoot camp, who had learned that the missionary was out on the plains, came to the fort, bent on mischief. When taken aback by the presence of the master of the fort, and holding their horses, undecided what to do, there came up quietly and unseen several young Stoneys. "Where do you come from?" asked the bewildered Blackfeet. "Close by." "How many lodges have you?" "Sixty lodges." That was enough, for the Blackfeet became very friendly, but only under the pressure of greater numbers.

George McDougall came from Edmonton to have a glimpse of the mountains before going East on a visit. With his son and Jacob as guides, they rode up the Valley of the Ghost on to Wendigo Lake, now named the Minnewakan or Spirit Water, and then up the Bow Valley to the site of Banff. Mrs. McDougall, who had never seen her home since she left fourteen years before, accompanied her husband with their youngest son, George, shortly afterward on a trip to Ontario.

The larder was nearly empty, so between forty and fifty lodges of Crees and Stoneys, under the leadership of the missionary, started on a buffalo hunt. Having killed many buffalo they

discovered a large party of Blackfeet, who by strategy and deception had slain a small party of Crees a few days before. Previous to that they had massacred a camp of white immigrants at Pincher Creek, as they were travelling from Montana to Edmonton. Their chief, Old Sun, followed the Crees and Stoneys at a distance of three miles, while Big Plume, a minor chief of the Blackfeet, always friendly toward the white people, held the bloodthirsty natives in check. Peace came unexpectedly through the arrival of a courier with dispatches from the authorities to John McDougall, requesting him to report at Edmonton for a commission and outfit, as he was to visit the camps, and inform them that the Government was sending a military force into the country to establish law and order. At once he interviewed Old Sun, whose dusky warriors at once became suppliants for peace and protection.

The Hudson's Bay Company had been driven out of the Old Bow Fort near Banff by the depredations of the Blackfeet, but after much persuasion by John McDougall, they established a new post in the Bow Valley. John Bunn was appointed postmaster, while David McDougall established a trading post for the Stoneys, and together these supplied their simple needs. Immense herds of buffalo roamed the prairies, and up the Bow Valley, where exciting scenes were often witnessed. Down on the flat near the present site of the mission, as the missionary charged a herd of sixty to seventy buffalo, they jumped over the bank of the river, and out on the ice, where they fell into a deep hole and were drowned. There they lay, frozen in,

till a band of Sarcee Indians came later in the season and chopped them out for food. About the same time a small herd of buffalo jumped the bank at the mouth of the Ghost River, and bunched together, pressing one another in a mass toward the centre, went sliding on the smooth ice of the Bow River without a tumble, and reached the other side in safety.

With a blanket, the New Testament and Cree Hymn Book, John McDougall visited the Indian camps, spending two or three days in each of them, and then off again to Benton for supplies.

George McDougall spent the autumn and winter of 1874-1875 addressing meetings in Ontario and Quebec, while the Rev. Lewis Warner was at Edmonton acting as Chairman of the District. In the spring the veteran missionary visited Great Britain, where he aroused deep interest in the missions among the Indians of the Canadian North-West. In the following summer he left Toronto with his family for home, being authorized to establish a new mission to the Blackfeet, one hundred miles south of the Bow River. Towards its support the Methodist Sunday School of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, guaranteed one thousand dollars a year.

Accompanied by his son John he explored the country west of Fort Macleod, and selected a site at Pincher Creek, naming this new venture the Playground Mission, from the old Blackfoot legend of Napioa, the Old Man of the Mountains, playing with the large stones in the vicinity. This was a splendid location, so much so, that in later years, Father Lacombe chose this place among the foot-



hills to spend the closing years of a strenuous and beautiful life. He decided to begin the mission in the following spring by erecting an orphanage. This was a cherished idea among the missionaries of all denominations in the West. The Rev. John Ryerson, in his *Hudson's Bay, 1855*, had recommended industrial institutes among the Indians, and George McDougall had established one at Pakan, while later there was another at Morley. When he returned to spend the winter at Morley, it was his intention to begin work at Pincher Creek in the spring of 1876, but he died on the prairie in January of that year. It was the writer's high privilege to become the successor of this sainted veteran of the Cross, and to begin the mission among the Blackfoot Indians at Macleod.

After spending two years in the hills the mission at Morley was moved to the flat near the Bow River, where in the autumn of 1875, new buildings were erected, consisting of a village of white settlers, three Indian villages, two day schools, an orphanage, and a commodious and comfortable church. Among those who came with George McDougall from Ontario was Andrew Sibbald, schoolmaster and carpenter, with his wife and family, under whose guidance a saw-mill was operated at Morley, which supplied the first lumber for the buildings in Calgary. In 1877 there was built a small church on what is now Sixth Avenue, with logs and lumber floated down the river by John McDougall and Andrew Sibbald. This building was seen by the writer in good condition in the autumn of 1880. Calgary



was known as the Old Mission on the Elbow River, afterward Fort Brisbois, and finally received its present name from Colonel Macleod, in remembrance of Calgary Bay in the Isle of Skye in the north of Scotland, where he was born, the meaning of which is "clear running water." The Morley Mission was sustained by a splendid band of native Christians, true to the faith, loyal to the Government, honest in their dealings with the white race, and friendly toward all.

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## *Chapter XI—The Mounted Police*

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SHORTLY after the trouble at Red River had come to an end, due to the arrival of Colonel Wolseley and his troops, there occurred an abortive Fenian Raid from the United States. A second expedition of two hundred men was sent from the East, to reinforce the troops stationed at Fort Garry. Grave dangers, moreover, existed in the far West, where the native tribes were being decimated by bad whiskey, immorality and murder. The trading posts of the American whiskey runners were hotbeds of vice and scenes of bloodshed. Lawlessness prevailed everywhere. Fifty thousand buffalo robes, worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were traded every year for bad whiskey, while horses in the camps of the natives were sold for liquor, and even the necessities of life. Crime increased; the Indians were butchered in cold blood, and no man was safe. There were whiskey forts at Sheep Creek, High River, back in the Porcupine Hills, down at Fort Kipp, Stand-Off, Slide-Out, besides the famous whiskey fortress, Whoop-Up. A dozen men or more, heavily armed and under the influence of liquor, formed a formidable and dangerous contingent, able to withstand the attack of several hundred Indians, poorly equipped. It was even reckoned fine sport to shoot an Indian. Emboldened by their sense of security, and knowing that their régime was near its close, they sent out false statements regarding the missionaries.

When John McDougall was arranging for an interview with Crowfoot, the head chief of the Blackfeet, there being a whiskey camp in the vicinity, he sent a courteous request to the traders to limit their trade, while he, as a Government Commissioner, was delivering his message. The only answer was a larger supply of liquor. Indeed it was reported that a pact had been made to kill the missionary at the first favourable opportunity, as he was a great hindrance to their trade. Yet there were some who had not wholly lost their sense of self-respect and honour. As George McDougall and his son John were escorting Dr. Lachlan Taylor to Fort Benton, they stopped for a night at Fort Whoop-Up, where pandemonium reigned. After supper, the noted orator gave an address on "The Land of the Bible," some hymns were also sung, and a prayer offered. During this service there was the best decorum. Tears were in the eyes of most of the listeners, while one of them remarked: "It was the . . . best thing he had been at in many years."

While this state of affairs lasted, the missionaries, the Indians, and the Hudson's Bay Company were united in their opposition to its continuance. The Blackfeet, Crees and Stoneys were also anxious for the suppression of the traffic. In 1871, Chief Sweet Grass, head chief of the Cree Indians, sent a message to Governor Archibald, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories: "We want you to stop the Americans from coming to trade on our lands, and giving firewater, ammunition and arms to our enemies, the Blackfeet." George McDougall and Chief Factor Christie of the

Hudson's Bay Company held a meeting at which a petition was drawn up and signed, and forwarded to the Federal Government at Ottawa, asking that measures be adopted to stop the liquor traffic among the Indians, and that a military force be sent to maintain law and order. A proclamation had been issued, prohibiting the traffic in spirituous liquors among the Indians, and the use of strychnine in the destruction of animal life. Still the liquor industry was thriving. A Blackfoot chief complained that white men from the country of the Big Knives (United States) had brought in fire-water, which had wrought much harm among the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegons, and that the white men, who were bad and cruel, had killed many Indians, making their people ten times more wicked than before. He appealed to his white friends to do something to stop the liquor traffic.

When Crowfoot's lodge was filled with the chiefs and leading men of the Blackfeet, John McDougall addressed them:

Through my interpreter, I told them of the coming of the mounted force across the plains, and the purpose of their coming; tribal war was to be suppressed, and whiskey trading and horse stealing, and all crimes were to be done away with. I exalted British justice, and made much of the equality of men in the eyes of the law, and most keenly and patiently these men listened to my story.

When I was done, Crowfoot took my hand and placed it on his heart, and said: "My brother, your words make me glad. I listened to them, not only with my ears, but also with my heart. In the coming of the Big Knives

with their fire-water and quick shooting guns we are weak and our people have been woefully slain and impoverished. You say that this will be stopped. We are glad to have it stopped! We want peace! What you tell us about this strong power, which will govern with good law, and treat the Indians the same as the white man, makes us glad to hear. My brother, I believe you, and am thankful!" Old Sun and all the rest present gave assent to what Crowfoot had spoken.

A disturbing rumour came from the south that Sitting Bull, the astute and wily leader of the Sioux Indians, was forming a league of all the native tribes, north and south of the international boundary line, for the sole purpose of exterminating the white people. A similar report had gone forth within the past five years, and it was well known that there was considerable unrest among the Indians. The Boundary Commission, consisting of engineers and troops from the United States and Canada, which had been at work since 1872 determining the forty-ninth parallel from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, was completing the survey. The whiskey traders were loud in their protestations against a military force coming into the country, asserting that there was no need for such action, as they were getting rid of all the bad men by shooting them. However, in 1873, the Dominion Parliament passed an Act for the purpose of establishing a military force for the North-West, known as *The Royal North-West Mounted Police*, numbering at first three hundred men, with a proportionate complement of officers.



The first column of the force left Dufferin, now called Emerson, on July 8th, 1874, under the command of General French. The main column arrived at the Old Man's River under Colonel MacLeod, while a small detachment, under Colonel Jarvis, parted from the main column at Roche Percee, and proceeded to Edmonton. While the Mounted Police were on their famous march across the plains, John McDougall received a Commission from the Government, instructing him to visit the Indian camps, and explain the purpose of the Government in sending a military force into the country. With three carts loaded with tea, sugar, tobacco, a gross of cutty pipes and a quantity of ammunition, and accompanied by Stoney Chief, Bear's Paw, an interpreter, Lazarus Peacemaker, who spoke Blackfoot, Cree and Stoney, and with two white men, Spencer and Robinson, the Union Jack being fastened to a pole on the leading cart, John McDougall sallied forth on his mission. From camp to camp the party travelled delivering the message, and everywhere they were well received. The various resorts of the white men were then visited, where they were subjected to much abuse. "Well, when this is done we will drop into line and obey the law," these law-breakers said, "but until then we will do as we please."

In the autumn there came rumours from Old Man's River to the effect that men were being hung, and that there were not sufficient trees in the vicinity to hold the culprits. The missionary started for the scene that he might investigate, and upon reaching Calgary found the few white



settlers greatly agitated. The month was December; snow lay deep on the trail, and it was past midnight when the missionary rode into Macleod. Seeing a light flickering from a small shack on "The Island" across Old Man's River, he sought admission and was ushered into the presence of Colonel Macleod. The conversation turned to the unlawful traffic carried on by the whiskey traders. McDougall said that he had not come to lay information against anyone, but since he had given all parties ample warning, he was ready to assist the regularly constituted authority to carry out the law. However, he gave it as his opinion that the past should be forgotten. As the country had been without any law, no distinction should be made between the different races, and all should be treated alike. The Colonel agreed. Without a shot being fired, law and order had been established simultaneously and permanently at Macleod and Edmonton, and the whole country entered upon an era of peace.

The news of the arrival of the Mounted Police spread through the native camps and aroused so much interest that the Indians flocked to Fort Macleod to spy out the surroundings and learn the intention of the authorities at first hand. In order to impress them with actions as well as words, a small cannon was brought out and the crowd of dusky warriors was told to look at a tree at the eastern end of "The Island," when, as if by magic, it was shattered to pieces by a single shot. The braves returned to their lodges to tell of the power of the Riders of the Plains, who had come to mete out justice to all.

In March, 1875, John McDougall, with his brother David, visited Macleod and saw the dawning of a new day in the West. Outside the fort a small village had sprung up, crime was almost extinct and the liquor traffic was on the wane. A church parade was held at the barracks on the Sunday morning, when John McDougall preached, and in after years there were some who still remembered that sermon on "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

As John and his brother were on their way toward home, they were seized with violent cramps. On the second day a faint light on the trail gave promise of help, but when they drove into the camp they were recognized. The men would not speak to them, and next morning two of their horses had been stolen by the strangers as they decamped. Such were some of the rewards of missionary life in the West.

A number of wounded Indians having one day been brought into camp, it was evident that there were still whiskey traders who had not heeded the warnings. McDougall secured the necessary information, with proper affidavits, and these were dispatched by a young Stoney Indian named Benjamin, in the depth of winter and alone, over a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Evading white men, and refusing, according to instructions, to deal with any of the officers or men of the Mounted Police, he finally placed the document in the hands of Colonel Macleod. Major Crozier, with a small detachment, was sent out, making a big haul on a resort near Pine Coulee. A general

stampede of these law-breakers out of the country ensued.

Two months later, Major Walsh left Macleod with a detachment of police to establish a military post in the Cypress Hills, where a number of lawless men were terrorizing the district, having recently massacred a lot of defenceless Indians. This post, named Fort Walsh, became the third police garrison in the far West.

The establishment of these three Mounted Police forts, Macleod, Saskatchewan, near Edmonton, and Walsh, created a sense of security throughout the West. The tribal wars of the Indians came to an end; settlers began to come into the country, while the missions became more than ever centres of lasting influence.

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## *Chapter XII—The Indian Treaties*

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THE INDIANS, as the native Americans and Canadians, claim their land by right of possession. Canada has always recognized this right by possession, and consequently, after the days of Champlain and the French regime, has never had a war with the Indians, and has never broken a treaty made with them. The British Crown in acquiring territory has in general dealt kindly with the aborigines. Although the sovereign right to the soil is held by the Crown, it has been recognized that there was a prior Indian title, and that the Indians should not be deprived of their rights by possession without compensation and their formal consent. There have been eight treaties made by the Dominion Government in the North-West.

After the purchase, in 1870, of all the territory between the height of land at the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, and from the International Boundary to the Arctic Ocean, from the Hudson's Bay Company, a more comprehensive policy was adopted in dealing with the Indians.

The treaties in Manitoba and the North-West under the new policy began in 1871. *No. 1 Treaty* was negotiated at the old Stone Fort on the 3rd of August of that year, in general terms embracing the territory included in old Manitoba. *Treaty No. 2* was signed at Manitoba Post on August

21, 1871, and covered the extension of Manitoba to its present boundaries, with a small portion of Saskatchewan. *Treaty No. 3* was drawn up at the North-west Angle on October 3, 1873, with the Saulteaux inhabiting the southern part of New Ontario. *Treaty No. 4* was concluded at Fort Qu'Appelle on September 15, 1874, with the Crees, Saulteaux, and other Indians inhabiting the eastern portion of the Province of Saskatchewan, and as far north as the western extremity of Lake Winnipegosis. A Treaty Memorial Monument to commemorate this interesting event has been erected in the town of Fort Qu'Appelle. On September 20th, 1875, at Berens River on Lake Winnipeg, *Treaty No. 5* was negotiated with the Saulteaux and Swampy Crees in the country around the north end of Lake Winnipeg, and later with those inhabiting both sides of the Saskatchewan River as far west as Cumberland House. *Treaty No. 6* was concluded near Carlton on the 23rd and 29th of August, respectively, and at Fort Pitt, on September 9, 1876, with the Plain and Wood Crees, and other Indians inhabiting the country west of *Treaty No. 4* and *Treaty No. 5*, to the Rocky Mountains, north of the Athabasca River, and south to the Red Deer River. There were difficulties in the way, owing to the presence of survey parties for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, together with a geographical survey, and a party constructing a telegraph line, which caused considerable excitement among the Indians, who did not understand the actions of the surveyors. A party of natives observing the white



men at work demanded the meaning and purpose of the survey. Not receiving a satisfactory answer, one of the Indians seized the horse in the front cart, turned him around and started him eastward, and addressing the surveyors said "Go!" This peremptory command, accompanied by significant gestures, was instantly obeyed. The incident was reported in an exaggerated form to the authorities. The Honourable Alexander Morris, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, at once communicated with the Federal Government at Ottawa, and having obtained permission to appoint a Commission to deal with the Indians, set about to find a suitable man for the purpose. Having consulted W. J. Christie, of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had been one of the Commissioners of *Treaty No. 4*, that gentleman sent the following letter:

FORT GARRY, 5th August, 1875.

The Hon. Alexander Morris,  
Lieut.-Governor,  
North-West Territories.

Sir:

In compliance with your request, verbally expressed to me, I beg to submit for your Honour's consideration the following points relating to the proposed Treaty with the Crees of the Saskatchewan District, which in my opinion require to be clearly settled before any intimation is conveyed to these Indians regarding said Treaty, or the time and place where it is to be made.

The time and place for making said Treaty should be governed by the habits of the



Indians and made to suit their nomadic life, so that it may not interfere with their hunting season.

In connection with this I would remark that I consider it would be most convenient some time in the month of June, before they get dispersed on the plains after the buffalo, or in the latter part of July, about the time of their return from their spring hunt, and would suggest the following points for meeting them, clearly impressing upon Your Honour at the same time that when the place and date have been decided upon nothing should be allowed to cause any change of arrangements.

First Treaty at Carlton, on ———; Second Treaty at Fort Pitt, on——.

It would require to be distinctly understood what Indians are to assemble at these different places, and Government Agents should be there to receive them in advance of the Commissioner, so as to prevent any misunderstanding or trouble from the want of food while they are waiting, if *detained*.

A trustworthy Agent should be sent without delay to the different camps of these Indians, with a small present, to notify them of the intention of the Government to treat with them at the date decided upon, and whatever that Agent is instructed to state to them, should be religiously adhered to by the Government, and no deviation allowed in any respect, or the consequence would be most lamentable to the country, for if the Indians' confidence is abused, the difficulties of the Government in treating with them hereafter will be immeasurably increased.

I would recommend that the Indians

belonging to the following places be invited to meet the Commissioners at Carlton for treaty purposes:

Carlton Plain Crees,  
Carlton Plain Stoneys,  
Carlton Wood Crees,  
Prince Albert Crees,  
Fort La Corne Crees,  
Battle River Crees.

I would further recommend that the Indians belonging to the following places be also invited to meet the Commissioners at Fort Pitt, on —

Fort Pitt Crees,  
Jackfish Crees (a few Saulteaux  
among these),  
Whitefish Lake Crees,  
Victoria Crees,  
Edmonton House Crees.

The Agent who may be sent to prepare the Indians for the Treaty, should be furnished with the necessary authority to enable him to procure such articles as may be considered requisite for presents, such as tea, sugar, ammunition and tobacco.

It would be absolutely necessary that timely arrangements be made to have on the ground, before the Treaty is entered upon, the usual supply of provisions and presents.

I respectfully submit the above remarks, after consulting with the Rev. George McDougall, and think that if the spirit of them is carried out, the Government will have no difficulty in effecting a satisfactory Treaty

with these Indians, provided the annuities are reasonable.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

W. J. CHRISTIE,  
Indian Commissioner  
for *Treaty No. 4*.

George McDougall was in Winnipeg on his way West when this matter was under consideration, and Governor Morris requested him to visit the Indian camps as Government Agent, to prepare for making *Treaty No. 6*. Duly authorized, and bearing a letter from the Lieutenant-Governor stating that Commissioners would visit the Indians during the summer to confer with them as to a treaty, he visited the camps, comprising three thousand nine hundred and seventy-six souls, and sent in the following report of his special mission:

MORLEYVILLE, BOW RIVER,  
Oct. 23, 1875.

To His Honour,  
Lieutenant-Governor Morris:

Sir:

In accordance with my instructions, I proceeded with as little delay as possible to Carlton, in the neighbourhood of which place I met with forty tents of Crees.

From these I ascertained that the work I had undertaken would be much more arduous than I had expected, and that the principal camps would be found on the south branch of the Saskatchewan and Red Deer Rivers.

I was also informed by these Indians that

the Crees and Plain Assiniboines were united on two points:

1. That they would not receive any presents from the Government until a definite time for Treaty was stated.

2. Though they deplored the necessity of resorting to extreme measures, yet they were unanimous in their determination to oppose the *running of lines, or the making of roads through their country* until a settlement between the Government and them had been effected. I was further informed that the danger of a collision with the whites was likely to arise from the officious conduct of minor chiefs, who were anxious to make themselves conspicuous, the principal men of the large camps being much more moderate in their demands. Believing this to be the fact, I resolved to visit every camp and read to them the message, and in order that Your Honour may form a correct judgment of their disposition towards the Government, I will give you a synopsis of their speeches after the message was read. Mistah-wahsis, head chief of the Carlton Indians, addressing the principal chief of the Assiniboines, and addressing me, said: "That is just it, that is all we wanted." The Assiniboines addressing me, said: "Our heart is full of gratitude. Foolish men have told us that the Great Chief would send his young men to our country until they outnumbered us, and that he would laugh at us, but this letter assures us that the Great Chief will act justly towards us." Beardy, or The Hairy Man, chief of the Willow Indians, said: "If I had heard these words spoken by the Great Queen, I could not have believed them with more

implicit faith than I do now." The "Sweet-Grass" was absent from camp when I reached the Plain Crees, but his son and the principal men of the tribe requested me to convey to the Great Chief at Red River their thanks for the presents received, and they expressed the greatest loyalty to the Government. In a word, I found the Crees reasonable in their demands, and anxious to live in peace with the white men.

I found the Big Bear, a *Saulteaux*, trying to take the lead in their Council. He formerly lived at Jackfish Lake, and for years has been regarded as a troublesome fellow. In his speech he said: "We want none of the Queen's presents. When we set a fox-trap we scatter pieces of meat all around, but when the fox gets into the trap we knock him on the head. We want no baits; let your Chiefs come like men and talk to us." These *Saulteaux* are the mischief-makers through all this Western Country, and some of them are shrewd men.

A few weeks ago, a land speculator wished to take a claim at the crossing on Battle River, and asked the consent of the Indians. One of my *Saulteaux* friends sprang to his feet, and pointing to the East said: "Do you see that great white man (The Government) coming?" "No," said the speculator. "I do," said the Indian, "and I hear the tramp of the multitude behind him, and when he comes, you can drop in behind him, and take up all the land claims you want, but until then I caution you to put up no stakes in our country." It was very fortunate for me that Big Bear and his party were a very small minority in camp. The Crees said they



would have driven them out of camp long ago, but were afraid of their medicines, as they have noted conjurors.

The topics generally discussed at their Council, and which will be brought before the Commissioners, are as follows in their own language:

"Tell the Great Chief that we are glad the traders are prohibiting bringing spirits into our country. When we see it we want to drink it, and it destroys us. When we do not see it we do not think about it. Ask for us a strong law, prohibiting the free use of poison (strychnine). It has almost exterminated the animals of our country and often makes us bad friends with our white neighbours. We further request that a law be made equally applicable to the half-breed and Indian, punishing all parties who set fire to our forest or plain. Not many years ago, we attributed a prairie fire to the malevolence of an enemy; now everyone is reckless in the use of fire, and every year large numbers of valuable animals and birds perish in consequence. We would further ask that our Chiefships be established by the Government. Of late years almost every trader sets up his own Chief, and the result is, we are broken up into little parties, and our best men are no longer respected."

I will state in connection with this some of the false reports I had to combat in passing through this country, all calculated to agitate the native mind. In the neighbourhood of Carlton, an interested party went to considerable trouble to inform the Willow Indians that I had three thousand dollars for each



Band as a present from the Government, and nothing in my long journey gave me greater satisfaction than the manner in which these Indians received my explanation of the contents of my letter of instructions. At Buffalo Lake, I found both Indians and Half-Breeds greatly agitated. A gentleman, passing through their country, had told them that the Mounted Police had received orders to prevent all parties killing buffalo, or other animals, except during three months in the year, and these are only samples of the false statements made by parties who would rejoice to witness a conflict of races.

That your Honour's Message was most timely, there are ample proofs.

A report will have reached you by this time that parties have been turned back by the Indians, and that a train containing supplies for the Telegraph contractors, when west of Fort Pitt, was met by three Indians and ordered to return. Now after carefully investigating the matter, and listening to the statements of all parties concerned, my opinion is, that an old traveller amongst Indians would have regarded the whole affair as too trivial to be noticed. I have not met a Chief who would bear the responsibility of the act.

I was informed by gentlemen in the vicinity of Carlton that they regarded the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company as somewhat responsible for the present agitated state of the Indians and French Half-Breeds. My observation, however, would lead to the conclusion that with the exception of their Chief Official at Carlton, who is not very well calculated to treat with Indians or Half-

Breeds, there is not a gentleman in the service who would not heartily co-operate with the Government in effecting a permanent Treaty with the Indians.

Personally, I am indebted both to the missionaries and the Hudson's Bay Company's Officials for their assistance at the Indian Councils.

Believing it would be satisfactory to your Honour, and of service to the Commissioners, I have kept the number of all the Tents visited, and the names of the places where I met the Indians. By reckoning eight persons to each tent, we will have a very close approximate to the number of Indians to be treated with at Carlton and Fort Pitt. There may have been a few tents in the forest, and I have heard there are a few Crees at Lesser Slave Lake, and Lac la Biche, but the number cannot exceed twenty tents.

The veteran missionary, before his tragic death on the prairie, in January, advised his son John to hold himself in readiness to attend the making of the treaty at Carlton and Fort Pitt during the following summer. A letter from W. J. Christie, requesting him to be present at Carlton, induced John McDougall to undertake the journey, that he might be of service to the Indians and the Commission. Of the preparation, negotiations and consummation of the treaty, John McDougall writes:

No such event as this had ever happened in all their history, and much speculation was indulged in, all through the camps, which

were now becoming numerous on the hills back of the Fort. Many of my old friends and acquaintances came to see me in the Fort, and also invited me to their lodges, and I continued to assure them that the Government of Canada would do what was right and fair, and to wait patiently until the Commissioners came, and made to the assembled Indians the proposition of the Government. Sweet-Grass was the Head Chief of the Plain Crees, and Pakan of the Wood and Semi-Wood Crees, and it was very evident that these men were feeling intensely the responsibility of the time. There were turbulent elements among the tribes—men who did not want change, who all their lives had delighted in absolute freedom, as they understood it. The question was, just how much influence these might exert when matters came to an issue. The times were tense. Presently, after some days' waiting, the Treaty Commission arrived. The Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, The Hon. Alexander Morris, was at the head of the Commission, and associated with him were the Hon. William Christie and the Hon. James McKay. I had known Mr. Christie in the North-West since 1862, and I had met Mr. McKay several times previously. The Mounted Police furnished a fine escort under the command of Colonel James F. Macleod.

The arrival of the distinguished party made a stir on the Upper Saskatchewan, and the natives looked and wondered what these great men would have to say to the gathering tribes. The place of meeting and the time were fixed and thoroughly proclaimed, and on the hour, the Commissioners were in their

place and the Mounted Police in full order drawn up on either hand.

Presently, with drums beating and many voices singing, the Indians approached. First, a troop of warriors on horseback came, skirmishing in advance and dashing to and fro, and gave some fine exhibitions of splendid riding, both horses and men being in full primitive costume. These passing to either side, revealed the Head Chiefs approaching on foot, and with solemn tread coming up to the front of the Treaty Tent, where behind a long table, the Commissioners were seated. The Indian Chiefs, having placed themselves on the bosom of mother earth, and the multitude quiet, the Chairman of the Commission, the Hon. Alexander Morris, with all becoming dignity, arose and opened the proceedings. He spoke in English, and John McKay, a native of the Red River Settlement, interpreted. I was requested by both whites and Indians to carefully watch and listen, and take notes of everything. The Indians gave great attention, and when the Chief Commissioner was through with his proposition and explanations thereof, Sweet-Grass arose in his place, and in a very few words thanked the Commission for the occasion, and said that he and his fellow Chiefs and Headmen, having listened, would, with the consent of the great men representing the Government, retire to their Council Lodge, and he thought that on the third day from that time, they would be ready to come before the great men with an answer. To this the Chief Commissioner replied that this was most reasonable, and that he would expect to meet their Chiefs and Headmen and

their people at the time proposed by the Indian Chiefs, in all friendliness and peace.

Thus in a brief hour this unique gathering separated. The absolutely aboriginal and old in tradition, having remained the same for many centuries, had met the old, but constantly changing, and now forever new, type of man. The next afternoon a messenger from the Head Chief, Sweet-Grass, found me in the Fort, and brought a request that I should come up to their Council Lodge, and having made sure that the messenger and request were *bona fide*, I went up the hill to the gathering of Indians. There I was taken forward to a seat immediately beside the Head Chief, Sweet-Grass. He introduced me as an old acquaintance, and the one white man with an Indian heart. He said that he had known my parents, who were true friends of the Indians: "This young man speaks and understands our language just like ourselves. I have sent for him to tell us what this means, to give us in detail what the White Chief said, to go over all his promises and again interpret to us, so that we—you, my people, and myself—will truly understand what was said to us yesterday. Remember, that this young man, whom I call my grandson, has my full confidence, and when he speaks, I always believe him."

Then, turning to me, he said: "Now, my grandson, tell these Chiefs what you understood the White Chief to say, when we met him yesterday."

Very carefully and minutely I went over my notes of yesterday, explaining and making my audience understand as I had myself.



When I was through with the interpretation and explanation, the Chief said:

"I thank you for what you have told us, and now I want you to put yourself in our place; forget that you are a white man; think that you are indeed one of us, and from that stand, speak out your mind as to what we should do at this time.

For a moment I felt somewhat embarrassed; then I braced up and thanked the Chief for his confidence and went to work to argue British justice and Canadian Government fair play, and told these Chiefs and warriors what I had seen among the Indians of eastern Canada, where they held their Reserves among the white people, and I predicted the same condition as coming to pass in this country. I strongly advised them to go before the Commissioners and signify their acceptance of the proposition brought to them.

The next morning the Indians sent a message to the Commission that they were ready with their answer, and in due time, with much ceremony, the signing of *Treaty No. 6* was accomplished.

On the Sabbath a religious service was held on the hills behind the fort. An Indian and his wife brought a child to be baptized, and when John McDougall asked the name, the parents said that they left the choice to the missionary. As Colonel Macleod and the Lieutenant-Governor was standing beside him, a happy thought seized him. He gave the child the full name of the Governor, which surprised and delighted everyone. Governor Morris shook hands with the parents,



gave his benediction to the infant, and thanked the missionary for his courtesy.

*Treaty No. 7* was negotiated at Blackfoot Crossing on September 22, 1877, with the Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan, Sarcee and Stoney Indians inhabiting the country west of *Treaty No. 4* to the Rocky Mountains, and from the International Boundary to the southern limits of *Treaty No. 6*. The services of John McDougall were sought and utilized in preparing the Indians and assisting at the making of the Treaty.

The last of the treaties with the Indians was *Treaty No. 8*, made at Lesser Slave Lake, on June 21, 1899, with the Cree, Beaver, Chipewyan and other Indians inhabiting the country watered by the Athabasca and Peace Rivers, in the District of Athabasca; also that portion of British Columbia east of the Rocky Mountains, and of the Mackenzie District south of Great Slave Lake. By such arrangements justice was gradually established in the country, tribal wars outlawed, and the land made safe for settlement.

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## *Chapter XIII—Tragic Days*

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LIFE in the North-West beyond the outskirts of civilization was one of constant danger, and at the isolated mission stations there was such unrelieved loneliness as if they were in a forbidden land. Lawlessness prevailed everywhere. Before the settlers came there was no safety for any man. When a party travelled in sufficient numbers for protection a zareba was formed of the waggons, with the horses and unarmed individuals inside, while a guard kept watch during the night. Even during the day men on horseback armed with rifles and revolvers were constantly on watch against an attack by Indians. Impossibility was a word not found in the vocabulary of these men and women, and when the clouds hung low, and they knew not what lay beyond the camp, they simply went forward with the assurance that God was standing within the shadow, keeping watch.

John McDougall was no stranger to calamity. The spirit of the pioneer ever urged him along untrodden paths. Leaving his home at any time, he never knew that he would find his family alive on his return, and never did he share the sad privilege of standing by the bedside of any of his relatives when death gently touched them, one by one. When his three sisters died of smallpox he was hunting the buffalo. His first wife died when he was visiting the native camps on a special mission for the Hudson's Bay Company, and he

was not present to close the eyes of his beloved father.

The veteran missionary, George McDougall, had spent three months visiting the Indians, preparing them for making the Treaty. He had definitely laid his plans for the mission among the Blackfeet at Pincher Creek, and in the meantime was making his home with his wife at the Morley Mission. In January, 1876, herds of buffalo were reported on the plains, and a party consisting of George McDougall, John McDougall, Moses McDougall, a nephew, and an Indian with his son aged twelve years, was organized to secure the winter's supply of meat. On Monday the 24th, when about thirty miles from Calgary, the party was successful in killing six animals, and after skinning and dressing them, started for the lodge where Moses McDougall had been left in charge. It was cold and quite dark as father and son conversing together led the way. When about two miles from their destination the aged missionary suggested that he would go ahead, and have supper ready on their arrival, so pointing to a star, which was directly over the camp, and assured that the distance was short and there were no difficulties, he rode off. When the party reached the lodge they found Moses, who had cried himself to sleep with a severe toothache, but no supper and no McDougall. Guns were fired but there was no response. It was dark and a severe storm had set in, making it impossible to follow the tracks in the snow. A hurried trip to Morley secured no information. The great

missionary and experienced traveller was lost in sight of home! The news spread rapidly, and officers and men of the Mounted Police, Indians and half-breeds scoured the plains in a vain search. Tramping through the blizzard, scanning every snowdrift, peering through the darkness, the searchers continued through the long weary hours. When the missionary's horse came into one of the camps without a saddle, all hope was gone; still the search was not given up. At last, on the thirteenth day, a half-breed accidentally discovered a mound of snow, and there lay the body of George McDougall, with hands crossed on his breast, his legs and feet arranged as for burial, and his countenance placid. Reverently placing him on a sled, the half-breed bore the body to his lodge, where an Indian woman kindly covered it with her shawl. Whether he became snowblind, or was stricken helpless, we know not, but Jim Howse, a half-breed, five years later informed the writer that he saw George McDougall walking through the heavy storm, leading his horse, but knew not that he was lost. It seems certain that he must have travelled in a circle, as the body was found near his own camp.

George McDougall was buried in the mission cemetery on the hill at Morley, on February 10th. A wave of sorrow swept through the Indian camps, while through the whole Dominion there were expressions of profound sympathy over the passing of one of the greatest missionaries of modern times. Tablets to his memory have been placed in the First Methodist Church, Edmonton, and Mc-

Dougall Church, Winnipeg, but eternal inscriptions have been engraved on human souls, which only the angels can read.

Tom McKenzie, brother of Mrs. David McDougall, and George McDougall, the youngest of the three McDougall brothers, went south to bring cattle from the United States. They were in high spirits as they were young, in good health, and experienced travellers on the Western trails; and yet they were doomed never to see their kindred again. Tom was drowned while crossing one of the rivers, and George died of tuberculosis in a camp by the trail.

An epidemic of typhoid fever swept the mission settlement at Morley in the autumn of 1881 and there was no medical help. As the writer was putting out the lights after the service had closed in the little log church at Macleod, where he was both minister and sexton, Albert Boyd rushed in. "We want you to come to Morley," he cried, "and bring a doctor with you. John McDougall is away in Ontario and you must come and help us."

"When?"

"Start to-night!"

"When did you leave?"

"Two days ago, and there is a big fire raging on the prairie, so we will have to go a long way from the trail."

Boyd had ridden one hundred and seventy-five miles, having to make a big detour on account of the prairie fire. He was exhausted; besides, the fever had stricken him, so I took him to the mission



house, where my wife cared for him till everything was in readiness.

Going to the fort I interviewed Dr. Jukes, Senior Medical Officer of the Force, who expressed his willingness to go, but his age prevented his undertaking such an arduous journey. However, he said that Dr. George DeVeber had just arrived from Cypress Hills and was going on to Calgary. Therefore, if an order were secured from Major Crozier, he would be sent to Morley.

We left with a buckboard at seven o'clock next morning, while I rode on horseback. Away we went on a wild gallop, the driver yelling at the horses in sheer desperation under the excitement. My mount gave out when we had gone about fifteen miles, so removing the saddle and bridle, he was let loose and not found again for two months. Wedged in between the doctor's bag and the saddle on the rig, we dashed along. Coming to a ranch at "The Leavings," fresh horses were secured, then out and away, with no time for speech. Making a wide circle beyond the prairie fire, we arrived at Lynch's horse ranch on High River. The broncho-busters caught a couple of unbroken horses, and with yells frightened the animals so that we rushed through the darkness without any trail. A white woman, with a family of small children, was dying, and we had a doctor, and that was enough to rouse all our energy to the utmost.

"Swish! Swish!" was all we heard as we crossed Sheep Creek. It was midnight when we dashed into the police fort at Calgary. The collars had worn the flesh of the horses to the bone,



the blood running down their forelegs, making a pathetic sight. Fresh horses were given us, and then away we sped on the last forty-mile stretch. It was dark and the air was raw, but as the sun rose, we plunged through the Bow River, then up the hill. We waited a moment for a breathing spell before entering the sick-room.

Too late! Too late!

We had covered one hundred and seventy-five miles in twenty-three hours, five of which had been spent in securing horses, and Albert Boyd had ridden three hundred and fifty miles in three days, only to have arrived too late.

We left the room; so still it was that we could hear the waters of the Bow River. As we stood outside under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, the doctor shook his head and there were tears in our eyes, and a quiver of the lip. When the Indians returned from their hunting trip in the mountains, they climbed the hill to the small cemetery and, dropping a green sprig on the grave of Mrs. Andrew Sibbald, wife of the mission teacher, reverently said in their native speech: "She was a good woman, and a kind mother to us all!"

Men may come and men may go, but women remain at their daily task, loyal and uncomplaining. The monotony and isolation of those years of divine drudgery at the missions were unrelieved by fellowship with any save the Indians, the members of their own family, and an occasional stranger passing over the trail. The missionary, on the other hand, found delight in the buffalo hunt, caught new visions in the native camps,

forgot his burdens in a visit to one of the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and once in a while travelled out to civilization. There were no luxuries and few amusements for the women of the mission houses. It was work, without any change, and work again, with a new day.

There were tears in the eyes of the people at the mission when they heard for the first time the strains of music from the small organ which George McDougall purchased in Winnipeg and brought out for the Sunday School at Edmonton in 1871. It had been made in England for the Anglican Bishop of Rupert's Land, and when transported with much difficulty across the plains, was the first musical instrument in the far West. It was not the first, however, in the North-West, as Mrs. Lowman, who came to Winnipeg in 1833, as a teacher in the Red River Academy, brought a piano from London, which was afterward given to Mrs. William Cowan. When her father, James Sinclair, after whom the Sinclair Pass is named, had decided to take his family to Oregon, being induced to go there by Sir George Simpson, he had the piano put in order at St. Louis, and shipped with his household goods around Cape Horn, but the ship was lost and the instrument went to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

Children were born, became sick and died without professional medical aid, but the women of the McDougall household prescribed simple remedies for the natives, nursing them during periods of illness and thereby saved hundreds of lives. It is no wonder that the Indians called Mrs. George McDougall "the good-hearted pray-

ing woman." They remembered her faithfulness during the smallpox epidemic at Pakan, when she saw three of her daughters buried in the garden behind the mission house, and how afterward she took native orphans into her own home. Throughout a long life she remained their devoted teacher and friend. When Mrs. David McDougall was stricken with a severe illness and had to be taken East for treatment, leaving her little child at the mission, Mrs. Richard Hardisty and Mrs. Young, daughters of George McDougall, watched the trail for the return of their father during the months of his absence.

There were dark days in the Bow Valley when food was scarce. Aged and sick people hovered around the mission in desperate need. The missionary was absent on the plains visiting the native camps, while a faithful guard of Stoneys kept watch night and day at the mission against possible attacks by the Blackfeet. Still Mrs. John McDougall never lost heart, but toiled on with a smile and cheery word, and found her reward in the song of the dying and in the knowledge of lives made better. The passing of the years has bestowed upon her loving service a gracious benediction.

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## *Chapter XIV—The Prophet Abroad*

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A NEW field of work, with increased responsibility, came into being as the advance parties of settlers crossed the Western plains in 1880. Small communities in widely scattered areas compelled John McDougall to look beyond the boundaries of the Indian camps. The great herds of buffalo had gone south, never to return, making settlement possible, while the policing of the plains by the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and the residence of the Indians on the Reserves according to the treaties, at last established peace and security. A new phase of life was opening up, and there was thrust upon the missionary the great privilege of telling the thrilling story of the undiscovered country awaiting the plough in the hands of the hardy sons of many lands. McDougall believed that missionaries and teachers should be placed among the Indians, leaving him free to supervise the vast area included in the Province of Alberta and the district of Athabasca. Furthermore, he thought it expedient that he should go out in quest of citizens to people the unsettled country in the North-West. The resources of the country were all but unknown. Accordingly, with his vision of an Empire in the West, and with a sense of responsibility to it, the prophet of the new day began his work as a voluntary and unpaid immigration agent. For twenty-five years he visited the villages, towns and cities of the Dominion, charming large audiences with

his enthusiasm and quaint eloquence. In sermon, song and story he had but one theme: the mission work among the Indians, and the boundless and fertile country available for settlement. From ocean to ocean he travelled, unhasting, unresting, and like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, drew multitudes of home-seekers to the broad and fertile plains.

As George McDougall one day rode up the beautiful valley on the Blind Man's River, he remarked to his son: "You and I are alone to-day, but we are the forerunners of the millions who are coming." The younger man writes thus of a trip through the Peace Hills country:

We were making across country, where wheels had hitherto never rolled, making crossings of rivers where neither pick nor shovel had been used to make approaches to the stream. A timber-covered ridge would loom up in the distance to block our way, and behold, as we came up to it, a hitherto unseen, natural roadway would open up, and on we went. We were the pioneers; the centuries had prepared the way. Truly, to the capable and thoughtful mind, here was the homing land of the millions who would come in God's good time, when the other portions of the world were ready. When the Master Teacher would say, "Move up," then the flood-tides of immigration would people this wonderful land we were now prospecting and leading the way.

Trained in the Indian lodges, unconsciously using the native modes of thought and forms of



speech, dropping a Cree word now and again, McDougall's addresses were most picturesque. I have often listened to these addresses and smiled. Yet this enthusiast, whose private conversations and public addresses were always on the one theme, compelled attention. His stories about the buffalo sometimes seemed pure flights of the imagination; but let him tell in his own words what he saw on his way from Benton in the United States, as he travelled towards home:

I very well remember our coming out upon the summit, looking down on the Valley of the Sun River, in Montana, United States. Approximately it would be from twelve to fifteen miles across to the limit of our range of vision on the sister summit, and from fifteen to twenty miles up and down the valley, which I could cover with my eye as I surveyed the plain before me. Immediately opposite to our gentle descent was the annual round-up, cattle and horses and cowmen and dust. As I found out later in the day, from Mr. Robert Ford, who was the captain of the round-up, there were over twenty-three thousand head of cattle in the bunch down there at our feet. These were being held for the "*cut-out*" in a natural corral, made by the eccentric winding of the river. This spot, on which these twenty-three thousand cattle and horses and men were situated, was, in the landscape before me, about as a single fly would be on the ceiling of a large audience room. Several times in my wanderings I had found myself on the summit of hills much higher than those at Sun River, and command-



ing a wider expanse, and the whole country was like a tremendous round-up. The cattle of God had gathered upon these spots, and while what I had seen I knew would be but a small fraction of the whole herd, nevertheless here were millions! Many times from hills and range summits, I had seen more than half a million buffalo at one time, judging of the number of cattle before me, and of the shape of the country they were in. As I beheld them that glorious day in 1875, I was abundantly assured that my statement was a very modest estimate.

A minister, who was desirous of becoming a missionary in the North-West, interviewed McDougall, asking him a number of questions:

"Is there a parsonage?"

"Yes, there is a log shanty with a mud roof that leaks sometimes."

"Can we keep a cow?"

"Yes, once they come into the country."

"I suppose there are rivers to cross?"

"Yes, some."

"How do you get over?"

"If you can swim well you'll be all right, but if you can't, well, stick to your horse."

"Can we buy provisions out there?"

"Yes, good stuff."

"How near is the store?"

"Oh, a hundred miles, more or less."

"How often will we get our mail?"

"Once a month, if the weather is good. You will get it when it comes."

"Are there any doctors?"

"Yes, there are some at Winnipeg."

"How far is that?"

"Eight or nine hundred miles."

"I don't think I'll go."

"Thank you. I didn't ask you."

And he didn't go!

During 1879 McDougall visited Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, arousing great enthusiasm by his addresses. The first of a constant stream of settlers soon afterward began its journey toward the West. He sent the Rev. D. C. Sanderson and wife to Edmonton, and the Rev. James A. McLachlan and wife to Pakan. In the following June he persuaded a party of teachers and missionaries, consisting of E. B. Glass, John Nelson, James Youmans and John Maclean, together with their wives, to undertake work in Alberta.

While passing through Montana McDougall's imagination was quickened, and of the journey he wrote:

As we beheld the immense region we were travelling through, at this time unpeopled, but full of latent possibilities, and capable of carrying great populations, I would let my fancy run and thus I saw the coming in of many peoples, and the blending of races, and the making of nations, for here were the great United States and yonder also the great Dominion of Canada. Here was the splendid room reserved throughout the ages for giving to man a fresh opportunity of redeeming himself, as one worthy of dwelling in such a world.

Of his lecture on "The Great North-West," an interested listener wrote:

The night was bitterly cold, with a piercing easterly wind blowing, preventing many who intended going to hear the lecture from being present. Those who braved the blasts did not regret their self-denial, for the lecture was so instructive and interesting, containing so many beautiful word pictures, delivered with the fluency and fervour of the reverend gentleman, that a pin might be heard falling, so breathlessly attentive was the audience, which was spell-bound to the last. We venture to predict that were the Minister of the Interior to engage the Rev. John McDougall to visit the rural districts of Great Britain and Ireland, and deliver this lecture this summer, that hundreds of the best class of emigrants would be added to our population before the close of the year.

It is quite safe to say that through his travels within the Dominion, and by a short trip to Great Britain, as well as by his articles in newspapers, many thousands of settlers were induced to seek homes in Western Canada.

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## *Chapter XV—Building the Railroad*

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SIR GEORGE SIMPSON, on his journey around the world in 1841, although he travelled with the utmost speed, spent three weeks on the way from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and about five weeks more to the Pacific coast. In 1870, it took ninety-five days to transport troops from Toronto to Winnipeg, while the journey of nine hundred miles further to Edmonton usually consumed from sixty to seventy days. John McDougall was an experienced traveller on the plains, and once he covered the latter distance in fourteen days. On our journey from Toronto to Macleod in the summer of 1880, we came by the Great Lakes, then across Minnesota and Dakota by rail, ten days on a steamer up the Missouri River, and by waggon two hundred and fifty miles, the whole journey occupying five weeks. That was luxury indeed compared to Red River carts or a prairie schooner from Winnipeg to Macleod. John McDougall hoped to see the day when there would be a steel highway over the prairies, opening up the country to settlers, and making transportation easy and cheap. On one occasion we sat by one of the rivers of Alberta during the spring flood. It was too swift and wide for a brush bridge, and we had no materials out of which to make a boat. The days passed by as we waited for the water to lower, and McDougall waxed eloquent over the coming of the railroad.

There was great need for a transcontinental

railroad. British Columbia had been assured of it, as one of the conditions of union, still, with the great mountain barriers looming in the distance above the clouds, it seemed to be a promise linked with a vain hope.

Joseph Howe, the great Nova Scotian, at a meeting in Halifax in 1851, uttered this prophecy: "I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam-engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days."

Captain Palliser, the explorer and engineer appointed by the British Government to report on the country west of Lake Superior, gave an adverse opinion on the scheme. Captain Butler, the traveller, held a similar view, and Thomas Hurlburt, the missionary, who had spent several years in the Lake Superior region, stated positively that a railroad could not be built through the Thunder Bay country and along the north shore of Lake Superior. George McDougall had crossed the plains nine times, and he informed Sandford Fleming and Principal George Munro Grant that the plan was quite feasible in the prairie country. When Fleming and Grant undertook their renowned Western journey in 1872, they spent some time at the mission, discussing the whole matter with McDougall. They were convinced that the barriers, great as they were, could be surmounted. From his wide experience, and through information gathered from Mountain Stoneys, who hunted in the Rocky Mountains, John McDougall assured the party that there were passes through which a road could be constructed, though the difficulties



were great, and he offered his services in exploration whenever they should be required.

The Sandford Fleming expedition travelled westward through a sea of mountains, as the Honourable Edward Blake called them, and Walter Moberley with McCord and the Western party came from the Pacific coast, and when they met, continued westward to the coast. Walter Moberley was one of the ablest engineers in British Columbia, and an explorer of much experience, whose work and self-sacrifice have not been fully recognized or duly appreciated. The original survey for the Canadian Pacific Railway led from Fort William to Selkirk, across the narrows of Lake Manitoba, with a branch line to Winnipeg, then in a north-westerly direction through Edmonton, till the Yellowhead Pass was reached, and then on through the Rocky Mountains. An interesting account of this journey with the Sandford Fleming party has been given by Principal Grant in his volume *Ocean to Ocean*. The northern part of the plains was known as "The Fertile Belt," while the Chinook country, where the buffalo roamed during the winter, now known as Southern Alberta, was believed to be a barren waste, till Professor Macoun reported favourably of the nutritious qualities of the "bunch grass" and the fertility of the soil.

A change of route was, however, decided upon, by which the main line passed through Winnipeg and across the plains to Calgary, in a more southerly direction, thus preventing any rival company from constructing a railway, and on through the Kicking Horse Pass, making the



distance shorter by one hundred miles. The chief difficulty lay in finding as good a route as that through the Yellowhead Pass. Four hundred miles of mountains and rivers seemed impassable. Sandford Fleming published his observations and experiences in a volume, *Old and New Westminster*, in which he writes: "We moved at a snail's pace but our progress, if slow, was sure. The scramble on the rugged path, through the boulders, rocks and ragged surface was a constant effort to the poor horses. In many places they had to be dragged up almost perpendicular heights. Three packs rolled off, and one of the horses fell down a sidehill, accomplishing a complete somersault. We are seldom in the saddle, for it is safer to walk." Of the trip through the Kicking Horse Valley he writes: "Our journey this day was over exceedingly rough ground. We have to cross gorges so narrow that a biscuit might be thrown from the last horse descending to the bell-horse, six hundred feet ahead, ascending the opposite side."

While exploration was going on in the Rocky Mountains, construction of the Canadian Pacific was being prosecuted in Manitoba. In October, 1877, work was commenced, the first locomotive in the North-West being unloaded off a barge on the Red River, with sixteen flat cars, near the mouth of the Seine River, St. Boniface. Joseph Whitehead, who had the contract for Section 15, had been a fireman on *Rocket No. 1* of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first locomotive built by George Stephenson in 1825, and the engine consigned to him was engine No. 56, of the

Northern Pacific Railway, running between Brainerd, Minnesota, and Fargo, North Dakota. Lord and Lady Dufferin were visiting the North-West during the summer, and Lady Dufferin sat in the cab of Engine No. 56. In her honour Joseph Whitehead named the engine *The Countess of Dufferin*, which name is still retained as it stands in the enclosure in front of the Canadian Pacific Railway depot at Winnipeg.

On November 3, 1878, the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway from Winnipeg to St. Vincent, Minnesota, now known as the Soo Line, was completed, thus linking up Winnipeg with the outside world.

The contract for building the Canadian Pacific as a transcontinental railway was ratified by parliament, and received royal assent in February, 1881, despite the strong opposition of the Liberal party led by Edward Blake. With the failure of the harvest, the collapse of the boom and general financial depression, there loomed up total failure. John McDougall kept watch on the course of events, conveying important information to Lord Strathcona, while he was frequently interviewed on the railway question by politicians, financiers, engineers and contractors. While the promoters of the railway and their opponents were discussing the problems, pro and con, he was preparing the way by educating the people, as they would ultimately have to pay for its construction. He had no money to contribute, but he possessed a thorough knowledge of the country. He was ever ready with arguments in favour of the line, and prepared at all times to answer any objections.

When Major Rogers, whom James J. Hill recommended to take charge of the mountain section, was on his way up the Old North Trail, the writer met the cavalcade of carts travelling north to the Bow Valley, and the genial engineer expressed his delight at meeting a white man in the vast expanse. Upon his arrival at Morley he consulted John McDougall on the character of the country, and the possibility of finding a suitable pass. Securing the assistance of some of the most intelligent Stoney Indians, who hunted in the mountains and were conversant with the trails and passes, McDougall went as scout and explorer, and for several weeks gave his services without any compensation. Several passes were explored, but were found unsuitable, because of the long detour around the mountains. At last, following a suggestion from Walter Moberley, a route was found across the Selkirks, along Beaver River Valley and Bear Creek, through Rogers Pass and the valley of the Illecillewaet, through Eagle Pass to Kamloops. When William E. Van Horne became general manager of the Canadian Pacific in 1881, the slow methods of construction were changed as by the hand of genius into a rapid march across the plains. The sudden uprising of Riel and the Metis in 1885 gave fresh impetus in building, which surprised the most sanguine.

The advent of the "fire waggon" was a revelation to the Indians of the power of the white man. So innocent were the Blackfoot Indians that they sat like children on the steps of the passenger train as it moved along, several of them being severely injured as they jumped off.

Without any display the track-layers met from east and west at Craigellachie in the Eagle Pass on November, 1885, and Donald A. Smith drove the last spike. Six months later the first passenger train went through from Montreal to Vancouver, thus completing the railway from ocean to ocean, and this was done five years before the end of the time limit stated in the contract.

The vision and wonder of this stupendous undertaking has been well expressed by Lord Northcliffe:

Years ago, when Canada was simply a huge, vague territory sprawling between the oceans with nothing to bind it together or give this mighty Dominion real cohesion, people who were regarded as ripe for the asylum used to say that one day a great steel road would run across it from end to end, and give it what it needed most, an artery, but they were laughed at. Then the Canadian Pacific Railway came along, and disregarding mountains and rivers and hundred-mile-long chains of lakes, and every conceivable engineering difficulty, gave Canada their mighty steel road on which the whole economic life of Canada depends. It is one of the greatest engineering feats in the world, a thing before which a man should stand bareheaded.

Among the railway builders of Canada, John McDougall, the prophet of the plains, had no small place. Although his name is not emblazoned on the records of the Company, and may not be found among the archives of the Dominion, still he had a large share in making possible the construction of the road.

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## *Chapter XVI—The North-West Rebellion*

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THE LESSON of 1870 was either ignored or forgotten both by Louis Riel and the Dominion Government, when the unrest among the mixed bloods of Saskatchewan culminated in the rebellion of 1885. The causes of both were similar—negligence on the part of the Government in dealing with the question of land belonging to the half-breeds, hasty measures adopted by surveyors, agitation among the white settlers and land speculators, and disgruntled contractors. Sir John A. Macdonald and the Hon. George Brown were united in the belief that the large territory included in the North-West should become a part of Canada, and as provision was made in the British North America Act for its acquisition, a series of resolutions were introduced in the Canadian House of Commons, and an address based on them presented to the Queen by the Hon. William Macdougall on December 4, 1867.

One year later Sir George Cartier and the Hon. William Macdougall were sent to London to negotiate with the Hudson's Bay Company for the purchase of their land in the North-West. Some delay occurred as the Company asked the seemingly exorbitant price of five million dollars, but under pressure of the Colonial Secretary, Lord Grey, a settlement was made for one and one-half million dollars. Cartier and Macdougall were congratulated for their astute ability in securing such a good bargain.



The population at Red River then consisted of ten thousand, the majority being Scotch and French half-breeds known as Metis or mixed bloods. These having lived quietly under the paternal care of the Hudson's Bay Company, became alarmed over the transfer of the country to the Dominion, and the setting up of a new Government without their consent, while a spirit of unrest seized the local officers of the Company, as well as the old settlers, because of the changed régime. The Government at Ottawa were in total ignorance of the vast territory acquired, the character and spirit of the inhabitants, and the mode of government by the Hudson's Bay Company, but worst of all, there was no attempt made to enquire into these matters, and consequently grave blunders followed.

In 1869 the Government undertook the construction of a road between the Lake of the Woods and the Red River, and a party of surveyors was sent to the Red River Settlement under Colonel Dennis, who did not understand the situation. He began to survey the lands of the half-breeds without any notice being given, or receiving permission from the Hudson's Bay Company, who still owned the land. The Company from its headquarters in London protested to the Canadian delegates against these unauthorized proceedings, but without any satisfaction. The surveyors were imprudent, while the immigrant settlers and land speculators treated the half-breeds in a surly fashion, conducting themselves as a superior race that had come to take possession of the country. The real facts of the case, besides a statement of



the advantages which would accrue from union with Canada, were carefully kept from them, and they remained in almost complete ignorance of everything connected with the transfer. The crafty tactics of unscrupulous contractors, the illness of Governor McTavish of the Hudson's Bay Company now approaching the end of his life, the absence in Rome of Bishop Taché of Saint Boniface, and the presence at Pembina and St. Paul of an element anxious for annexation with the United States, were serious factors tending toward disruption. Bishop Taché on his way to Rome called on Sir George Cartier at Ottawa, and warned the Government that the actions of Colonel Dennis and the surveyors would cause mischief, as the half-breeds were in a state of dangerous agitation, but Cartier received the warning with indifference, informing the Bishop that he knew what was going on, and that the unrest was not serious. The crowning mistake of the Government was that, while negotiations were going on for transfer of the territory, no one was dealing with the natives and inhabitants, and, furthermore, when the Canadian Parliament passed an Act establishing temporary government in the North-West, it did not recognize the political rights of the people.

The Canadian Government appointed William Macdougall, Lieutenant-Governor of the territory before it had yet been taken over from the Hudson's Bay Company. The Hon. Joseph Howe, Secretary of the State for the Provinces, visited the Red River Settlement that he might study conditions, and, seeing difficulties in the way of taking pos-

session of the country, he sought to remove obstacles and pave the way for friendly relationship with the people of the new territory. Returning he met Macdougall on his way to take up his duties as Governor, and pointed out to him the difficulties of the situation.

The half-breeds, becoming perplexed and fearful, and lacking wise guidance, fell under the influence of Louis Riel, who forbade the surveyors to continue their work, organized his forces, seized Fort Garry with all its stores, and compelled Macdougall to return to Pembina across the American border. Riel was now master of the situation. As there was no Government in the country, he set up a Provisional Government. The inhabitants were hopelessly divided. While all of them demanded their rights, the Scotch and English were anxious to secure them by constitutional means and consequently opposed to Riel, while the French demanded their rights by any means or annexation with the United States. Riel asserted his loyalty to the Crown, while demanding the reasonable rights of the people. With the possession of power, however, he became overbearing, and put over sixty British subjects who were opposed to him in prison. He was suspicious of the good faith of Archbishop Taché, who seemed to him to be siding more with Canada than with the Red River settlers. When the Archbishop returned from Rome Riel's soldiers were granted permission to go and obtain the blessing of their spiritual guide, but Riel himself would not go, saying: "It is not his Lordship Taché,

it is not the bishop of St. Boniface passing, it is Canada." Later he looked upon the Archbishop and the clergy as his enemies, natural flatterers of governments, who were in league to defeat his desire for autonomy for his country, as well as being responsible for stopping the movement of 1870.

On December 1, 1869, Macdougall issued a proclamation as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, being under the impression that on that date he was to assume office. This was premature and only added to the blunders already made, for Sir John A. Macdonald's understanding with Macdougall was, "that he was to go as a private individual to report on the state of affairs at the Red River, but to assume no authority until officially notified from him that Rupert's Land was united to Canada." Macdonald refused to take over the territory, save in a state of tranquillity, insisting that the Hudson's Bay Company stood pledged to convey not only the title, but the territory itself.

The demands of the settlers for the same degree of self-government as possessed by the other inhabitants of the Dominion were most reasonable. Sir Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) in his report of a two weeks' conference with forty delegates at Fort Garry, gave assurance that the people of Red River would be secure in all the rights of British subjects on entering Confederation. Sir John A. Macdonald in a letter to the Hon. John Rose wrote: "The propositions adopted at the Red River Conference are most of them

reasonable enough, and can easily be disposed of with their delegates. Things look well enough were we only assured of Riel's good faith."

The climax of the whole situation came when Riel, on March 3, 1870, executed Thomas Scott, a British subject, on the plea that he was a bad man. His chief purpose was to intimidate the loyalists who were opposed to him, but it had the effect of rousing to fury the whole Dominion. A military force was immediately sent to restore order. The arrival of Bishop Taché four days after this sad affair secured the release of the prisoners, and, although the Provisional Government remained in power, there was a cessation of hostilities, which continued until the arrival of the Red River Expedition under Colonel Garnet Wolseley, when Riel, Lepine and O'Donoghue, the leaders of the insurrection, fled. Riel had hoisted the Union Jack as a declaration of his loyalty to the Crown, but it was taken down the day before the arrival of the troops, owing to a severe storm.

The military came as an expedition of peace, and not "to impose the sovereignty of Canada on the population of the Red River if the latter refuse to admit it." The flag of the Provisional Government consisted of a white ground, on which was worked a representation of the fleur-de-lis and shamrock combined, being devised by Riel and O'Donoghue. When matters began to work smoothly Riel had the old emblem removed and the Union Jack hoisted, which caused trouble between Riel and O'Donoghue, as the latter desired independence or annexation with the United States. O'Donoghue again raised the flag,

but Riel took it down, replacing it with the Union Jack, and put one of his leaders in charge with orders to shoot anyone who attempted to haul it down.

When Riel was defeated Sir John A. Macdonald sent a draft of one thousand dollars to Bishop Taché to be given to the rebel leader to keep him out of the country, and Donald Smith gave three thousand dollars to be divided between Riel and Lepine, so as to ensure peace and stop agitation.

There was much ill feeling between the half-breeds and volunteers, which later resulted in the Fenian Raid of 1871, instigated by O'Donoghue. This ended in total failure through lack of enthusiasm and financial support. Lieutenant-Governor Archibald, cut off from communication with Ottawa, appealed to Riel, Lepine and the half-breeds, to help him in putting down the Fenian Raid, and upon their services being accepted, he promised temporary immunity of the crimes connected with the Red River trouble. On this ground the sentence of death on Lepine was commuted to two years' imprisonment, and permanent forfeiture of political rights. A general amnesty was granted by Lord Dufferin. Riel was banished for five years, and the insurrection was at an end.

Another and greater insurrection arising from similar causes, with some of the same participants was not far distant. Some of the Manitoba half-breeds moved west and settled on the bank of the Saskatchewan River, living in peace and contentment. With the projection of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the subsequent land



boom, settlers, speculators and adventurers came flocking into the country, awakening alarm among the half-breeds, lest they should be deprived of their homesteads. The route of the railroad was changed, as we have seen, to one further south, leaving the fortune hunter in land in a desperate mood. The settlers were disappointed and angry, and the friends of peace sought to stem the rising tide of sedition. Repeated requests were made to the Dominion Government between 1875 and 1885, that the same treatment would be given to the western Metis as to those in Manitoba, and thus alienate the Metis from the land speculator and the discontented settler. In 1878 Sir John A. Macdonald instructed Colonel John Stoughton Dennis to investigate the Metis claims, and not only did he support them, but also represented that if the Metis were conciliated they would aid the Government in dealing with the Indians. These claims were pressed at Ottawa by Archbishop Taché of St. Boniface, the Anglican Bishop John McLean at Prince Albert, and Rev. John McDougall of Morley, Alberta.

Charles Mair, author of *Tecumseh*, the great drama of the plains, went from his home at Prince Albert to Ottawa several times to impress upon the authorities the seriousness of the situation, and Sir John A. Macdonald tried to arouse the Minister of the Interior to action. Bishop Grandin (Roman Catholic) of St. Albert, Alberta, went in 1882 and 1883, and Father Leduc and B. Maloney later went on a similar errand, but without avail. In 1879 an Act was passed authorizing the Government to make land grants to the Metis, but



afterward there was no energetic administrative action.

There was lack of good judgment and vision at Ottawa in dealing with the whole question, and with the delay the Metis became more suspicious. The danger of an insurrection similar to that of 1870 was not realized by anyone at the capital. After all, it was only a dispute over a few thousand acres of land in a country where there were millions of acres unsettled.

Dominion land surveyors had been sent into the country, and had parcelled the land in squares, ignoring the mode of settlement of the Metis, whose farms consisted of long strips of land, each with narrow frontage on the river, similar to the method adopted by the early French Colonials along the St. Lawrence. The Government was inert through ignorance and a false sense of security. Harassed by unfulfilled promises, the encroachment of civilization, the seditious attitude and rebellious utterances of disgruntled settlers, the Metis, disappointed, angry, unsettled and excited, sent a deputation seven hundred miles to interview Riel, and to secure his advice and, if need be, his presence. He was no disinterested spectator. His term of banishment having expired he was free to return, but he was a different man from what he had been in the old days at Fort Garry. In response to the appeal of the Metis he came to Saskatchewan in the summer of 1884. His arrival was watched by Ottawa, but nothing serious was expected, as it was believed that he had learned wisdom from his past experiences, and indeed, on his part there seemed to be nothing

more contemplated than constitutional agitation. A meeting of the Metis was held at St. Laurent in September, 1884. A Bill of Rights with seven requests was formulated. Riel and Gabriel Dumont were counting on the support of the white men, and no doubt this would have been given in large measure had not the first shot at Duck Lake alienated the loyal settlers from the Metis cause. On March 18th the half-breeds under Riel and Dumont raided the stores at St. Laurent, and took the Government employees prisoners. Emboldened by the success of this rash venture, they demanded the surrender of Fort Carlton, sent runners to the Indian camps, and sought to unite all the half-breed settlements and native tribes on the reservations against the Government. In this they were only partially successful, as the English and Scotch half-breeds, and many of the Indians, remained loyal. In response to the alarming news of the revolt, and the danger of a general uprising of the Indian tribes, the Government dispatched General Middleton on March 24th, and within a few days three columns of troops were organized and on their way to the scene of trouble. Great excitement prevailed throughout the Dominion.

It was a reign of terror for the white settlers on the unprotected plains. Fort Carlton was evacuated by the Police. Battleford was attacked and stores plundered. Prince Albert was in grave danger. A farm instructor named Payne was murdered by Indians at Frog Lake. Nine white men were murdered by Indians from Big Bear's camp, including the Rev. Fathers Farfard and

Marchand, Quinn, the Indian Agent, Delaney and Gowanlock, while Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock were taken prisoners. The Rev. Mr. Quinney, Anglican missionary at Onion Lake, a short distance from Frog Lake, was befriended by some Indians, escaping with his family to Fort Pitt. W. J. McLean, Hudson's Bay Company's factor at that post, and his family, together with the Quinneys, became prisoners in Big Bear's camp. Along the North Saskatchewan the settlers abandoned their homes and sought refuge in Edmonton. Those living in the Red Deer district fled to Calgary, while others in Southern Alberta went to Macleod. With the spread of the Rebellion through Saskatchewan and Alberta General Middleton's column moved north, with the intention of attacking Riel in his headquarters at Batoche, while Colonel Otter's column marched to Battleford to keep Chief Poundmaker in check, as his reserve was not far from that point. General Strange's column went from Calgary to the headquarters at Edmonton.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion telegrams from Winnipeg and Toronto were received by John McDougall asking him to go as Chaplain of the Alberta Field Force, and shortly afterward he was appointed scout, becoming eyes and ears to the troops. General Strange requested him to take four reliable Stoney Indians, and to travel in advance of the troops, preparing the way, keeping in touch with Steele's scouts and the Indian tribes of Northern Alberta. Sir John A. Macdonald endorsed his appointment, and Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney urged him to go north sending

messages to the chiefs on the reserves. As an experienced traveller on the plains, possessing a thorough knowledge of the Cree language, and enjoying personal friendship and strong influence with the Indians, he was well qualified to act in almost any capacity as an officer of the Field Force. Under instructions from General Strange, he purchased supplies for the troops, engaged and directed men in repairing the roads, which were in a terrible condition between the Peace Hills and Edmonton, and superintended the building of flat boats to convey troops down the Saskatchewan River. He also wrote letters and sent them by runners to the Indian tribes, contradicting false reports about the defeat of the troops in Saskatchewan, telling them of the strength of the army, assuring all loyal half-breeds and Indians of protection, and warning rebels that they would be defeated and severely punished by the Government. Two runners from Big Bear's camp arrived at Pakan with letters from Riel, and one of Chief Pakan's men advancing to meet them, shot one of them dead. Fearing punishment, Pakan gave him up to General Strange, who kept him in the military camp under his protection.

Through the influence of the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries, many of the Indians and quite a number of half-breeds remained loyal. Bishop Grandin exercised a strong influence in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Father Lacombe was in labours abundant among the Blackfeet, holding Crowfoot in allegiance to the Crown, despite the rebellious spirit of the young men on the Blackfoot Reserve. Father Legoff

travelled with his band of Chippewyans, keeping them in check, and the Roman Catholic missionaries all over the West had a serious task in helping to maintain peace.

The Rev. John McDougall, Canon George McKay and W. P. McKenzie went north with the Alberta Field Force, while in Saskatchewan the following Protestant clergymen were attached as chaplains to their respective regiments. The Revs. D. M. Gordon, Chas. B. Pitblado, and T. Bartley, and the Rev. Messrs. Rowand, Whitcombe, Quinney and Ball. The Rev. John Maclean remained on the Blood Indian Reserve, urging the chiefs and warriors, especially Red Crow, the head chief, to be loyal to the Government, and kept in touch with Major Cotton of the Mounted Police fort in Macleod. All the Protestant missionaries among the Indians stood at their posts, with the result that the natives of Alberta kept the peace. Major Perry went north with a Police detachment from Macleod. Captain Cecil E. Denny (Sir Cecil Denny) as Indian Agent kept a firm grip on the Indians of Southern Alberta, and the Rocky Mountain Rangers under Captain Stewart and Lord Boyle scoured the Southern plains, proving themselves to be a very effective body of scouts.

John McDougall held a meeting of the Council of Mountain Stoneys, where a resolution expressing loyalty was passed and sent by telegram to Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney. Afterward he set off for Edmonton with four Stoney chiefs, acting as guides and scouts in advance of the troops. Information having reached McDougall of the



danger of a serious outbreak, and being authorized by General Strange, he dispatched runners to the chiefs of the tribes in Northern Alberta. Keeping in close touch with Colonel Steele's scouts, he pushed ahead, acting as guide, chaplain, road builder and buyer of supplies for the troops. He sent runners with letters to the chiefs at Egg Lake, Pakan, Lac la Biche and Wasahdenow, and then superintended the building of flat boats to take troops to Frog Lake, the scene of the massacre, to pursue and punish the perpetrators of the crime. The mutilated remains of Gowanlock, Fathers Farfard and Marchand, and Messrs. Quinn and Delany and the other victims were found; the arms and legs had been cut from the corpses and some had been scalped, too. The church had been burned. A solemn funeral service was held, according to the rites of their respective religious denominations, and the bodies were buried. The troops then pushed on to Fort Pitt. On the way down the river the steersman took the wrong course, endangering the boat and the troops. The episode is thus told by himself:

We were going down the North Saskatchewan with our fleet of boats and barges. The brigade had passed Fort Saskatchewan before noon, the General, and brigade major and myself were detained at the fort until the middle of the afternoon, when we embarked in a small skiff and pulled after the fleet. The major and I were at the oars, while the General was steering. The chase was a long one, and not until twilight came on did we reach the first barge, and would not even then, had it not

stuck on a rock, and was delayed. This was our gunboat in charge of Major Perry, and in it was the big steel gun, which had already seen service in Abyssinia with Sir Charles Napier. Gladly we hitched our skiff alongside the large barge, and soon were enjoying the hospitality of Major Perry and his cook. It was now quite dark, and the high and forest-clad banks of the noble river intensified the gloom. Presently we saw a light away down the stream, and concluded this was our camp, and where we would come up to our fleet. I was busy with my supper, being both tired and hungry, when suddenly there was a commotion among the crew, and I got up to see what was the matter, and found that our steersman had gradually allowed himself to be deceived by the distant light, and had got on the wrong side of the river, and here were the Vermilion Rapids just before us, and we were in a dangerous part of the stream. I saw that prompt action must be taken to save us from disaster, and without consulting the General, or Major, or steersman, I found myself standing on the gun, the highest place on the boat, and regardless of everybody, was hurling commands to this one and that, and as if by common impulse all obeyed, officers and men jumped to do my bidding. Providence favoured our effort for life, and soon we were through the rapid and floating with the quiet current below, and safe. Then and not till then, my presumption dawned upon me, and I slipped away into the dark, humiliated and ashamed at my forwardness. Then I went up to the General and Major in command, to apologize, but they thanked me,

and assured me that I had but done my duty, and proved to be the right man in the right place, and I was greatly comforted. Of course I did not act in ignorance, I had been bred to such work, had been in these same rapids several times before, and every man on that barge undoubtedly felt this, as he stopped not to ask, Who is he? but jumped to do my bidding.

General Middleton experienced strong opposition at Fish Creek, having great difficulty in driving the rebels from their strong position chosen by Gabriel Dumont, a brave and skilful leader. Colonel Otter was repulsed at Cut Knife Hill by Poundmaker's Indians, while General Strange at Frenchman's Butte, in the valley of the Little Red Deer River, won a victory over a large force of Indians, but was compelled to retire to Fort Pitt for reinforcements, as he did not dare risk an advance with his small body of troops.

The culmination of the Rebellion was effected when General Middleton moved forward to attack Riel in his headquarters at Batoche. After four days' fighting Batoche was captured, and this victory virtually ended the Rebellion. On the third day of the battle, when Colonel Straubenzie led the charge on the rifle pits, Captain A. L. Howard, in charge of the gatling guns, saw the rebel flag flying from one of the pits, and dashing forward secured Riel's standard. It was of Irish linen, about eight feet in length by three feet wide, being a likeness of the Virgin, while on either side were inscriptions in French, one showing that the flag had been blessed, and the other, a written

prayer signed Louis "David" Riel, in which the leader of the rebellion commended himself and his people to God. Upon the back of the flag was a proclamation reciting the wrongs of the half-breeds, and declaring that the injustice which they had suffered had been such that they must fight to protect themselves.

On the body of a Teton Sioux killed in the battle was found a beautiful bone-handled dagger, which proved to be Custer's own sword with which he fought at the Little Big Horn, and which had been broken in his attempt to ward off the attacks of his dusky foes. The warrior who killed Custer had appropriated the broken sword, and had fashioned it into a dagger.

The day following the capture of Batoche, the rebels came in large groups into General Middleton's camp and surrendered. Riel, having lost everything, was ready to surrender, and began a parley with General Middleton on the terms of peace, but delayed so long through fear and indecision that he was captured by three scouts and taken to the general's tent. A strong guard was placed over him, and for the journey to Regina thirteen men were chosen from the Midland and Ninetieth Battalions, with Captain George H. Young, Brigade Major, in command. On the steamer *Northcote* the party reached Saskatoon, and then travelled across the plains to Moose Jaw, where a special engine and car conveyed them to Regina. One night as they were camped, Riel, in a quiet tone, soft, musical and pathetic, said to Captain Young: "It is strange how time alters circumstances. Fifteen years ago

you were my prisoner, now I am yours." The pathos of the situation was striking indeed. In the former rebellion, Dr. George Young stood by Scott, the martyr in old Fort Garry, administering the last rites of religion, and now his son had charge of the man who had fomented both rebellions, and was the cause of the murder of Scott.

When Poundmaker received news of Riel's defeat, he hastened to negotiate terms of peace, but was informed by General Middleton that there must be absolute surrender. Broken in spirit and defeated, the proud old warrior, followed by the minor chiefs, native soldiers and people, a motley crowd on horseback and on foot, came to Battleford, and laid down their arms. Sixty or more Indians arrayed in paint and war costume sat in a semi-circle, facing General Middleton, some being adorned with various garments worn by white ladies, such as kid gloves and hats. Behind the general and his staff was a strong body of troops and civilians, while out in front was a great number of Indians, stolid, curious, superstitious, and afraid. Civilization and savagery were in striking contrast, a picturesque scene, never to be repeated on the Western plains, the last protest of the lords of the prairies, and the closing chapter of the history of the red man of the West as master. Poundmaker and the chiefs spoke, professing ignorance of the whole situation, declaring their helplessness in being led to take up arms against the Government, and professing their sorrow for the consequences. Then an Indian woman, another Boadicea, attempted to speak, but silence was commanded by the general, who stated that



he never listened to women in councils of war. Happy indeed was the woman's retort, was not the Queen a woman as well as the ruler of the country? The general answered the indignant native woman by saying that the Queen was the ruler, but she spoke through her councillors. After a severe verbal castigation, four of the leading chiefs, including Poundmaker, and two men named Wawanitch, the man without blood, and Ikta, who confessed as murderers of Tremont and Payne, were made prisoners, and the rest were allowed to return to their homes.

Big Bear with his Indians, holding several white prisoners, was still roaming the plains, seeking safety from the troops. Some days were spent in locating his trail and beginning the chase. The following note was sent by General Strange, preparatory to the pursuit of Big Bear:

EDMONTON, May 25, 1885.

To Rev. J. McDougall.

Having rendered to the Government excellent service in going in advance of the troops, and reassuring the Indians, as well as ordering supplies and making arrangements to my entire satisfaction,

I have to request you will accompany me as Interpreter, your knowledge of the country and people I shall find most helpful.

T. B. STRANGE,  
Major-General Commanding  
Troops, Alberta District.

John McDougall was a great friend of Big Bear, having helped him and his people at Pakan

during the famine of 1871, but he was also a patriot and lover of justice, and as guide, chaplain and interpreter, he was called upon to help the troops capture Big Bear dead or alive.

The final stage of the rebellion began on May 27th, and on the following day the battle of Frenchman's Butte between General Strange and Big Bear took place. The wily Indian chief travelled over the plains between Edmonton and Battleford, doubling on his trail and eluding his pursuers, but the Indians had become disheartened, and gradually broke away from his control, until he found it difficult to evade Colonel Steele's scouts, Boulton's Mounted Infantry, and the main body of General Strange's troops. A new feature of warfare had been adopted in the use of the Indian war-whoop by the white soldiers, which brought dread to the hearts of the rebels. The tragic wandering of the prisoners in Big Bear's camp came to an end in the release of W. J. McLean and family, the last of the captives held by the Indians during the rebellion. From April 14th, when they were taken prisoners at Fort Pitt, until they were set free on June 19th, they had endured physical pain and mental agony. Attempts had been made to escape by means of a note written on the flyleaf of a copy of *Robinson Crusoe*. Indians had also been offered handsome rewards to convey intelligence to the troops, but Big Bear found it convenient to use his valuable prisoner as a mediator between the chiefs and the troops.

Hemmed in on every side, and with only a few Indians left to support him, Big Bear surrendered at Fort Carlton and the rebellion was

over, having lasted from March 18th to May 15th, when Riel surrendered, and to June 20th, the surrender of Big Bear. With the return of the troops General Strange continued his operations of peace, by helping people for five hundred miles along the route, restoring them to their homes, and he found in John McDougall an excellent guide.

Riel was given a fair trial and condemned, and on November 16, 1885, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Eight Indians were hanged at Battleford, and a large number were imprisoned in Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

During Riel's imprisonment in Regina there sprang up a war of race and religion, Ontario against Quebec, English versus French, and Protestant opposed to Roman Catholic, a sad spectacle, presenting to the world the Dominion divided against itself. Ontario regarded Riel either as an American filibuster or a traitor to Canada, twice convicted, and the Orange Association called for the punishment of the murderer of Scott. Quebec upheld him as the hero of the Metis, the French race and language and the Catholic religion. Edward Blake spoke for several hours in the Canadian House of Commons on a motion of want of confidence. Honore Mercier, leader of the Liberals in Quebec, as well as Wilfrid Laurier, sought to protect Riel, but Sir John A. Macdonald refused to interfere with the course of the law. Alienists disagreed as to Riel's sanity, but one thing is evident, he had lost his mental balance. He led a rebellion against the Government, but still asserted his loyalty to the Crown.

The night before the battle of Fish Creek the rebels held a feast, and on the programme the toasts given were in order, the Queen, then Riel, followed by a toast to the ladies. He professed to be a true Roman Catholic, and yet he distrusted the clergy, sought to found a new religion with himself at the head in place of the Pope, and professed to receive revelations from heaven. Even his capable leader, Gabriel Dumont, in the Music Hall, Montreal, April 24, 1888, said:

When we armed ourselves the priests lined themselves against us. They would not hear us in confession, neither the men nor the women nor the children. It was hard for the poor Metis to see all that; it was most discouraging. Before that time, when we were not enlightened, the word of the priest was the word of truth, but after that, when we got to be a little more enlightened, we saw that they could tell us lies.

A few months after the close of the Rebellion the following telegram was sent to Bishop Grandin:

ST. BONIFACE, MAN.,  
18th February, 1886.

To-day I have baptized Poundmaker (Pit-towkahanapiwiyn) and twenty-eight of his companions in the penitentiary.

ARCHBISHOP TACHÉ.

Upon gaining his freedom Poundmaker went to the Blackfoot Indian Reserve on a visit to Crow-foot, head chief of the Blackfeet. Here he was seized with an attack of acute indigestion, from which he died. Since then, Ambrose Lepine,

chief of Riel's staff, and nearly all of the leaders of the rebel forces have passed away, while the rebellion itself has passed into history.

On July 1, 1885, John McDougall's work in connection with the military ceased, but he still continued to exert a strong and abiding influence in the interests of peace and the welfare of all the people.



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## *Chapter XVII—A New Vision*

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WITH the end of the period of unrest and revolution there came a new era of peace and prosperity, and with the dawn of another and better day settlers began coming in, and confidence was restored. The crushing of the Rebellion and the building of the railroad changed the old order into a new civilization. The old north trail from Benton on the Missouri River to Edmonton on the Saskatchewan, and the long, lone trail from Winnipeg westward over the prairies were forsaken. Before the railroad came small settlements were located along the rivers, Prince Albert, Battleford, Edmonton, Calgary and Macleod, but new villages, towns and cities now sprang up along the line of transportation.

In the land of the Chinook wind and bunch grass of Southern Alberta, the habitat of the buffalo in the winter, the early settlers laid the foundation of the business of cattle raising. Among the first to bring small herds from Montana, Idaho and Oregon, were John McDougall and his brother David, followed by the Lynch Ranch on High River, and the Cochrane Ranch on Bow River, and before long there were ranches all over the district. With the introduction of the system of leasing large tracts of land to the stockmen in 1883, for a term of years at an annual rental of one dollar an acre, there was much dissatisfaction among the settlers.

Although receiving no compensation for his

services, John McDougall was always on the alert to secure new settlers, holding himself in readiness to give a public address, grant an interview or write letters and articles for the newspapers, if he could by these means induce farmers to take up homesteads in the West. When the first train from Montreal to Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific Railroad passed through in 1886, the reports of the vast extent of land suitable for agriculture and the facilities of transportation awakened the people to the greatness of their heritage, and an era of colonization was begun. Companies were formed, agents were employed to travel and lecture abroad, and a large amount of money was spent in immigration propaganda. The Temperance Colony founded Saskatoon under the direction of the Rev. John N. Lake, and the Primitive Methodist Colony located at Pheasant Forks in Saskatchewan. The Saskatchewan Land and Homestead Company secured land in the vicinity of Red Deer, Alberta, and the Barr Colony had its headquarters at Lloydminster. The colonization companies brought many settlers into the country, but the system of segregating groups of people according to nationality, language or religion was neither in the best interests of the West nor of the people themselves. Russian, German, Scotch Crofter and other settlements sprang up, followed by a large influx of Ruthenians, Poles and other nationalities. In 1888 Charles Ora Card, whose wife was a daughter of Brigham Young, led a party of Mormons from Utah to Southern Alberta, where Cardston was founded, and their material prosperity is seen in the growth

of their towns, and in the erection of a magnificent temple at Cardston at a cost of over one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They are good settlers, but very exclusive, both in religion and business.

The Dominion Parliament in 1886 established the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, and Judge Travis took up his residence at Calgary.

John McDougall was a pioneer in the cause of education in the North-West, having been a teacher at Norway House as a young man. He followed in his father's footsteps by establishing schools at the missions to the Indians and half-breeds. The beginnings of education in the West were small indeed. Winnipeg in 1871 had but one teacher with thirty scholars, and the Province of Manitoba had sixteen schools with eight hundred and sixteen scholars. Further west the population was not sufficient to organize a single school for white children, but in 1878 John McDougall sent Miss Elizabeth Barrett and one of his own daughters as a companion to Macleod, where the first public school was opened. When the teacher left in the year following, Mrs. John Maclean, wife of the Methodist missionary, continued the school. The scholars included Indian and half-breed children, and one white boy, George Winder, son of Captain Winder of the Mounted Police. There was no salary allowed the missionary's wife although she was well qualified for the position, having been a public-school teacher in the Province of Ontario. When the new town of Macleod was built and a school erected, the first teacher was

Miss Greer, who afterward married D. W. Davis, M.P.

A Board of Education for the North-West was appointed in 1886, which elected school Inspectors as follows: John Hugill, Moosomin, for Eastern Saskatchewan; Thomas Grover, Regina, for Central and Western Saskatchewan; Canon Flett, Prince Albert, for Northern Saskatchewan; Rev. Andrew B. Baird, Edmonton, for Northern Alberta; and Rev. John Maclean, Macleod, for Southern Alberta. Some idea of the size of these inspectorates may be had by taking that of Southern Alberta as an example, the southern boundary of which was the International Boundary line, northward to the Lone Pine, eastward to Medicine Hat, and westward to British Columbia; and this included but six schools, namely, Macleod, Pincher Creek, Lethbridge, Fish Creek, Calgary and Banff. Besides the Protestant inspectors, Father Damien Graton, parish priest of Regina, was Roman Catholic school inspector. He was later frozen to death on the trail, when absent on his parochial duties. In the following year the Board of Education comprised Protestant and Roman Catholic sections, the former consisting of Bishop Pinkham, chairman, Judge Wetmore, A. Crawford and Rev. John Maclean, and the latter Judge Roleau, Father Leduc and A. E. Forget, afterward Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Saskatchewan. A Board of Examiners for school teachers was appointed, comprising Rev. Father Gillies, the priest at the Crofter Settlement, an excellent mathematician; George Brown, after-

ward Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan; and Rev. John Maclean. The progress of education during the past fifty years reads like a wonderful romance.

While the white population of the Dominion had remained in ignorance of the extent and vast resources of the North-West, the Indian tribes knew little of the power of the white race. The writer once listened in the lodges of the Blackfeet to the story of one of their number who had been taken on a trip through the Province of Ontario by a white man. When he returned in a fine suit of clothes, and in possession of a watch, a meeting was held in a spacious lodge, attended by the chiefs and leading men of the tribe, and they listened attentively to the narration of his travels. He spoke of the speed of the trains, which flew so fast that they beat the birds in the race, and as he told of the wonderful things he said: "There are as many white people down there as there are blades of grass on the prairie." "Stop!" said an aged chief. "The white medicine men have made strong medicine, and they have so charmed you that you could not see straight. We do not believe you!" That was the end of the interview. The Government later chose from the different tribes men of sound judgment, those having much influence with their own people, and took them on a tour of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The Government selected Red Crow, head chief of the Bloods, and Eagle Head of the Pieguns as one party; Crowfoot and Three Bulls from the Blackfoot Reservation at Gleichen went as another delegation; and Star



Blanket with other chiefs went from Saskatchewan. Crowfoot and Red Crow were native statesmen, slow, deliberate and eloquent in speech, whose words were law among their own people. With the Government officials they were dignified, never condescending to trivial matters, being content to discuss important problems affecting their respective tribes. Crowfoot was accompanied by Father Lacombe, the Black Robe Voyageur, than whom he could not have had a better guide and interpreter. When the chiefs visited Ottawa they were entertained by General Middleton. Evidently the luxuries of civilized life brought a severe strain upon the natives, for Crowfoot became ill and was compelled to hasten home, making a short stay at Winnipeg, where he was met at the railway station by the mayor and some of the aldermen. He also called on Archbishop Taché, at St. Boniface, and was shown the sights of the twin cities. Red Crow and the other chiefs from Alberta and Saskatchewan went to Brantford to witness the unveiling of the monument to Chief Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) and afterward visited Ottawa, where Red Crow addressed the Cabinet Ministers in the Council Chambers. Being anxious to tell their people about the wonderful things they had seen, they hastened home.

John McDougall decided on his own responsibility to take representative Indians who had been loyal during the Rebellion on a similar tour, not only that they might see the evidences of the white man's power and communicate this knowledge to their people, but also that those in the

centres of civilization might witness the effects of missionary effort among the natives. He chose Pakan of Whitefish Lake, and Samson of Battle River, Cree Indian chiefs, and Jonas Bigstoney, nephew of Bear's Paw, of the Stoney Indians at Morley, and they left early in August, 1886. They addressed a meeting in Victoria Hall, Winnipeg, Lieutenant-Governor James Cox Aikins being in the chair. After an address of welcome was read John McDougall introduced Pakan, whom he had known for many years. He remembered as they travelled with dog-teams, that on one occasion they had encamped near a buffalo pound, and he was going to chop some of the wood for fuel, when the tinkling of bells announced the approach of a man on horseback, who warned him not to burn the pound, as that would make the spirits angry, and cause a terrible storm. Yet he had lived to see the day when Pakan himself would chop down the pound. Formerly the Indians left a tree in the centre of a pound, and placed strong medicine on it as a magnet to draw the buffalo, but these emblems of superstition had disappeared.

Chief Pakan was a fine-looking man, dressed in a bright-colored blanket, richly beaded mocasins, fringed leggings, with various ornaments about his person. He gathered the folds of his blanket with his left hand, stood erect, and addressed the audience in an easy conversational tone, gesticulating in a natural fashion with his right hand like a trained orator. John McDougall interpreted his speech:

As nearly as I can remember I am forty-six years of age, and therefore date before the coming of the first missionary, and even after he came, I was so far away that I only learned of his advent by rumour. My people and I were steeped in heathenism, and found delight in practising evil, but when the missionary came to our camp, a change was soon apparent among the people, and though I was wild and stubborn, and wicked, it affected me, for Jesus Christ touched my heart, and I embraced his religion, and I have made him my Chief from that day till the present time. I owe a great deal to my old missionary, the Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer, who died recently, for he and other good missionaries have done me great good, and also a grand work among my people. Later on, my people asked me to stand for them, and I became their chief. They said: "Try and help us on, and do not set us any foolish example." Last spring an opportunity came, when we were approached with guns, and asked to take up our guns against the white man, and we were dared to do so, but I said in my heart: "I want to be the friend of the white man; in my heart I want to keep his law, and as I have embraced the law of the God he worships, I shall not go with you, nor shall any of my people." My people want to improve, and I feel that we have wondrously improved. We want to be like the white people and make progress in civilization, and that which shall be for their everlasting benefit. As I feel that you are my friends in listening to me, as I speak, and in welcoming me as I come before

you, I ask you still to be my friends, that not my band only, but my whole nation may rise in the scale of civilization and Christianity.

In introducing Jonas Bigstoney, John McDougall said that he was one of the best hunters among the Stoneys, but he had now turned his attention to milking cows, making butter, and working in the field. Before he left home he had marketed some new potatoes. He was doing all he could to better his own condition and set an example to his people. He was an intelligent Indian, a student of the Bible, hymn book and catechism in the Cree Syllabic, and he seconded every effort of the missionary for the advancement of his people. Jonas wore a coat whose pockets at first cramped the freedom of his oratorical movements, but as he warmed up, first his left hand moved naturally, then the right hand slipped out of his pocket, and the constraining influences of civilization were forgotten! His speech as interpreted was founded on an apt comparison. He told how, as a little boy, he had used a bow and arrow to kill rabbits, ducks, and prairie chickens, and when he grew up, to his astonishment and pride, he had killed a buffalo. Later on, the white man had put into his hand a Winchester rifle, and then he had thrown away his bow and arrow. This was an illustration of the condition of his people in the past as compared with the present. They had been weak, and their mode of living was extremely degrading, but the missionaries came with the Bible, and now they could claim to have made some progress. He was glad

to say that, away in the shadow of the mountains, they tried to believe in and worship the same God as the white man, and from being the wildest men in the Western territory, they had for many years been the friend of the white man. He was grateful for the kind and warm reception given him as the representative of his people.

Chief Samson was introduced as a mighty hunter who had often supplied John McDougall, and during troublous times they had stood guard alternately over each other. He was considerably older than the other chiefs, and his costume was more picturesque, while his style of oratory was quite demonstrative, his gestures and emphasis drawing frequent expressions of approval from the audience. His speech was interpreted by John McDougall:

My friends, I am very glad to see you, and I want to tell you from my heart, that I feel you are indeed my friends. When I was a little boy, I remember how my people were at war with every other tribe. I stand here to-day as the sole remnant of our large family, for one of my brothers was killed by the Blackfeet, another by the Stoneys, and still another by the Crees. We were not only at war with other tribes, but we also fought among ourselves, and we were not only savage and cruel to each other, but thoroughly ignorant of all that was good. We dreamed dreams; we conjured; we were superstitious about medicine; we believed that every man outside of ourselves was not to be trusted, and we did not even believe in our nearest friends. By and by the missionary came, and



I remember when the news came to us, for I was very young, when my mother took me by the hand and said: "Let us go and see this wonderful man who has come into camp." Then my people heard for the first of the better way. Later on, the Rev. George McDougall came to Victoria (Pakan) and found many of the people drunkards, and he laboured to put down drunkenness, interceded with the Government of the North-West, and had a proclamation made that it was an illegal and criminal act to sell whiskey to an Indian in the North-West Territories. Even those who loved the firewater were glad when they knew these things were being done for them. We had tribal war, and I used to delight in it as a young man, but later on, the religion of Jesus Christ made me desire to be at peace with the Blackfeet who had killed my brother and many of my friends. Once on the banks of the North Saskatchewan, when David McDougall was with us, we were charged by 200 or 300 Blackfeet, and bullets rained around us, and as I was walking up the bank carrying a box of goods, I looked back and said: "There was a time when I would have liked to kill you, but now I have the opportunity to go into the fort and I will not fire a single shot. I want you to understand that I wish to be your friend, though I was once your enemy." Last spring I wanted to show my faith in the Government, and I took my gun and gave it to a man whom I knew would never lift it against his fellowmen, and I said to my people: "There you now see my desire, I do not want to take up my gun against the white man." I stand in the position that I am a

loyal citizen in the country. That was my action last spring, and as I look on your faces, I pray the Great Spirit to give you many happy summers and pleasant winters, and that by and by all you who believe in God, and others influenced by your example, as well as ourselves, may meet in the great eternal summer of our Father in heaven.

Lieutenant-Governor Aikins expressed his appreciation of the service, and said that in his opinion, but for the influence of the missionaries, there would have been a general Indian uprising during the rebellion in the North-West.

Two months were spent in the Province of Ontario, addressing large audiences. The chiefs and John McDougall spoke at a great session of the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Toronto, and interviewed the Government at Ottawa, seeking more liberal grants for the Indian schools in the North-West. The impressions of their visit may be learned from a summary of one of the speeches delivered in Cobourg, just before they left for home. Chief Samson said:

It is now seven Sabbaths since we left the mountains, and in the meanwhile we have seen wonderful sights. We are your friends, only a few of our people joined the Rebellion, and the majority of our tribes are your friends. And it is just and right that we should be so for you sent us missionaries who were good men, and they gave their lives for our salvation. They found us in a state of war with all men, surrounded by difficulties of every kind, and by their coming the hearts of many of

our people were changed. During the rebellion I was greatly perplexed, and very sorry because of the foolish conduct of some of our people, and I did all I could to help put down the trouble, for I love peace, and will always work in its interests. Our wants as a people are many, chief of these being education and gospel teaching, and I want to say that we do not wish any fire-water. We hope that you will assist us in this matter, that none may be permitted to come near any of our reservations. Give us education, give us the Gospel. Help us to keep out whiskey, and we will have peace.

On their journey homeward they gave addresses at Portage la Prairie, Brandon and Regina. The tour was a triumphal march, leaving a deep and lasting influence upon the white population, while the story of their travels was told repeatedly in the lodges of the West. The red and white races were brought into closer contact and into a better understanding, prophetic of a new era of prosperity, abiding friendship and a united country.

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## *Chapter XVIII—The Path of Adventure*

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THE WANDERLUST of his forbears, and the nomadic spirit of the Indian, was in the blood of the prophet of the plains. "My family lives at Morley," he would say, "but I live everywhere." He never spent a whole year at home. Had it not been that his soul was consumed with a burning passion for his ministry, he would have found a place beside Back, Mackenzie, Fraser and other explorers of the North-West. He travelled beyond the old trails, exploring new territory, but he kept no journal of his long journeys, being more interested in the welfare of the native races than in seeking the sources of rivers.

The story of the pioneers was one of hardship and patient endurance, in which the early missionaries of all the Churches had a large share. Before the advent of the railroad there were two distinct lines of travel, one over the old North Trail, from Benton on the Missouri River, with ox-trains carrying freight to Macleod, Calgary and Edmonton; and the other, from Fort Garry, across the plains with Red River carts to Edmonton. The railroad made Calgary a temporary distributing centre for Edmonton on the north, and Macleod on the south.

The prophet of the Northland made a visitation to the Indian missions in November and December, 1881, and of his arrival in Edmonton, writes:

I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Rev. Andrew B. Baird, the first

Presbyterian minister stationed as far west as Edmonton. This autumn the Hudson's Bay Company has laid out their town plot, which immediately adjoins our mission premises, several hundred lots have been sold, and upon them already a number of buildings have been put up, and others are in course of erection, while east of our church, and in the near vicinity, a regular village has been built up in which are four large general stores, a butcher shop, printing office, blacksmith shop, steam furniture factory, barber shop, several offices, and a number of private dwellings, while a few hundred yards still further east, there is a large mill, where gristing, sawing, planing and moulding are done.

Unresting and with the utmost speed he travelled toward Pakan, then known as Victoria, a Metis settlement, where the Rev. James A. McLachlan and his wife laboured. There was a soft place in the heart of John McDougall for the French and Scotch Metis, whom he always called "mixed bloods," instead of the harsh and inappropriate name "half-breeds." Many of his most loyal friends belonged to these people. A family of Scotch Metis in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Ghost River were devoted helpers in his work. At Whitefish Lake the aged missionary, Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer, had just returned from Ontario, invigorated in body and mind, and much encouraged through the kindness of the people he had met so that he was able to continue his heavy work until January, 1885, in which year he died, a few months before the Rebellion. During this visit a great missionary



meeting was held, at which the Indians, as at all the Cree missions, subscribed liberally to the cause of missions. At Woodville Rev. John Nelson and wife were doing splendid work, and during four days spent at the mission the Indians came from different points around the lake, while John McDougall conducted religious services. Several council meetings were held at which various problems in relation to the Government were discussed. Returning to Edmonton a missionary meeting was held, with addresses by Thomas Anderson, Crown Timber Agent, Rev. A. B. Baird and John McDougall. The choir "added much to the interest of the meeting, and gave some soul-stirring anthems," while the subscription amounted to one hundred and forty-seven dollars.

On the way home a visit was made with Rev. E. B. Glass and wife, who were making rapid progress in the Cree language. A site was chosen for the Battle River Indian Mission.

New Year's Day, 1882, falling on Sunday, there were great meetings following the Watch Night Service, which was a surprise to some of the Indians who were in attendance for the first time. The next day was marked by a wonderful feast, the expense being met by the few white people living in the vicinity of the Morley Mission, a committee of young white men being in charge of affairs. John McDougall writes:

Mrs. Andrew Sibbald, Mrs. David McDougall and Mrs. John McDougall prepared the victuals, the committee decorated the church handsomely, putting up a variety of evergreens, and suitable mottoes, some of

these written in the syllabic characters, which were much appreciated by the Indians, and then they put up some long tables reaching down the whole length of the church, and in the centre were two smaller tables, one for the white folks, and the other for the Chiefs and Councillors of the different Bands. Precisely at noon the church bell rang, and the first set of tables were filled. Some of those present had not tasted anything so good since this time last year, and it did one good to see them enjoy themselves with plenty of meat, bread, and cake and pie, and what is better to a thirsty Indian, plenty of sweetened tea. Some people sit down to their meals with great gusto three times a day, and that every day, and surely these folks may be pardoned in giving special attention to one good, square meal in the year, which was nicely cooked, and properly seasoned, and no wonder they enjoyed what was set before them. While the setting and resetting of tables was carried on all the afternoon by the committee and friends who helped until about six hundred had partaken, all who felt so inclined went out on the common behind the church, and games of various kinds were gone into, foot races with prizes, and a great tug of war was heartily gone into, one side of the river against the other. Five white men pulled against five Indians, and had hard work to get away with them, which gave the Indian onlookers great satisfaction. Then, as evening came on, the tables were cleared out and a platform erected, and when the church had been nicely lit up with borrowed lamps, the bell was rung, and speedily the building was densely packed.

On the platform we had the Stoney Chiefs and Councillors, a Cree Chief named Samson, who had come from Battle River to be with us at the New Year, Mr. Geddes of Galt, Ont., and Mr. Bain of Montreal. There were speeches and vocal and instrumental music. The Indians spoke right loyally, expressing gratitude to the Government, the missionaries and the white people present. Samson pointed to the mountains, under the shadows of which we were met, and said: "The white man's religion and laws are strong and enduring in their goodness like those mountains. When the white man made a treaty with me, his words were that the treaty of peace and goodwill was to last as long as the waters flowed, and the grass grew, that the sun never set upon the English nation, and the sun of friendship should never set upon our compact. I believed him then, and I believe him more now. You Mountain Stoneys are greatly blessed, as the Government is helping you, your missionary is a Chief and father to you, you have a beautiful church, and right alongside a school house, and many kind friends to instruct you. What more do you want? Be thankful, be teachable, be strong, doing right."

Mr. Geddes, a gentleman from Galt, who had brought through a fine herd of cattle this last season, spoke of the feeling of security he had in being a neighbour of the Stoneys. People had told him that the Indians would kill his cattle and steal his property, but he was glad to say, that he had never felt safer in Ontario than he did as neighbour to them. He would remind them that they owe all their

blessings to the teachings of Jesus Christ. Major Bain spoke in a similar strain, and Mr. Magnus Begg, the Indian Agent on the Reserve, congratulated the Indians on their honesty and truthfulness, and told them that they owed a great deal to the teaching of the missionaries. David McDougall addressed the Indians in the Cree language. He contrasted the past and present, and exhorted them to try and acquire habits of economy and industry. During the evening, we had vocal and instrumental music from the white friends, which was a great treat to the natives, who, in their turn, sang some hymns; one in which they all joined was taught them by the Rev. Robert Terrill Rundle, and for nearly forty years had they made the valleys and glens of the mountains echo to the tune and the words of "Behold the Saviour of Mankind." With hearty votes of thanks to all who had planned and worked in connection with the day's proceedings, and the singing of the Doxology in the English and native tongues, the meeting broke up. The day has passed never to return, but its memories, like kind words or kind acts, can never die. Anything done to break and destroy feelings of suspicion and distrust between men, the humblest effort to teach men the lesson which Jesus came into the world to make plain, shall last. Therefore, we are justified in being deeply grateful for the way in which 1882 has been begun at Morley. We believe that somewhat for the glory of God, and somewhat for the blessing of man, his noblest work, has been accomplished and hearts are glad.

Of the influence of the missionaries and the success of the Gospel among the Indians, John McDougall told his story:

One of our Mountain Stoneys, James Jonas, was the son of Jonas, one of the earliest converts to Christianity among the Stoneys of the Mountains. When James Evans, the heroic missionary, invented the Syllabic characters, Jonas very soon mastered them, and became proficient in the use of them, reading and writing in both the Cree and Stoney languages, and then, though far from a mission, and often for months and years not seeing a missionary, began to teach his people the syllabic system, and thus opened the way for reading hymns and portions of scripture which had been translated by the early missionaries. It was some years after Jonas became a Christian that his son James was born, and thus the boy had the advantage of Christian training so far as his father could give it to him. Remember, there was no mission within hundreds of miles, therefore no day or Sunday Schools, and with the exception of the syllabic characters, James had no book learning. Instead of schools, he became a mighty hunter. Hundreds of buffalo and bear and deer and mountain goats and sheep and all kinds of game fell before this huntsman's craft and skill. When we established the Morley Mission James became a member of the Church, and lived a noble Christian life. This autumn he was away with a small party hunting about sixty miles from the mission, and one morning started out as usual on the hunt. During the day, some one of his party had



wounded a grizzly, and the bear had got away from him, and in the afternoon, as James was returning to camp, and without either tracking the wounded animal, or having any warning, suddenly came upon the maddened grizzly. James had killed many a big bear, but now he was taken altogether unawares, and the tremendous brute sprang upon poor James, and at once had him in his power. From the tracks it seems that James was torn fearfully, and then the bear retreated a little, and lay down. James must have rallied, and crawling to a tree, sat up with his back against it, and must have got his rifle ready, for once more the bear came at him, and the brave fellow fired a number of shots, as the cartridges testified, but, blinded as he was with the previous encounter, the shots were futile, and the bear tore him to pieces. When found, he had his hymn book in a little leather bag hung around his neck. The scene of the fight was not discovered until the next day, the bear had gone, but James' mangled body was there, and his poor wife and sorrowing friends gathered up the remains, and singing a gospel hymn, carried all that was left of one of the faithful Stoneys. We have no doubt his soul is with the Lord, and we are working and praying that all the tribes may become as faithful and consistent as James. In our Orphanage and Day and Sunday Schools, and on every one of our missions, we are aiming to save the people from heathenism.

In February, 1882, he went south with Rev. John Maclean, who had spent a few days at Morley, and he writes:

We went over to the Blood Reserve, and visited both of the camps at the Lower Agency, where John Maclean has taken steps toward location. We had some conversation with the Chiefs and men, and they all expressed themselves very favourably toward their missionary. This enterprise is no small one, as the Indians are down in the lowest depths of heathenism, having for many years been brought in contact with the lowest forms of civilization, or what might better be called sharpened-up barbarism. Their confidence must be won, their language acquired, their characteristics studied, mission buildings erected, and this in a part of the country where timber is scarce, labour costly, prairie storms encountered, rapid and dangerous streams forded, many long miles travelled, and worst of all, the sneers and scoffs and criticisms of those whose duty it should be to aid, must be borne, and yet our missionary is sanguine, and looking hopefully into the future. As soon as a teacher comes, Maclean will move his family on the Reserve, but it would be imprudent to do so at the present time as he must necessarily be away from home a considerable part of his time. Returning to Macleod I baptized the missionary's little son. The Sabbath evening service at Macleod was well attended, the singing hearty, and I trust some good was done.

The next two days were spent visiting the Indian Supply Farm, where the crop had been an excellent one, and the homes of A. M. Morden, George C. Ives, and other settlers in the Pincher Creek district. Upon our return to Macleod he

started homeward; where he was soon immersed in his scheme for the Orphanage and Training School. Owing to the block on the Missouri River, no materials for building and furnishing could be obtained, but he writes:

As we wish to make this enterprise as self-sustaining as possible, we have laid claim on behalf of the Orphanage to a block of land, some three miles below our Mission, and as early as March, 1881, we broke up and fenced twenty acres in two fields of ten acres each. These are on either side of our claim, and give us a better right to the whole frontage, as we are aiming at two thousand acres for the Orphanage and Training Institution. We ask our friends to aid us in our appeal to the Dominion Government for a grant of the same, as we are confident that we can do more for both the Indians and the Government than many of their costly Instruction Farms. We are now ploughing, and expect to seed these twenty acres at once, and we are fencing in the whole river front of the claim, which will give us a pasture of at least five hundred acres, so we will want help in procuring some work and dairy stock, and some farming implements. We propose to gather children from six different tribes, speaking four distinct languages, and with the Lord's blessing upon our efforts, with these young folks we hope to reach their people. In the course of a year or two, a railroad direct from Winnipeg will come near us, while at present, via Bismarck on the Missouri River is the most practicable route.

After the Rebellion and his trip with the Indian chiefs through the Province of Ontario, he was constantly on the trail visiting the native tribes, and superintending the work on his own mission at Morley. The lure of the East led him into the older Provinces in 1890. Crossing Lake Superior he was fortunate in securing passage on the steamer *Athabasca*, commanded by his cousin, Captain George McDougall, named after the Rev. George McDougall, and one of the most popular captains on the Great Lakes. In later years he was awarded a medal by the Congress of the United States as a recognition of his bravery in rescuing the waterlogged steamer *Preston*.

A musical and literary entertainment was in progress in the cabin of the steamer, to which John McDougall was invited, and he writes:

I was much surprised to be addressed in the soft pure tone of my adopted language, the Cree, and someone said, "Are you also about to take part in the singing?" and turn-about I saw a gentleman, whom I had noticed among the passengers, and said to him in Indian, "Where do you come from?" and he replied "From the same place as you do, the Saskatchewan." I found that my friend was the Rev. John Hines, of the Church of England Missionary Society. I had known of him for twenty years or more, but had never met him, and was delighted to find that he could speak the Cree so fluently, for there are so few missionaries of any church who acquire the language of the people to whom they minister. I proposed to my fellow labourer that we sing a duet in Cree

and he willingly consented, and I ran to my stateroom, and brought my Syllabic Hymn Book, and we sang "Tell Me the Old, Old Story of Jesus and His Love," Mr. Hines taking the lead. This song in an unknown tongue was well received by the audience, though I explained how it came to pass that Mr. Hines and myself spoke the same language, and came from the same Saskatchewan, and still we lived six hundred miles apart. The crowd asked for another Indian song, and I sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and then they asked for a wild west story, and I gave them one.

He went as far east as Montreal, addressing meetings in the towns and cities, and then hastened home to complete arrangements in connection with the new building which the Government had erected for the Orphanage at Morley.

Having finished these duties he started on a visitation of the missions in Northern Alberta, taking Mrs. McDougall along with him. On the way he noted the growth of settlements and waxed eloquent over the vast extent of arable lands, inviting settlers. He strongly criticized those who were responsible for changing the names of historic places. Of Lake St. Anns, he said that the Indians named it Spirit Lake, "which certainly is more euphonious and in keeping with the people and the country than the present name, and I protest against the changing of the names by the various geographical factions in the country, from those given by the original inhabitants, as these names as a rule have special significance."



An important meeting was held at Battle River on October 26th, of which he writes:

We spent a good part of the night in Council, the Indians being represented by Pagans, Roman Catholics and Protestants, the Government by the Indian Agent, and his interpreter, and the Church by Rev. E. B. Glass, Rev. John Nelson and myself. After prayer, the Chief asked the question: "Is there any connection or affinity between Christianity and the Government?" Knowing full well what this would lead to, I answered with a strong affirmation, and explained that our Queen and Governors always in their Proclamations and public utterances, put in the words "By the Grace of God," and that our laws were founded on the law of God. "Then," said the Chief, "any conduct on the part of a Government official or employee which is inconsistent with Christianity is also inconsistent with the mind of the Government?" I answered "Yes." It is a fact that the policy of our Government in dealing with her wards is that there should not be any overbearing, tyrannical or despotic action on the part of Agents or employees of the Indian Department. There should not be any Sabbath breaking, or unseemly language, or immoral or intemperate conduct committed by any of the Government officials or servants, for these are the representatives of our Government, and if any such conduct is exhibited, then those who witness it will conclude that Christianity and our Government are antagonistic to each other, which is not true. The same reasoning holds good in

a stronger sense when applied to the missionary or teacher of any religious denomination. If they are not manly and broad and liberal and capable of commanding the respect of all parties, then the Indian is the chief loser, and the great object sought is tremendously hindered. After a long talk, during which grievances were discussed, and misunderstandings explained, and I had done what I could to encourage these men in loyalty and industry and good citizenship, the meeting came to a close.

Travelling northward, he writes:

We came in sight of Edmonton, which for many years had so often been my objective point. In the early days the walls of the old Hudson's Bay Company's Fort had included all that there was of the evidence of the white man's occupancy. Then as we were approaching the place, we scouted for miles in advance of our party, in order to make sure that we did not drive right into some hostile war party. Every spot was familiar to me. Here on the site of the new town, the present terminus of the Calgary and Edmonton Railroad, is where, after being very careful as I thought, one day I rode right into the clutches of a party of young Plain Crees, total strangers to me. They were on their way as a scalp-lifting expedition, and I surprised them about as much as they did me, but as they were many to one, I wondered for a little while what would come of it, and was very glad when they concluded to let me go, horse, gun and life. Yonder is where very early one morning I slipped past a war party of Flat-

heads and Southern Kootenays, who, if they had caught me, would have made short work of the young missionary. Right between the two towns as you take the hill to descend into the valley of the Saskatchewan is the scene of a terrible massacre perpetrated by the Crees on some Blackfeet who had been to the Fort on a trade. Twenty-eight years ago, my father and Peter Erasmus, who is now teaching for us at Goodfish Lake and myself, rode up here, on our first trip into the south-western country, which at that time was very little known. Six years ago I came here with my faithful Stoneys, the vanguard of the Western column, commissioned by the Government to do what I could to allay alarm, and encourage loyalty and suppress rebellion. Then all was excitement and anxiety, now things are changed, and peace and prosperity are the order of the day. The railroad is here, many settlers have come in, more are on the way, and Edmonton is bound to become, what we said long ago it would be, a centre of no small importance.

Crossing the river on the ferry, we took our dinner with friends in Edmonton, and then drove on to Stony Plain, and camped with the teacher of the Presbyterian School established there. The few Protestant Indians now at this point were with us at Victoria (Pakan) in the early and palmy days of that Mission, but when the buffalo went south, and later on, when the Government began to make Treaties, the Indians who had been scattered all over the country came on this Reserve, and both they and myself often asked for a teacher from our Church for this place, but in vain,

and so when the Presbyterian Church signified a willingness to take up this work, I very heartily consented, and have tried to help them with the Indians as much as opportunity afforded.

Continuing the journey through a beautiful stretch of country, they arrived at Rivière Qui Barre, where they were welcomed by the Indian patriarch, Peter Pe-ka-chas-now.

Rundle, Woolsey, Steinhauer and my father had been his friends and teachers, and he had never forgotten them. Twenty-nine years ago, I first met him. He was then a great moose hunter, scores of moose and elk and bears of all kinds had fallen before his cunning and skill, hundreds of buffalo had been easy victims at the blast of his old flint-lock gun. He is a genuine nobleman, as nature and not caste turns them out, a thorough Briton, a staunch Protestant, almost an Orangeman without knowing it.

He continues:

Here I met another old landmark, Yellow-earth. The last time I saw Bearspaw, our Chief at Morley, he enquired when I would be going north again, and asked me if I would be likely to see Yellowearth and said: "If you see him, give him my Christian greetings, and tell him I am his friend through Jesus." I gave Yellowearth Bearspaw's message, and he was very glad, and said: "Take him also my most hearty greetings." These men had been mortal enemies. Yellowearth and his companion had stolen horses from Bearspaw's father, and Bearspaw had followed them,

and coming up to them, he killed Yellow-earth's companion, wounded Yellowearth and recovered the horses. For years a feud had continued between them, till the hearts of both of them had been touched by the Gospel of forgiveness and love, and now I am the bearer of their mutual greetings.

Going on to Victoria (Pakan) he spent a day with the Rev. W. W. Adamson and his wife, who had recently come from Ontario, and were in charge of the mission, and he writes:

In 1862, I was sent to this point by the Rev. Thomas Woolsey, to begin operations for our Missionary Society. I cut the first swath of hay, turned the first furrow, and did this with great difficulty, for my plough had no coulter, and put up the first shanty, and for some years, this was one of the most notable of missionary centres. The Wood and Plains Indians, both Cree and Stoney, came here in multitudes, and the work of Christianity and civilization flourished among the various tribes. True, paganism, tribal war and lawlessness prevailed. Right beside the mission house, the medicine men erected their temple and practised their idolatry. Day and night, for weeks at a time, these devil worshippers danced and intoned and sang their songs of mystery and propitiation to the sources of evil. Often the warrior burning with the fire of vengeance would ride past the mission house door, and through the large camp encircling it, and with vehement exhortation and frenzied supplications, and with wild eloquence, demand that the braves of the



camp join him in another raid upon the enemy, and the small missionary force would witness the preparation and departure of the war party, and sometimes could not help but feel a sense of relief, because a portion of the turbulent element had gone for a time. But again, these would return, sometimes short in their number, but bringing scalps and horses, and thus the whole camp would be thrown into a state of wild excitement. Lamentations and mourning and victory all mingling their cries at the same time. For days and nights the missionaries would have no rest. Their lives were always in danger, but especially so at such seasons. However, God watched over his servants, the Word grew, men and women were soundly converted, and influences were generated which told mightily against the old customs and traditions, and a live Church was organized and Victoria (Pakan) became a power in the western country for peace and temperance and religion. From here the first real peace party went out, and reaching the large Blackfeet Camp at Battle River, convinced these wild men that we were in earnest. From here originated and was brought to a successful issue the Prohibitory Law, which for many years was a blessing to the whole country, and which because it was begun and carried along on Gospel and not on political lines has created a strong temperance sentiment among the natives. Then Victoria (Pakan) was the base of religious work, hundreds of camps were visited, thousands of miles travelled every year, and all this was blessed of God in the saving of many souls. Then came

days of great trial, fearful epidemics broke out, and the missionaries buried a large church. These men and women and families had been their hope and joy, and the very best of the people were taken from them. Again tribal war broke out with renewed fierceness, and old Broken Arm, the most intelligent Indian Chief in the whole country, and a strong Christian, and the right hand of the missionary, was treacherously trapped, both he and his sons, by a pretence of peace on the part of the Blackfeet, and slain, their bodies disjointed and dragged at the tails of the horses, and many others of our people were killed. Then the buffalo changed their migration from north to west, and Victoria was largely abandoned, as these were in those days the food supply for everybody. Nevertheless, the mission has done and is doing good work, quite a number of mixed bloods and Indians have settled during the years in the vicinity, and the missionary has had plenty to do. There are now five appointments, all purely missionary. We drove on to Saddle Lake, forty miles distant, where the Rev. Orrin German is labouring, and camped for the night at the Agency, being treated with real hospitality by the Agent, Mr. Ross, and his family. Here we had the pleasure of meeting Major McGibbon, the Inspector of Indian Agencies. At Victoria and Saddle Lake the people were mostly away hunting and fishing and it was impossible for us to see them, but we learned that there were quite a few of the Saddle Lake folk at Whitefish Lake, and we would see them there. Major McGibbon and Mr. Ross very kindly offered Mr. Nelson and

myself seats with them from here to Whitefish Lake and back, which was a saving of eighty miles to our ponies, and besides, gave us the pleasure of the company of these gentlemen, which is no small item for us, under the change which has come, so immense is the country, as it is still the "Great Lone Land." After a pleasant drive with lunch by the side of a brook, we reached the mission in the evening and were comfortably camped with Rev. Robert Steinhauer and his mother and her family. Mr. Steinhauer has built a very good and commodious mission house, but as he is not married, he prefers living with his mother, whose home is adjacent to the mission premises. Here we also met Mr. McIntyre, the mission teacher, and we were glad to renew acquaintance with a number of old friends, whom we had known years ago, when the surroundings often tried men's souls. Sunday was in climate one of those glorious days in the North-West, clear and crisp, and the young missionary in charge was determined to make the most of it, so we had a full house at the morning service in Cree, a love-feast and sacrament of the Lord's supper in the afternoon, and a large missionary meeting at night. Many of the people came long distances, yet they stayed all day, attended the three services, and heartily enjoyed them all. At the missionary meeting between seventy and eighty dollars were subscribed and it was cheerfully given. God's presence was with us all through the day, and in fancy and faith, I could feel the presence of the old missionary, Rev. Henry B.

Steinhauer, whose grave is just behind the church. For years he had given himself to the creation of this oasis in the wilderness. In everything material and moral, all was wild and crude, but against the tide he struggled with mighty faith, and a settlement grew up, a church was formed, and a regenerate and loyal people came to the front, and to-day, in this congregation and mission and missionary, we see some of the results. Many of his converts are with him in heaven, and many of them, we have seen and heard to-day, are on the way. On Monday we held a short Council with the Chiefs and Headmen of Whitefish Lake, and Goodfish Lake, and straightened out some difficulties, peeped into the day schools, and then started on our return. We camped on Monday night at Saddle Lake, drove all day Tuesday in the teeth of a cold north-west snow-storm, camped and held a meeting at Victoria, made the sixty-three miles to Sturgeon River on Wednesday, and came to Edmonton for dinner on Thursday. We assayed to cross the Saskatchewan, but could not with our team, as the ice was not strong enough, but on Mr. Nelson's suggestion, I crossed in a basket slung to the wire rope on which the ferry runs in the summer—a novel and very balloonish style of travel, yet effective, and camping with some old friends on the south side of the river, I caught the train in the morning, which brought me to Battle River in a short time. Meeting an Indian, he told me that I would find my wife at the Agency, so hiring another Indian with his pony and jumper, I took my first

sleigh ride of the season down the Agency, and was glad to find wife and friends well. Saturday, I drove with Mr. Clink, the Indian Agent, over the Reserves, of which there are three in the Agency, and was pleased to note the marked improvement in the industry of the Indians. They have had fine crops, the grain is of the first quality, and is now about threshed. They have done most of their fall ploughing, and it is remarkably well done. Their homes are comfortable, and altogether I was gratified with what I saw. We went to the west end, where the Rev. C. E. Somerset is located, held an informal talk with the people and came back to the Agency, where we had Chief Samson and his wife, with other friends, to dinner. On Sunday I preached once in Cree and once in English. We camped from Sunday night till Tuesday morning with Rev. E. B. Glass and family, and tried to sandwich in some translating, and on Tuesday, Mr. Glass drove us over to Woodville, where we found that Mr. Nelson had reached home on Saturday night, the ice having become sufficiently strong to permit crossing on Friday. We remained till Wednesday, when Mr. Nelson drove us to the railway station, where we took the train for home. During our trip, Mr. Nelson has met and become acquainted with the constituency from which he expects to draw our scholars for the School now being built by the Government at the Red Deer. It was necessary that he should see the people, and that they should become acquainted with him, and because of this, independent of his other work, it was wise for



Mr. Nelson to take the trip. He very kindly, at his own cost, furnished the team and rig, and we have had a satisfactory and enjoyable time together. We drove six hundred and seventy-two miles, and my wife and I rail-roaded three hundred and twenty-two.

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## *Chapter XIX—Lake Winnipeg and Beyond*

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NINE hundred miles lay between Morley and Winnipeg, and it was impossible for lack of time to visit his old haunts of 1860 on Lake Winnipeg. With the completion of the railroad, and a regular line of steamships on the lake, he went almost every year to these missions. In July, 1888, he went on a missionary tour, accompanied by the Rev. James Woodsworth and Rev. Joshua Dyke, up Lake Winnipeg, four hundred miles. The Rev. A. W. Ross, with a York boat and a crew of five Indians, carried them on the Fisher River. Here there was an Indian Reserve three miles long, by five miles wide, containing about nine thousand acres of land, on which were settled ninety families numbering between three and four hundred persons. This was an offshoot from Norway House, which had removed to this place about eleven years before. Chief David Rundle hoped that the Church at Fisher River would be enlarged, and that there would be a women's prayer-meeting held, similar to the one on week days, conducted by Mrs. George McDougall at Norway House when she resided there.

One of the native boatmen, named George, was a fine specimen of manhood, standing six feet and two inches. He was an expert cook, intelligent and generous. On their way down the Fisher River, he called at an Indian house on the

shore to get a paddle, and was seen to hesitate. Upon inquiring the cause the party was informed that the inmates were engaged in family prayer. On the banks of the Jack Head River there was a settlement of eighteen families of Chippewa Indians, which was visited occasionally by Rev. A. W. Ross. An Anglican catechist had been resident among them during the past winter, so Mr. Ross had ceased his ministrations there. Travelling on to Berens River, named after one of the Governors of the Hudson's Bay Company, the visitors heard native women singing sweetly some hymns which they had learned from the missionaries. As they approached the mission a large number of Indians came in their birch canoes, and gave them a great welcome. Dinner was procured from the pound, where the sturgeon were kept, after being caught in the lake. Some of them weigh one hundred pounds, and have been well named "the pork of the north." Services were held and the school inspected. The scholars received two biscuits each per day, and when the supply ran short the attendance considerably decreased.

The howling of the husky dogs kept them awake during the night, but out early on the lake, away they sped toward the north, past the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Poplar River, where the light lingered during the night, and on to Spider Island, with its grand beach and fertile plateau. Continuing the journey they reached historic ground, and gazed enraptured upon places familiar to the trappers and Hudson's Bay Com-

pany two hundred years ago. At the "Old Fort," now known as Warren's Landing, the buildings had crumbled into dust. Sailing down Playgreen Lake, dotted with many beautiful islands, they came to the home of William Isbister, who had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company for forty-one years, but of later years had been at Nelson River, where he held regular services among the Indians. On the way they passed the site of the original Norway House fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, two hundred years old, now overgrown with grass and trees, and arrived at Norway House, the name of the Hudson's Bay Company's post, and Rossville, the mission, also called Norway House. Edward Paupanakis was the native preacher in charge. Mr. Dixon, a fur trader from Nelson River, spoke very highly of the people in that locality. There had been an epidemic of measles during the past winter, and in one place the dead were left unburied, and in the spring the dogs had devoured the bodies. The fort at Norway House, situated on the bank of the river, covers about three acres of land surrounded by a fence, and within this enclosure, the buildings were arranged in a quadrangle, while at some distance on a hill was the powder magazine. Adjoining the fort there was a garden of vegetables and small fruits, and in the centre stood a sun dial, having a plate of lead about eight inches in diameter, which, the chief factor, Ewing McDougall, explained, had been set up by Sir John Franklin. The inscription on the dial is

|           |    |           |
|-----------|----|-----------|
| LONGITUDE | 97 | 56        |
| LATITUDE  | 53 | 59 J.H.F. |

Chief Thomas Mustagun entertained the visitors with an account of one of the relief expeditions in search of Franklin, of which he was the guide. John McDougall, writing about the aged chief, said:

There is something kingly about the old man, and it is no wonder that he is said, by his keen instinct and real pluck, to have saved the lives of Dr. Rae and his party while on an Arctic expedition. His very appearance speaks of such an action.

Three years after the journey just recorded John McDougall went northward with the Rev. John Semmens, and he writes:

Through the kindness of Mr. Clarke of the Northern Department of the Hudson's Bay company, we carried a letter of credit to the gentlemen in charge of the Posts throughout the districts we expected to travel on our trip, and I must say that we met with uniform courtesy and kindness wherever we went among the Hudson's Bay Company's people, which added not a little to the pleasure and comfort of our trip.

Arriving at Fisher River Mission, where the Rev. W. P. McHaffie was stationed, after a stormy passage, they found the treaty payments were in progress:

The Indian Agent with his staff were there, the traders with their outfits, and the whole settlement was astir, for this was an event in the year, breaking the monotony of the simple, every-day life of the people. Notwithstanding the excitement, we held some interesting services, and explained the prob-



ability of the opening of an Industrial School, which was welcome news to the Indians. We noted with pleasure the esteem in which the Mission party is held by all in this vicinity, and gathered from observation that the work of God is growing, and Christian civilization making progress at Fisher River.

In the midst of a terrible storm they managed to reach Berens River without any mishap.

The hoisting of the mission flag being a signal to the people, they soon began to gather. This flag was said to be a present from Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, who some time ago had visited this spot, and who, from all I can learn, is taking a lively interest in the welfare of the Indians in Manitoba and Keewatin. We spent a busy day, our meetings were seasons of grace, God's blessing rested upon all, and it did my heart good to see the joy of the people in seeing once more, their old missionary, Rev. John Semmens, and when they heard that he was to be the Principal of the new Industrial School, they felt that they could, unreservedly, place confidence in the enterprise, in fact, several came and prospectively gave their children to the Institution.

Leaving Berens River Mission on their way to Norway House, before reaching Lobstick Island, five miles distant, they passed the mission house built and occupied by Rev. E. R. Young when he was stationed at this mission. The missionary at Norway House, Rev. Edward Eves, being absent on their arrival, they started in a Peterborough

canoe for Oxford House, two hundred miles distant.

Across a lake, down a river, over a portage, on we go. In the evening, we leave the waters of the Nelson proper, and begin the ascent of one of its tributaries. We are now on the old highway to Europe. For over a century this has been the way of ingress and egress to and from this great North-West. Merchants, military men, scientists, explorers, and missionaries have come and gone by this route, and for more than a century this has been the import and export road for the Hudson's Bay Company. Half the continent depended upon this primitive highway for all the necessities of life, to say nothing of the luxuries, and yet the whole is as in the beginning. There are no locks to improve navigation, and no tramways across portages. Men were the locomotive power, and men were the pack animals. Verily by the sweat of his brow, man earned his pemmican, as with the stars still seen in the western sky, he started on his day's journey, and with them twinkling bright about him, he threw himself on the ground to rest for an hour or two. There are but two seasons in this Northland, winter and summer, the one is cold, as we can testify by experience, and the other is hot, as the abundant and luxurious growth of vegetation amply demonstrate, and knowing that he had but the short summer, wherein to do all the transport service for the numerous Forts and Posts throughout this great, big land, no wonder the hardy voyageur was for the time being, the most driven and hardest

worked mortal in the world. Camping late, starting early, paddling up stream, and across a beautiful lake dotted with islands, then into another river, which, as we ascend, gradually narrows, and soon we are at the end, not of all things, but of this stream, for butting right up against the solid rock, we must portage across one hundred feet of granite, and float our canoe on the waters of another stream. This spot is called by the Indians Etowmohwis, or in English "The waters running down both ways," for now having made the portage, we are going down stream, and after a few miles join a still greater waterway, which we follow across lakes, over portages, down rapids, one of them being the scene of a narrow escape from drowning, which my father and his interpreter and man had in the later summer of 1860. The canoe upset and they were all swept over the rapid. The interpreter swam ashore, but the man stuck to the canoe, and when father, who had on a big overcoat, for it was a cold morning, came up, he shoved and worked the end of the canoe toward him, the man calling out, "Catch hold, master; hold on, master;" and after some time, master and man, with the overturned canoe, swept into an eddy, and thus reached the shore. Gun, ammunition, provisions, cooking utensils, were all gone, and had it not been for a small piece of pemmican which floated, and was found in an eddy down stream, they would have had a hard time, as they were one hundred and forty miles from home. Rev. Edward Paupanakis and family and all the people received us gladly, and we were made to feel, almost

before it has begun, that our visit was much appreciated. Here we met some of the natives from Spirit Lake, away east of this, and a few from Island Lake, still farther in the interior. We conversed, we preached, we sang, we administered the Sacraments, we listened to fervid, heartfelt Christian experiences, and thus passed Sunday and Monday, and Tuesday morning started on our return trip to Rossville. Rev. Edward Paupanakis came with us that far, and part of the way we had the company of two of the Hudson's Bay Company's boats going to Norway House for supplies. These were manned by our people from Oxford House, nine men to each boat. We camped together the first night, and improved the time with a short service. The next morning, while Mr. Semmens and I were still under the blankets, I was awakened by the soft, sweet notes of Gainsborough, and as I listened to the plaintive singing of the men and the fervent prayer of one of them which followed before they shoved into the current, and began the hard work of another day, I blessed God for the transformation He had wrought through the preaching of His Word. The savage, ignorant, superstitious, brutish, selfish man was actually coming up, and that in a few years, out of these conditions and grasping God, and though yet afar off, still perceiving the Father, and that the Lord who has given to the Church this, the greatest of privileges, the bringing of salvation to men, would energize the Church to renewed zeal was the burden of my prayer. We had one of the best guides in the country, and he took us by another route, across a

hill, which was a great natural lock. He took us southward, avoiding many of the rapids and portages of our downward trip, and when we did strike a rapid, he knew the currents, now calling for a strong effort, when we all went to the paddle, then steering us into an eddy, which swept us up, then across a strong current at its weakest point. This man in his way was a politician, an economist, a philosopher, and soon we learned to place the utmost confidence in his guidance. At Ross-ville, we found the Treaty payments were in full blast, and found the Agent and Traders all busy, so we plied our craft in conversation, preaching, teaching, visiting the sick, administering the sacraments, and making preparation for a still longer canoe trip. We met Mr. McColl, Inspector of Indian Agencies, who had been down as far as Cross Lake, about seventy miles on the line of our contemplated journey. On his way back, he had come to grief by upsetting his canoe, bursting it on a rock, losing the most of his travelling equipment, including tents and bagpipes, and he was thankful that no lives had been lost.

We took to the canoe once more for the longer voyage down and up to Nelson House, hoping to reach our destination in six days, which is fifty miles a day, with all the portages thrown in. Passing Cross Lake Post and Mission, we called and promised to stop on the return journey. Down we go, descending the continent, steady at times into medium currents, then passing in the descent on the lake levels, again jumping down by "rapid leaps" five, ten, twenty, fifty feet at a time, and on we go, into and towards the



unknown, wild, north land. We leave the Nelson, and making a portage of two miles, strike another system of waterways, magnificent lakes teeming with fish, and wild fowl crowded into thousands of islands beautiful in their solitude. We saw bears several times, tracked moose and reindeer, but except for a few ducks to vary and replenish our larder, we did not stop. Early and late we rush onward, one mile and two miles and shorter portages, with muskegs, between, become monotonous, still we pluck up courage and go on, for there is no one to blame, as every one of us knew all about it before we started. Suddenly descending a small stream, we come out on the Burnt-Wood, a mighty river of the north. We strike it at the foot of the Clam Falls, a most picturesque spot, but there is no time to be lost in contemplation or in rapturous gaze. It is "Grab your loads, boys," and up the hill around the Falls, and out again to the stream above them, and on, still Saturday night found us thirty-five miles short of Nelson House and a violent wind dead in our teeth, so we had to submit, and spend the day under the lee of a point on Beaver Dam Lake.

While our men slept we revised the proof sheets of a translation in Cree Syllabic, of Scripture Texts, arranged under several heads, which Mr. Semmens is trying to have published for our people. Early next morning we were under way, though the wind was still contrary, and the pull was a hard one, but the Sabbath rest was opportune, as it always is, and about three o'clock we came to a camp of our people. At first, they could

hardly believe for joy. Then they crowded around us, and never in all my experience have I met with such a reception. Mr. Semmens was their first missionary, and their first intelligent ideas of light and life and liberty and heaven had come to them through him. No wonder these simple hearted people were overjoyed to see him, and as for myself, I had met the boatmen of this camp at Norway House three years ago, and had been privileged to preach to them in their mother tongue, and now I felt that we were mutually glad to renew the acquaintance. We stopped but a little while, promising to return next day, for an all-day service with them, and as it was raining hard, pushed on to the Post, five miles farther, where the rest of the population was camped. There we met with another grand welcome, and were received most kindly by the Postmaster and his good wife, who entertained us in their home with real hospitality. In the evening we had a service which was full of interest, as the people were hungry for the Gospel, and next morning we had a service with our friends of the previous day, spending several hours with them. Back to the Post, where another service was held on the following day, administering the Sacrament to those we deemed worthy, and exhorting all to renewed consecration to God, we bade them a solemn farewell, as they all followed us to the canoe. The Hudson's Bay Company's officer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Stout, were profuse in their kindness to us, all through our stay, and blessed us in our departure. Stopping with our congregation of the day before, we continued our work,

administering the Sacrament, and married several couples, and after plainly placing the Gospel before them, we bade them farewell.

In the meantime, Mr. Semmens and I had come to the conclusion that some action towards supplying these people with a missionary should be made, and we decided to send S. D. Gaudin to them. He had been teaching at Rossville, and had shown some traits essential to success in this kind of work, having been studying the language and making good progress in it. During our Northern trip, Rev. John Semmens and I boated one thousand miles, travelled by canoe another thousand miles, made seventy-seven portages, and visited all our missions in the north.

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## *Chapter XX—The Wild North Land*

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A NOTABLE journey was made through the wild Northland in the summer of 1898, when John McDougall, accompanied by his wife and two children, travelled over the country of mighty rivers, beautiful lakes, rough portages, nasty muskegs, and dangerous rapids. The tragic death by drowning of Rev. Edward Eves, of Norway House, in 1893, at Pelican Rapid, was still vivid in the memory of the natives when this adventurous party arrived at Norway House, bound for the distant missions of the North. The erection of the new building for the Indian Boarding School had just begun by Rev. John Nelson with native help, and John McDougall spent some time inspecting the plans and arrangements, holding services and finally securing an outfit for the journey. Off they went in high spirits and with noble courage.

The breath of summer was all around us, rank vegetation, rich foliage, varied flora, island and headland, wide and placid course, and narrow gorge, swift currents and rushing rapids and falls and portages, so on we glide.

Rev. Edward Paupanakis was entertaining the mission party in the boat with stories of the old days, when they came to the head of White Mud Falls,

and standing beside the grave of Rev. Edward Eves, who was drowned some years ago in the vicinity, we uncovered our heads

and laid some flowers on the lone mound, and felt strangely moved with sorrow at the untimely death of our missionary. He died on the battleground, and as we turned, and on across the portage, we could not help quoting and changing the old lines:

“But little he’ll reck, if they let him sleep  
on  
In the grave where a Christian hath  
laid him.”

They reached the upper end of “The Lake of Many Vistas,” which is a widening of the Nelson River into many channels, signified by the one word in Cree, “Sepawske.”

Right here there is a stretch of magnificent navigation, for one hundred and twenty-five miles, and doubtless the day will come when steamers will ply these waters. The Hudson’s Bay Railway, when built, will open up these inland waterways.”

Whenever they saw a few Indian lodges on the shore the mission party stopped and held a religious service. This was done many times on this journey.

We ran the Spirit Rapids, one of the most dangerous on the route, many accidents having taken place at this point, and my men were more than usually careful, and indeed, the greatest skill was necessary to prevent loss and catastrophe. No wonder the early voyageurs called this the “Spirit Rapid,” as it looked as if a great shoal of fearful monsters had been let loose, and the shapes and sounds were fearsome and awe-inspiring. When at



the foot of the rapid, and we had embarked once more, there came up along the precipitous and rocky shore an eddying tidal wave that looked like a great serpent, winding its sinuous length and scraping its sides against the granite banks, acting as if it would find intense delight in crushing our frail craft, and only the strongest management of my men saved us from disaster.

Of his arrival at the village of the Spirit Lake he writes:

There was great excitement as the word went forth: "The Praying men are here! The men who speak in our tongue are with us!" Birch canoes glided here and there, bringing in the stragglers, and by 10 a.m. we found a fine gathering of eager and hungry souls, listening to the preaching of the Gospel. Some of them had followed us, coming from thirty to one hundred and thirty miles for the privilege of hearing the message which God gave us for them. All day long we worked in the open, with large congregations, and in the homes of brush and birch and factory-cotton lodges around our tent. We baptized, administered the Sacrament, sang and prayed and preached until dusk, and weary in mind and body, but glad in spirit, we slept. Early the next morning we held a short Council with the headmen and then bade them farewell. The whole population followed us to the shore and gave us their blessing. These were the people to whom our early missionaries ministered, while going to the interior, then the Church of England established missions on the coast of

Hudson's Bay, and Bishop Horden and his coadjutors laboured amongst them and to-day they are Christians and very faithful to the teachings of their missionaries. Owing to climatic and commercial conditions, they left the coast, and planted themselves on the islands and shores of Spirit Lake. They are looking for a missionary, but in the meantime, one of their number, Joseph Kechegechik (Great Sky) is their spiritual leader, and our one day's acquaintance with this man made us feel that he was earnest and true and a fine example of what the Gospel can do for the North-West Indian. Bishop Horden spent forty years among the northern Crees and Esquimaux, and the islands and coast lines, and banks of the tributary streams of Hudson and James Bays, are resounding with the songs of salvation, and many men and women are glad because of the hope of the Gospel. Forty years of hardship and sublime isolation on the part of a few faithful missionaries have brought joy and freedom for many souls.

The mission party next arrived at Nelson House, where

Some of the natives never saw a horse, and to grasp the idea of a locomotive is entirely beyond their comprehension. The Post is situated at the head of a lovely Bay, with gentle, sloping shores, and has an island athwart its mouth, giving shelter and adding to the picturesqueness of the spot. Approaching we were met with the firing of guns, and the hoisting of the Flag, which for more than two hundred years has hung over the whole Northland, emblematic of Britain's

rule, and the Hudson's Bay Company's peaceful policy in dealing with the native people.

As we paddled out of the bay, between us and the island which guards its entrance there came in view a bright new birch bark canoe, urged swiftly on its course by the vigorous paddling of three young women. The symmetrical shaped bay, the gently sloping and densely forest clad shores, the heavy foliage, just now fresh glistening in the sun, the lonely island, the placid lake, the birch canoe down almost to the water in the middle, but with bow and stern higher out, and tastefully turned, the strong, supple forms, the long black braids of hair, and the neat and tastefully coloured costumes, as they swung in concert with the paddles, and the swift mounting of the tiny vessel—the whole scene made an intensely pretty picture, which was at once real and fitting for the place and the people. Friday evening our party was augmented by the arrival of Mr. Dowling, of the Staff of the Dominion Geological Survey. He had gone in by way of Saskatchewan and Cumberland, and had been over the waters of the Churchill and had come down the Burnt Wood to Nelson House. These men are the map makers of our great Dominion. Many hardships and profound isolation are endured by these surveyors, and they are doing splendid service for Canada, as it is through their persistent efforts that the geography and resources of the country are made known.

These Nelson House people, about four hundred in number, roam over an immense area. Some will winter on the edge of the

Barren Lands in the far North. Fur hunting and moose and deer slaying have been the chief means of livelihood. Some are beginning to start gardens and live in houses, and these keep nearer the missions and schools, and steadily prepare for that day which is undoubtedly coming, when the area these now cover in their wanderings will be peopled by as many thousands as there are units now. Hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile soil, on mainland and island, all tillable; millions of tons of rock, doubtless rich in purpose, and much of it millable; endless water power, all usable, and full of unending energy; a hot, quick summer and steady consistent winter, and in this climate will be bred and grow a strong, vigorous race of men. Even now are before me, notwithstanding nomadism and barbarism and sublime isolation, a fine lot of men and women. Ask Mr. and Mrs. Gaudin about the Nelson House folk, and with emphasis they will tell you that their people will average favourably with any of the family of men, for they are law abiding without law courts or police, a docile, reverent and teachable band of aboriginal men.

Returning from Nelson House they met a canoe with two men bringing a boatman home who had one of his feet badly crushed, when crossing a portage, and they had to carry him over the rough places. Later on they met some boats, and though it was raining hard, they stood together under the lee of an island while John McDougall preached to them. A hymn was then sung, a prayer offered, and they parted, some going north and the mission

party heading for the south. On they go, over lakes, portages, rapids and muskegs, a wild country, with vast resources and wonderful scenery.

Some of these inland lakes are gems of beauty, myriads of islands dot the surface, and the waters team with fish. In and out, over lakes and across portages we go, just stopping to boil the kettle and eat, then away. So much rain, everything is heavy, but our men are wonders in strength and activity. My companion, Edward Paupanakis, vies with the men in paddling and portaging with great loads and across long stretches, and when we take to the canoe, it is one continuous heavy pull with the paddles, no rest whatever until nightfall, and still our men are loyal and kind, and almost affectionate in their service to us by the way, as we sing our hymns, as we take turns in prayer and travel.

Twenty-two days were spent on the journey from Norway House to Nelson House and return. During this time the party travelled, by canoe and on foot, eight hundred miles, made sixty-seven portages, and held twenty-three religious services.

McDougall was back again at Norway House early in August, 1900, with his wife and son, Douglas, aged three years, bent on a journey into the interior, fraught with danger and hardship.

We left the down flow of the Nelson River and ascended one of its tributaries, a narrow stream with dense forests, rank vegetation, rich flora and intense heat. Fortunately Mrs. McDougall had brought an umbrella. All day long we climbed the ridges, portaged



twice over improvised locks, which make navigation easier. We are on the old route of the Hudson's Bay Company, more than two centuries old, and every turn speaks of age and toil and conflict. This might be called the muscle and strain route, as it is the paddle and pole, and sweep and rope. From the old nations of Europe to the highlands of the far North and West of America, this was the course. We are repeating history as our men strain and pull and paddle and portage up and over this tortuous stream, and history will again repeat itself when the Hudson's Bay Railway is built, and the commerce and intercourse of many peoples is turned this way. After a few miles we met a brigade of Hudson's Bay Company's boats, manned with our people from Oxford House, and we put ashore to exchange news and hold a service. While the men were hurriedly cooking their meal, I gave them a lecture on modern transportation, which made them wonder, and prepared their minds for the message of the Gospel, while the storm had made smooth the floor of our sanctuary, and the clefts in the hills echoed our songs of praise. With these boats were some passengers from the far North, a family, the head of which had spent forty years in the Hudson's Bay Company's service. The hot weather we were experiencing was too much for this man, who remarked when we were five hundred miles north of the forty-ninth parallel, "I don't think I can stand this southern climate!"

Up to this point I was somewhat familiar with the route. During the winter of 1860

and 1861, I came this far with my father; again I was here during the winter of 1861 and 1862, when our missionary at Jackson's Bay, fifteen miles from this point, was the Rev. Charles Stringfellow. We met old men who talked about our old missionaries, Revs. Arthur Brooking, Charles Stringfellow, Orrin German and Enos Langford, and remembering the teaching of these consecrated men, are holding fast to the faith they preached and lived among the people. We are now going into what is to us an unknown country. All day long we are going downstream, making our portages, running fifteen rapids and camping on the shores of a beautiful lake, called the *Lame Knee*. It is raining and we put up our tent in haste and are soon under canvas. Next day we left the lake before noon and ascended the Wolf River, up over four portages, around cascades, down rapids and camped in the rain, which had been pouring down, but we did not stop for that, so went on till late in the evening, and sought rest. Off again in the morning, we came out into a lake and crossing it struck the Muskeg Portage, fully three miles long and hard to travel over, as it was moss and water and mud, the most water-soaked country we had travelled. Mrs. McDougall had started with an umbrella and a paddle, but soon she was glad to give me the umbrella, and she used the paddle as a spring pole, with which she jumped from lump to lump. Even the men found this portage hard work, and about the middle of it, reached a bit of high ground, where they were glad to take some rest. While there, some God's Lake Indians caught up to us, and with their small

canoes and practically nothing in them, they were steaming with perspiration, yet they gladly took hold and helped us across the rest of the portage. Hearty, simple souls, how their eyes bulged, and with what earnest attention they listened as we told them of both worlds. No newspapers, no literature except a few translations, no wonder these poor fellows were glad to meet someone who could speak to them about divine things in their own tongue. We were now out on God's Lake, a fine sheet of fresh water, full of whitefish, trout and other fish; a beautiful forest, lovely islands, large and small, dotted its surface, as far as we could see, but as a head wind made our progress slow, it was late in the evening when we camped in a sheltered nook. Next morning we battled against a strong wind and turbulent sea, but such was the buoyancy of our canoe and the dexterity of our men that we shipped but little water, and when we came to the Post, our arrival was hailed with delight by the natives, and soon we were domiciled in the home of the Hudson's Bay Company's officer, who, with his family, was away, but having left the key with his deputy, we occupied his home during our stay. Indeed I have always felt at home at the Hudson's Bay Company's Posts, living as long as I have in association with the officers and men of the great Company, and I feel as if I formed part of it, and thus have I been treated all through the years. Kindness and help on every journey, and cheerful hospitality at the Posts have been the uniform experience of my life in the Hudson's Bay country. At God's Lake our Indians had

erected a small church, rude and rough, but quite comfortable, just as good as some I worshipped in during my early boyhood in Ontario, and a little farther down, they had put up a neat little house for the missionary to occupy during his periodical visits.

Soon after our arrival, messengers went out to apprise hunting and fishing parties, and towards evening some of them began to come in. When I announced on Saturday that two services would be held on the Sabbath, a deputation came late at night and asked as a great favour that three services would be held. All day Saturday canoes were arriving, and on Sunday we had great congregations. These were a docile people, a distinct type from the Indians of the Plains, and it would be easier to handle thousands of canoe and dog-train people, than as many hundreds of the buffalo and horse Indians. I believe that God blessed our visit to God's Lake, and when early on Monday morning we embarked to continue our journey, a large crowd came to the shore to see us off and give us their blessing.

God's Lake is about one hundred and fifty miles long, and our course being southward, with a fair wind and sail up, and three paddles, we made quick time. Between the islands across the wide stretches, with a stiff breeze, while I held the sail sheet, we rushed our frail bark through the rolling waves. Mrs. McDougall at first was a little nervous, but soon saw that we knew what we were about. It was dark when we reached the mouth of the river we were to ascend to Island Lake. The murmur and rush and ripple of cataracts, the call of the loon, the quack of a

duck, the splash of a fish, the swish of a pelican's wing, we heard as we sailed on, then dense solitude, solemn darkness and weird loneliness, and though there were only five of us, we soon forgot the dangers and weariness, as we sat around the camp-fire. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord" sounded in our ears, and had not this idea seized us, we would not have been there, for no pittance of salary would for a moment keep us in this work. We are pioneers of the mightiest of forces; the dignity of our high calling fills us with joy, and at the same time with great abasement.

Three days were spent at God's Lake, then the mission party left for Island Lake. One day they made seven portages, and ran seven rapids; another day the record is eight portages and fifteen rapids, and still another day it is fifteen portages and twenty rapids, and many dangers.

For a minute or two, sometimes, our canoe poised itself on the brink of a fall, and it was doubtful as to who would win, but our two boatmen and myself would bend to the paddles, and then with a cheer, would surmount the crisis and pass on, and all this with hardly a scratch to our canoe, and no mishap. Before many of the folk were aware we arrived at the Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Island Lake, where the officer in charge made us welcome, and the Indians were glad. Except some of the boatmen, these people were strangers to us, but very soon we were as old friends, and while breakfast was cooking, we inspected the garden and were glad to see the plentiful supply of vegetables. It was



the 23rd of August, and everything was well matured. There were onions, carrots, beets, beans, peas, turnips and potatoes, and the last were ripe and dry and mealy. What a breakfast—fresh whitefish just out of the lake, and large, mealy potatoes steaming hot. Mrs. McDougall and our little son, Douglas, were thankful and delighted with the change. We had passed through thousands of acres of similar soil, experienced days and weeks of similar climate, and passed over millions of fish. We were by the boat route fully eight hundred miles from Winnipeg and by the shortest canoe route six or seven hundred miles, and yet, this was all north-east of Lake Winnipeg, far from the great plains of the Big Saskatchewan and Peace River, and the Mackenzie River and the Athabasca countries. Truly, we as Canadians have a great mission, to so occupy and govern this big, rich country in the name of God, and our common humanity, that the world will be blessed, and our Lord glorified. The man who has seen as much of the rich wilderness as I have, cannot possibly have any sympathy with the cry against foreigners who desire to become settlers on the land. None but a selfish politician would raise such a cry, and none but ardent office seekers and partisans would take it up. Here is room for millions of settlers! My own District would give each unit in the population of the United States ten acres. What a country wherein man can dwell!

We found the Indians at Island Lake had erected a small church, with very few nails in it, and no glass in the windows, as freight is

at a premium. The whole import of flour into this big district is one hundred sacks a year, which covers transport and home requirements, with a small margin for sale to anyone, and the Indians live on flesh and fish, as they have not become tillers of the soil.

On their way home to Norway House, it was a succession of portages, rapids, lakes, rivers and dangerous storms.

We made six portages and covered a long distance up streams, across lakes, in and out among innumerable islands, wonderful scenery, lovely nooks, where even the tracks of the nomadic Indian were few and faint. This was solitude sublime! How many times every day I was glad that I had my wife and little son with me, especially on the rainy days, as through weird and solemn channels, our little craft sped on its course. When the day became cold, we gathered around our huge campfire on the shore, and Douglas and I went so far as to make some taffy, which everybody enjoyed, and our little man said: "Papa is a good taffy maker!"

During the night a big electrical storm came near us, and made me wakeful, as amid the flashes of lightning there came peals of thunder which shook the foundations of our camp, and I thought how dependent we were with one guide and no trail, and if something happened to him, how long would the other man and myself be in finding our way out of this labyrinth of lake and river. We saw for a few moments one of those natural scenes which photograph themselves upon the memory. As we were rounding a point, we heard

a plunge, and saw a large buck caribou, which we had startled at his midday meal. He now faced us, head erect, antlers still in velvet, clean, slick and fat, a perfect creature as he stood looking at us. The beautiful sheet of water, the rounded promontories, on either hand, the sheltered cove in which he stood, the primeval forest behind, the low-hanging clouds above, and this glorious animal in attitude and look challenging our right to invade. We saw it all, and as my rifle was packed because of constant rain, I reached for it in vain, and he, with one splendid spring, disappeared in the thicket. For the rest of the day I was unconsciously thinking of something I had lost; it was the shot I might have had!

Early next morning William, our guide, lost his way and for a couple of hours little was said by anyone. He was an excellent guide, but some years had elapsed since he had been on the route, and the marks were so few, and the lakes and islands, the points and bays and rivers, so many, and the country so large, that it was no wonder he was bewildered, and we all felt sorry for him, as he was much humiliated. However, we retraced part of our course and with intense joy found the clue, and went on our way. We approached the long portages which formed the summit, with dense timber, rocky ridges, soft and yielding and at times bottomless muskegs. It was hard work for all of us, but terrible for my poor wife, while at the longest and worst of the portages the air was hot and this brought out the flies and midges in millions. Little Douglas went to



Attacked by a Cow Moose while Foraging for Food





sleep on my back, where I had tied him in a shawl, as we went the full length of the Portage.

It was a country of beautiful scenery through which they passed, on "down a narrow, crooked river, through a picturesque country, high cliffs, ranges of hills, beautiful lakes and living streams.

Arriving at Norway House we found our daughter and all the mission folk well, and were handed letters from home, and one from our son in South Africa. Thank the Lord for all His mercy. No wonder I felt like preaching on that Sunday morning to the large congregation in the Mission Church.

During the day Rev. Edward Paupanakis, the native preacher, gave two addresses and John McDougall preserved the illustrations, which were unique. He was urging the people to diligence and the use of their opportunities and said:

To-day I saw a bird. With his wings he could fly far off into the distance. He could ascend into the heavens. He had wonderful ability, a strange and mysterious power, but when I was looking at him, he remained poised in one spot. Then he hung and looked lazy, and almost dead to his opportunity, and I thought, that bird is like many men and women who want to be Christians. God has given them wings, but they do not use them. They remain under the cloud of sin and unbelief, when they might soar above them. They remain down in the cold, when by faith they could mount up and be in the warmth

and blessedness of God's love. I also thought, with men it is worse than with this bird. He is not ascending, but also he is not descending, but remains in one place. With us men and women it is not so, for we cannot do that. If we are not ascending, if we are not learning and growing and becoming better, then we are descending and becoming worse. Oh! my friends, let us use the powers God has given us.

This strange and thrilling canoe journey occupied twenty-six days, during which the mission party crossed seventy-three portages, ran thirty-six rapids, and ascended twenty-four by dragging and poling. Some of these stages were very exciting and attended with many dangers, but fortunately all returned safely, without a single mishap, and Mrs. McDougall had the privilege and good fortune of travelling through some districts where a white woman had never before gone.

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## Chapter XXI—In Journeys Oft

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LIKE a wandering minstrel of the olden time, playing tunes for weary hearts, this man of the West travelled among the camps of the native tribes, inspiring the people to brave endeavour, and like Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, he pursued an unceasing quest for human souls, to tell in picturesque language the story of divine love. In another age and environment he would have been a worthy disciple of Francis Xavier, with the great word in his soul, "Amplius." The cry of this modern hunter of souls was ever "Further on!"

With the building of the Orphanage, begun at Morley in 1883, which was a heavy tax on the family exchequer, he was kept busy during the short respite at home. Then he was off again. He was incessant in his visits to the Indian Reserves, for the purpose of helping the natives, inspecting the schools, encouraging the missionaries and conferring with the Government Agents. On one of these numerous trips he turned up in 1893 at the town of Red Deer, redolent with the memories of the Rev. Dr. Leonard Gaetz. Here he attended an English service conducted by the Rev. Ernest S. Barker, and an old-fashioned class meeting, led by Mr. Isaac Gaetz, and spent two days inspecting the industrial institution. Rev. Robert Steinhauer, who had been appointed teacher, arrived with Chief Pakan, from Whitefish Lake, bringing seventeen pupils, and a number of

families anxious to see the place where their children were to be taught, and during their stay two services in Cree were held in the dining-room of the main building. Then he went on to Battle River Reserve and to Edmonton, where he found the Rev. George Hanna improvising a small home, until the new parsonage was finished. A few months later, on May 22, 1894, this young minister died at the early age of thirty-two years. Riding over the old trails, John McDougall becomes reminiscent and prophetic:

Once more we rise to the table lands, with the rapid running Saskatchewan stretching away with long, majestic bends at our feet. Thus far the years have brought no change to the country we have been passing through, for as it was in the beginning, so is it now, but that is no reason to suppose this will continue, for every mile is rich in grand possibilities, timber, coal, grass, soil, water, climate, all indicative of boundless wealth; the only want is men, and these will come, and this lone land will resound with the hum of a Christian civilization.

On the way to Whitefish Lake:

Every turn of the road is instinct with memories of the days that are gone. Yonder I camped alone one winter's night, no blankets, no food, but a rousing toothache, which kept me awake and doubtless saved me from freezing. Over there I once ran down a hill, and across a valley, and up another hill, faster perhaps than any man ever did, because I was naturally swift of foot, but chiefly on account of a big buffalo bull being after me.



The Third Indian Orphanage at Morley, Alta.





Head down, tail up, on he came, what signified two feet of snow! I flew, and did not waste any energy looking behind, until I reached the top of the next hill. I can laugh now as I see myself touching that snow-covered ravine, as by leaps and bounds I fled from that huge king of the plains. We killed him and packed part of the nicest portions of his carcass in our dog-sleds, and though we left all the head and neck, and back and rump bones, the meat we took home weighed nine hundred and sixty pounds.

Peter Erasmus, a native of Kildonan, an old guide, interpreter, translator, and school teacher, who was still preaching and teaching at ninety years of age, hale and hearty when the writer last met him, assisted in securing pupils at Goodfish Lake and Battle River Missions, and accompanied the party to the Industrial School at Red Deer. On one of these trips he is musing by the way:

Yonder is the valley of the Creek where years ago, in early spring, we came one morning on our way to District Meeting at Edmonton, and as I reached the raging flood with my four-in-hand, and my wife beside me on the seat, I prudently paused and called to the Rev. John Maclean, who was on horseback, "Please try the ford, Mac," and nothing daunted, the intrepid Scotchman spurred his steed into the dark water, full of melting snow, and floating ice. Splash and plunge, and down under went the cayuse, the preacher, buckskin suit and all! An ice-cold shower bath was nowhere alongside the suddenness of the dip. It almost took our breath away,

but Maclean was out, and we turned upstream to look for a better crossing. Soon our turn came, for it would not do to dally with our good brother missionary shivering on the bank, so with a jump my leaders took the current, in we went, and, almost upsetting, were across and out. And yonder is the Bluff, five miles away, toward which we hastened as fast as the snowdrifts would let us, in order to make a fire to warm and dry the missionary, whose leathern garments were now heavier to wear than all the dignity and titles the learned Doctor has since had placed upon him.

He was always urging the Indians to practise "ke-che-we-ge-too-win," which is the Indian word for Christian or lawful marriage, and means, "the great or true way of living together." As to the result of his ministrations among the Indians, he says:

I spoke to one of them, whose wife was very ill when I was last here, and when I asked him as to the manner of her death, he replied: "She died happy in Jesus. The Lord had taken our children, but he left us to each other, and we loved each other very much, so I prayed: 'Oh, Lord, if it is your will, spare my wife and restore her to health.' I saw her wasting away and my heart was sick, and my life was troubled. I waited on her day and night, but she was dying. Sunday morning was her last on earth, and she said: 'Joseph, go to church this morning. I will need you in the afternoon and evening, for I feel that I am going, and I want you beside me.' I did as she wanted me to do, and when I returned from church she said that she had dreamed of

heaven while I was at church. 'At first,' she said, 'I went with you in spirit to the service, then I went up higher. Oh, my husband, do not mourn for me, but be faithful and come to me up yonder,' and then she died and part of my life went from me, but Jesus helped me, and I said, 'Father, your will be done! You are wise! You are good!' And that is how I feel now." I looked backward beyond my dusky brother as he told me his story and I saw the savage, the torturing and slaying of wives and mothers and daughters, the devil worship, the darkness of superstition, and I saw in him the transformation brought about by the Gospel, a Christian gentleman, a loving husband and father, a genuine believer in God, and an earnest worker in his vineyard. As a humble missionary I took courage; fresh strength came to me, and as I shook hands with these Indians that night, I felt that they had done me good!

At Battle River Mission the Indians had erected a grist mill, under the direction of the Agent on the Reserve, having made a long ditch which tapped Battle River over a mile upstream, and this conveyed the motor power for the turbine to drive the machinery of the mill.

Leaving Morley on his way to Winnipeg, he had an unique experience with one of his Indian friends:

I had with me a typical Mountain Indian, Ne-sho-dao, or William Twin, who was going to the big Sportsman's Show in New York. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company had an exhibit in the show, and they

wrote me to secure for them a real Grizzly Bear Hunter, who could speak a little English, and I chose William. I took a section in the sleeper and told William to climb into the upper berth. He had climbed to giddy heights far above the clouds; he had watched the flashes of lightning, and felt the vibrations of thunder shocks below him; he had made his way on craggy ledges, with overhanging rocks above and sombre depths beneath; he had climbed and clung on mountain slopes; he had killed Big Horn Sheep and Mountain Goats, and huge grizzly bears, and now at fifty years of age he was having a new experience. An upper berth in a palatial sleeper, with spotless sheets and downy pillows, was such a radical change that William could not sleep, so with the first peep of day he quietly whispered down to me: "Are you awake? Is it not time to get up?" I replied, "Turn over and have another snooze." "Where are we now?" he whispered. Great was his surprise when I told him that we were one hundred and fifty miles from home! When we went to the diner and were seated, William was taking note of everything, and this man, who had spent all his life roaming in the mountains, said to me: "Now I am in an unknown land, but you know where we are going, and I have faith in you!"

On our arrival at Portage La Prairie, we caught our first glimpse of the Doukhobors, and I was impressed with them as being very conservative, their costume was heavy, their walk a mere drag, the weight of centuries was upon them. However, our climate will radically change them. At Winnipeg the cos-



mopolitan crowd at the station, the Main Street, the City Hall, the Hotel and the Elevator, were a series of wonders to my Grizzly Bear Hunter. In the evening we went to worship in Grace Church and this was an epoch in the history of my dusky brother. Ever since he gave his adherence to the Christian faith he had been building up to this time. In his father's lodge, in the tents of his people, on broad plains, by the rush of mountain streams, in dark canyons, on towering heights, my friend had worshipped and been blessed. In our little church at Morley his heart was often strangely moved, and well do I remember in one of our meetings he said: "Not long ago I came out of the mountains into the valley of the Bow River, the water was high and many trees were floating on the current; some were light and dry and kept the channel, and went swiftly down, but I saw one long weighted with water, sand and dirt, which sometimes grounded, then it sank, and seemed to lose its way altogether, and, as I stood and watched this weighted log, I thought that this was like me. The current of God's love and salvation are strong, but I am weighted with evil. I sink and I ground, and I stay behind, while the people of God are rushing on to righteousness and heaven. Ah, my friends, I saw myself and was sad. My heart was full of sorrow and I cried unto the Lord to forgive me, a poor sinner, and to take away my burden and to help me, that I might also go with His people in the way of salvation!" William had been struggling, praying and growing, and was blessed indeed, as he witnessed the large congregation, listened to the

organ and the choir, and the singing of the people. The large auditorium, the galleries, the electric lights, were a new and strange spectacle; the sermon was good and the whole service a benediction. We went to our room in the hotel, and sat in silence, and as I was reading a book, William said, "Ever since I determined to follow Jesus, I have thought of heaven and wondered what it was like, and I pictured to myself its light and beauty, but now I see that my thoughts were too low, for now my dreams have been realized. What I have seen and heard to-night is greater than all my dreams. I must lift up my eyes and dwell on larger and more beautiful things!" We prayed and went to bed. Next day we were kept busy visiting the Indian Commissioner, the Hudson's Bay Company, Wesley College, and the President of the Conference had to be interviewed in the interests of our Northern Missions. As William had to be taken from Winnipeg to Montreal and New York, we met by appointment, Mr. Griffin, Assistant Land Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was kind and courteous to William and myself, and on completing all arrangements, my Grizzly Bear Hunter and I travelled together to East Selkirk, where we parted, he for the great Metropolis, and I for the Wild North Land.

In his reminiscent moods, the old missionary was wont to tell with great glee of an early visit to Winnipeg in the days of the buffalo, accompanied by an Indian, when they pitched their tent on Colony Creek, now in the central part of the city. Sunday evening they attended worship in Grace

Church, where his dusky friend was enamoured with his new surroundings. Returning to the tent they were exchanging comments on the religious service, and his Indian friend burst out in a moment of confidence, "It was grand! It was wonderful! There were twelve lamps and the organ!—I liked the organ! And the singing was fine! And the men passed plates with money on them. How much did you get?"

"I did not get any money. I put some money on one of the plates," replied the missionary.

"You did not get any?" The Cree Indian looked at his friend, surprised that he had lost his opportunity. "You did not get any? Well, I got fifty cents!"

At an immigration convention in Winnipeg John McDougall advocated a vigorous policy for the purpose of bringing British settlers to the North-West, and of giving them advice and assistance on their arrival. Shortly after reaching home he was interviewed by the Cree Indian chief, Little Bear, from Battle River, with whom were discussed several problems relating to the band of about five hundred Indians. Formerly these people lived in the vicinity of Onion Lake and Frog Lake, places which were prominent during the Rebellion of 1885 as scenes of the massacre of white men. The chief, as well as his father, Big Bear, had taken part in the Rebellion, though Little Bear maintained that he was in one battle only, namely that at Frenchman's Butte. He was captured, tried and acquitted, and on account of the unsettled condition of the country, took his people to the United States, where they spent some

ten years roaming around Fort Benton, Fort Assiniboine and other military posts in Montana. They behaved themselves so well that they acquired considerable property in horses and wagons and had some money. The United States authorities gave them certificates of good behaviour during their residence in that part of the country. The Canadian Government having declared an amnesty they returned home, and as they were not conversant with the full terms of the amnesty, Chief Little Bear consulted John McDougall, finally prevailing upon him to accompany him as interpreter and counsellor to Ottawa, to interview Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister, Sir Clifford Sifton, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Hayter Reed, Deputy-Superintendent, and others interested in the welfare of the Indians. The chief was a good-looking man (forty-three years of age), intelligent, possessed of sterling qualities, and with some elements of greatness. His first question addressed to a newspaper man who called to interview him was, "How old are you?" On being informed, he replied: "Yes, I guessed it just right!" The principal object of his visit was to find out the precise meaning of the terms and conditions of the Government amnesty granted to him and his band. One of his requests was that his people be granted their arrears of treaty money for the ten years spent in exile. He stated that he was going to live in peace, and was anxious and ready to settle his people upon a reserve, and he asked the Minister of the Interior to provide him and his band with land, grain, farming implements, cattle, horses and other necessary assistance

to enable them to enter upon an agricultural life. This man had not yet accepted the Christian faith but was still a pagan, worshipping the sun, practising the Annual Thirst Dance, dependent upon the rites of the medicine-man, and yet the missionary was ready to sacrifice time and money to help him and his people, as he had done all his life, for the wildest tribes on the Western plains.

The appointment of Superintendent of Indian Missions, though long delayed, came to him in 1902, adding a little dignity perhaps, but could add nothing to his task. With such a vigorous mind, sympathetic with the native tribes, and with a vision of the possible development of the country, it was quite natural that he would come into conflict with individuals and institutions, and much more likely was this to happen when he was clothed with the authority of his new position. As the champion of the rights of the natives, he had troubles with the Indian Department over the valuation and sale of portions of some of the Indian Reserves, especially of the Stoney Reserve at Morley. When some of the bands in different parts of the country complained of their treatment by the Government Agent resident among them, he became their defender, and was not sparing in his language of denunciation. There is no doubt he sometimes assumed an autocratic attitude, but that is a habit common to all leaders, and none of them are immune from mistakes. On the question of the settlement of the foreigner in the North-West, he was favourable toward the Ukrainians, and indeed toward people of any nationality, so long as they were law-abiding,



thrifty and industrious. He felt that the country was so large that there was room for several millions, and the great need for development was enterprising settlers. When a movement was inaugurated to set land apart for a half-breed reservation in Alberta, he opposed it in vigorous terms, asserting that the half-breeds themselves did not want a separate reserve, and that it would not be in their interest or in that of the country. On the school question he held strong views against separate schools. He claimed that were a concession made to one religious denomination, or to any single nationality, then there was established a principle by which every denomination and nationality would demand the right, and such a condition would divide the population into classes, which would be detrimental to a progressive united civilization.

A murder having been committed in the country by an Indian, he wrote:

The recent murder in the south, and the extreme length of time elapsing before the arrest of the supposed murderer, who was never at any time far away from the scene, constrains me to call attention to the necessity on the part of the Mounted Police of establishing a Detective Corps, such a body of men as would in this sparsely settled country make it impossible for any criminal to escape. Cattle have been killed, horses stolen, fires started, houses broken into and men murdered, and still the villains have not been captured. For the Mounted Police as a Force I have the highest admiration, and no outsider can appreciate the hardships endured and the work

accomplished more than I, and I have always protested against their number being reduced or their equipment made less sufficient, and will continue to do so, but what I would like to see, instead of so much military discipline, let there be set apart a small body of the Force as Detectives, who would be trained to do effective work. Engage the best guide and scout in the country, send him with a small party of the Police to act as refugees, and in a short time send out another party to discover and capture the supposed criminals, and with training of this kind, and a premium on success, I would expect to produce a fine body of men of great value to the country. The vast extent of territory and the sparseness of population demand that some action should be taken to suppress crime, and as it will take some time to train such a Detective Force, the sooner the authorities begin the work of training, the better will it be for the country.

Since that was written the Mounted Police have trailed white men, Indians, and Esquimaux hundreds of miles and caught the criminal in his lair. They have travelled on snowshoes over the trackless wilds of the far North to the Arctic Sea. In no age or nation has the heroism of the Riders of the Plains been surpassed. On the Indian reserves there is now an efficient force of native police, and the suggestions of John McDougall have been more than met during the passing years.

In December, 1902, he went to Ontario on a lecturing tour in the interest of missions. Early in March he was called home by the serious illness of his mother, arriving just in time to see her pass

away. After the death of her husband she had made her home at Morley, attended in her last years by her faithful granddaughter, Miss Gussie McDougall, and though in age and feebleness extreme, her mind was clear, and her memory vivid with the experiences of the days of the buffalo and tribal wars. Surrounded by loving friends she slipped away, and was laid beside her husband on the beautiful knoll under the shadow of the mountains. The Indians sang a plaintive song of faith and love. Men, women and children, dusky braves of the warpath transformed by divine grace, old settlers of the white race, fellow-workers at the Mission, followed the remains of a saintly woman, a heroine of mountain and plain, one of the first pioneers, and laid her to rest under the Western skies, as the snow was gently falling in the foothills. The McDougall women, Mrs. Richard Hardisty, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Wood, sisters of John McDougall, Mrs. John McDougall and Mrs. David McDougall were trailbreakers on the Western plains in the brave days of old, laying foundations for the new civilization soon to appear. They endured hardship with never a murmur, while with pure hearts and high ideals they trod the common path, content with the privilege and opportunity of helping men and women toward the priceless things of life.

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## *Chapter XXII—Among the Doukhobors*

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AN EVENT of historic interest occurred in Edmonton in the assembling of the Methodist Conference in June, 1906, in McDougall Church. John McDougall was chosen President. Methodism began in the far West in that city under the Rev. Robert Terrill Rundle in 1840. George McDougall reached Edmonton in 1862, and from that date onward the McDougall name has been closely associated with the development of the capital of the Province of Alberta. It was fitting, therefore, that the oldest missionary pioneer should thus be honoured, and at such an appropriate time.

In 1882 a portion of the North-West Territories had been organized into four provisional districts, called Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabasca. On September 1, 1905, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan were united and became the Province of Saskatchewan, with the capital at Regina, while Alberta and Athabasca became the Province of Alberta, with the seat of Government at Edmonton. When Alberta was one of the Provisional Districts, the Governor-General was the Marquis of Lorne. The second name of his wife, Princess Louise, was Alberta, after whom the district was named.

As the missionary was now sixty-four years of age, and had led a very strenuous life, he decided to seek superannuation. Attention had been called in the newspapers at various times through-

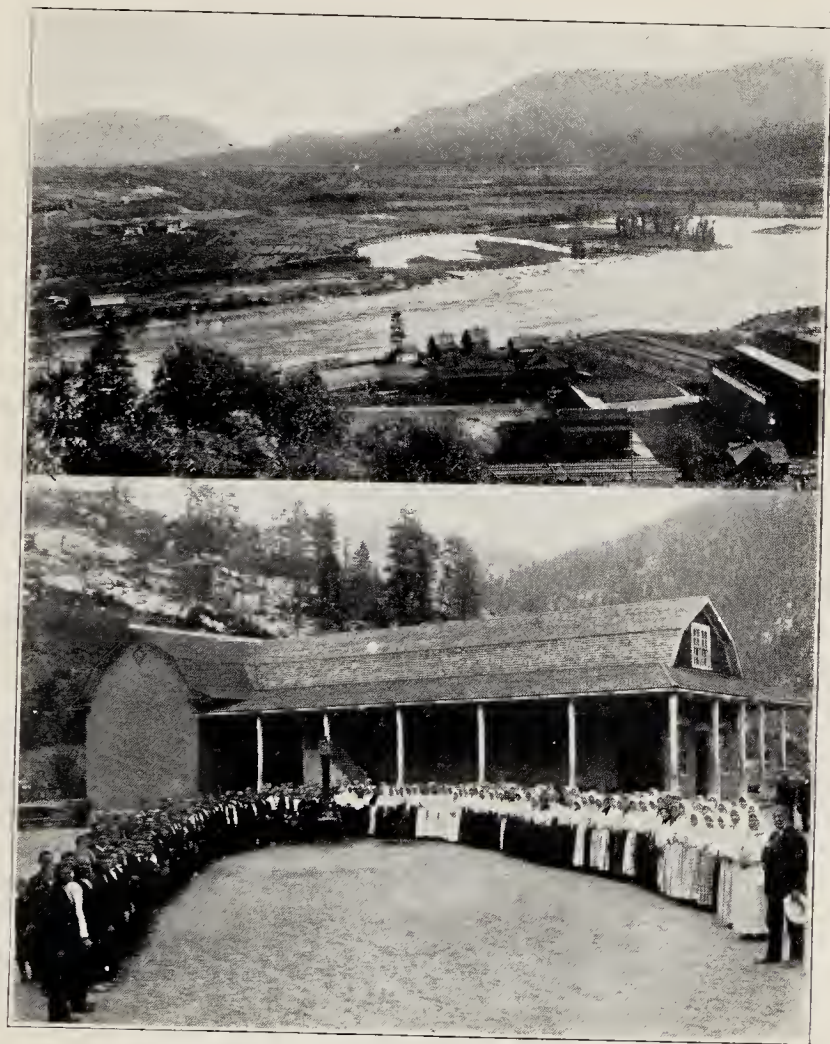
out the Dominion to the great work done by him for the country, and it was urged that public recognition should be given him.

The Federal Government, shortly after this, appointed him special Commissioner to the Doukhobors. There was abundant evidence of the need of such an official to help them become loyal and successful citizens.

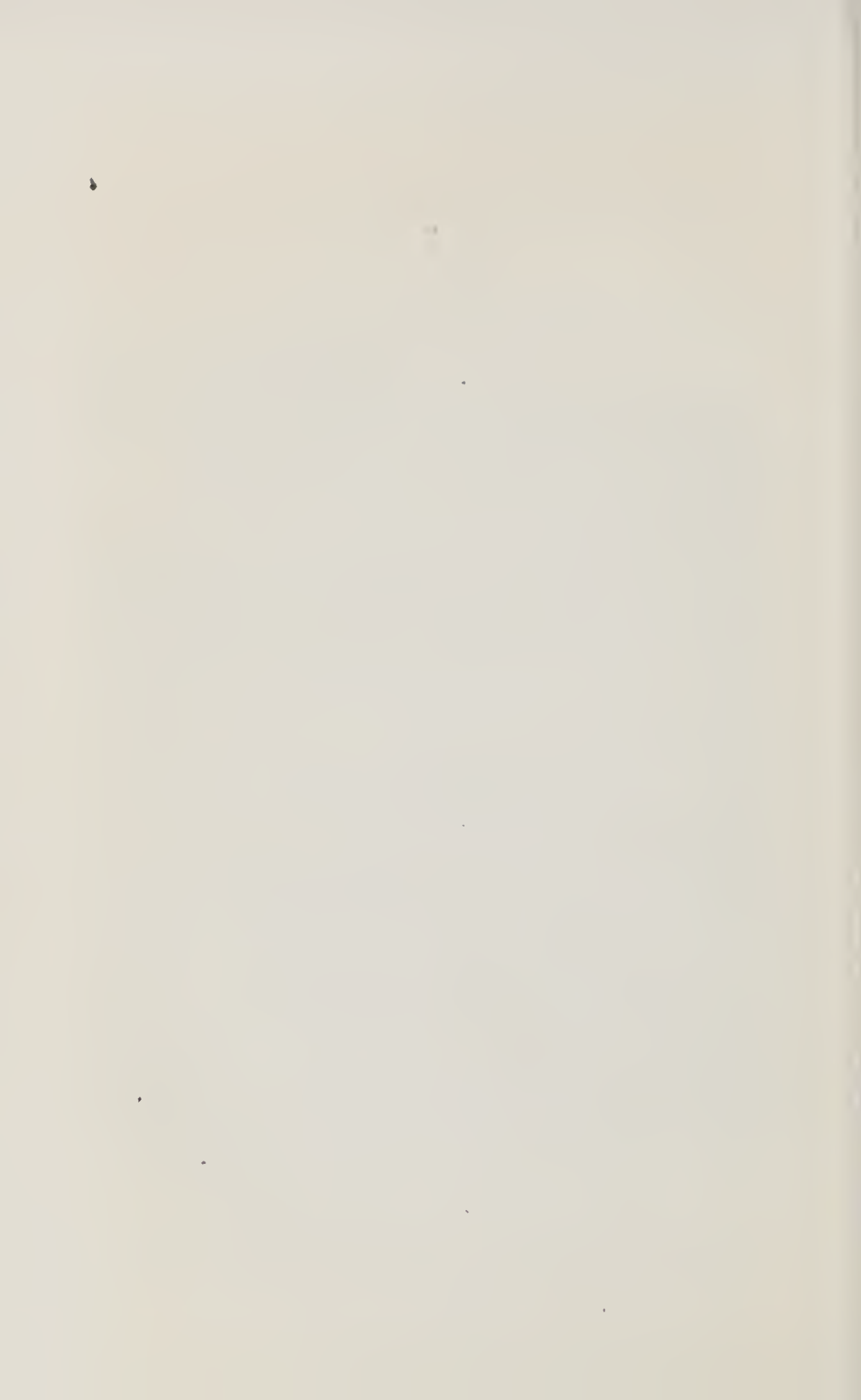
The religious tenets of these people lie at the foundation of their trouble with Governments. Their name "Doukhobor," meaning "spirit-wrestler," is a nickname given to describe those whom the Orthodox Russian Church considered to be wrestling against the Holy Spirit, and was accepted with a new interpretation by the members of this sect, who claim that they fight not with carnal weapons, but are armed with the Spirit of Truth. Recently they have named themselves the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood. Their general belief consists largely of an unwritten creed.

In their relation to the Government of the country in which they live, they attempt to form a separate state within the Province, Territory or Empire, only obeying the laws of God as dictated by their leader, refusing military service, condemning education for their children, taxation, law courts, and indeed any law promulgated by the civil power. Owing to their attitude toward the Russian Government they were persecuted, and they retaliated by preaching against military service and the illegal authority of all earthly rulers. Their condition being made known to





Doukhobor People at a Community Centre



some British and American philanthropists, funds were raised, and a number of the Doukhobors were removed to form a colony in Cyprus, but the place was found to be too small and unsuitable for them. Arrangements were made with the Canadian Government for them to settle in Canada, allowing them exemption from military service. With the help of Count Leo Tolstoi and other Russian philanthropists, besides a number of wealthy British and American Quakers, 7,363 Doukhobors left Russia, and in January, 1899, the first contingent crowded the deck of the steamship *Lake Huron*. The first years in Canada were filled with hardships, but the Quakers sent large quantities of supplies, and furnished them with funds in their time of need. The men found work on the railroad and on farms, while the women yoked themselves together and ploughed the fields, and built homes for the families.

While the Government and citizens gave these people a glad welcome, there were some contemptible individuals who tried to test their doctrine of non-resistance by spitting on their food, and other detestable forms of incivility, which left a false impression upon the minds of these untutored and simple folk. As they were hard workers and thrifty, and were blessed with good crops, within three years they were in a comfortable condition, and destined to become a valuable asset to the nation. Suddenly they fell foul of the laws of the country, refusing to register the births, marriages and deaths of the community, and when asked for an explanation asserted that they were obedient to

the laws of God, and could not obey the laws of man. Hence began the serious problems of the Government in dealing with the Doukhobors.

When it became known that Peter Veregin had been liberated in Siberia and was on his way to Canada, great expectations were awakened. Many of the people became so agitated that a pilgrimage comprising more than one thousand men, women and children wended its way in October, 1902, to meet Christ as incarnated in Veregin, without any provisions, with no money and little clothing. A sudden change in the weather brought much suffering until at last, on November 8th, at Minnedosa in Manitoba, a special train was sent by the authorities and the remnant of four hundred and fifty men compelled to return to their homes.

Peter Veregin arrived in December, 1902, and at once his influence was felt. After his liberation, he had an interview with Tolstoi, imbibing his teachings on love and non-resistance, and this explains to a certain extent the attitude of the people in general. They accepted him as a divine leader whose word was the voice of God.

Three years after Peter Veregin had arrived in Canada, John McDougall was appointed Commissioner for the Doukhobors for the purpose of investigating the causes of their internal troubles, settling difficulties and encouraging them in their work and in loyalty to the empire. Because of his eminent service to the country, his long and wide experience in dealing with the native tribes in the West, and his wisdom and tact, he was at that time the best man for the position that was available. Still he laboured under several disadvantages.

He could not speak their language; he knew little of their peculiar religious tenets; he was a minister of the Gospel of Christ, and at the same time a representative of the Dominion. They were suspicious of anyone in this double capacity. There were some problems over land in Saskatchewan pending settlement in the courts of justice. McDougall was called upon to help solve them and ensure peace. He visited all the colonies in Saskatchewan and British Columbia, and that he was unable to bring their troubles to an end is not to be wondered at, when Veregin himself failed. The British and American Quakers, who had helped them so liberally, were disappointed with them.

After John McDougall had visited the colonies for three years, he reported that great progress had been made by the Doukhobors in Saskatchewan. For two years there had been splendid crops and they were becoming wealthy. The Doukhobors were specially adapted for an agricultural or fruit-growing country. Physically they presented a fine type of settler, while morally their conduct was equal to any class of people on the continent. When John McDougall visited their homes he found them clean and wholesome. The women were modest in demeanour, neat and comely in dress, and always hard at work, while the children were tidy, respectful and happy. The national costume, the preservation of their language, and their spiritual and social ideals have prevented these people from becoming Canadians. Still there is hope that by gentle compulsion and patience their suspicion and distrust, due to



ignorance and years of suffering in Russia, will pass away, and with their greater freedom and comfort, they will become assimilated. They represent several great moral principles which lie at the foundation of the progress of the human race, and we are compelled to recognize these truths.

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## *Chapter XXIII—Indian Commissioner*

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WITH the increase of population through immigration and the development of industries bordering upon some of the Reserves, the Indians became restless and dissatisfied. Requests were made for privileges on and through the Reserves, necessitating an adviser and adjudicator conversant with conditions in full sympathy with the natives and enjoying their confidence. John McDougall was appointed Indian Commissioner by the Federal Government in 1906, at the same time he held the position of Doukhobor Commissioner, as the duties relating to both could be performed by one person. This servant of the people, born among the Indians, living for them, devoted to their welfare, making great sacrifices on their behalf, was well fitted for the honourable position. He knew the native language better than his mother tongue. He found much difficulty in expressing his ideas in English, and he told the writer in the early days that he thought in the Cree tongue, and was often compelled to translate from it into English. This was sometimes revealed in a hesitancy in his speech while addressing public audiences. In his new sphere he met the Indians in their Councils, where the chiefs and councillors assembled, but he still held himself free to discuss matters with the common Indian, and as their friend he was frequently interviewed, listening to their complaints of a tribal or personal character, which were forwarded with explanations and

recommendations to the Indian Department at Ottawa. Personal letters in the Cree Syllabic were sent him, which were treated with the same deference and courtesy as if they had been despatches from a Minister of the Crown.

Application had been made to the Government for the water power of the Kananaskis Falls and the Horse Shoe Falls on the Bow River, running through the Morley Reserve of the Stoney Indians. John McDougall was requested by the Department of Indian Affairs to undertake negotiations with the Indians for the surrender of the necessary amount of land and the water power. Four months were spent in the negotiations, the price set upon the land being ten dollars an acre, and a per capita allowance granted to the Indians for the water power according to the development. The Indians moreover requested that, upon completion of the sale and payment made, three hundred head of cattle be purchased for the Indians, and the balance of the money be placed in the hands of the resident Indian Agent for the purpose of fencing in the Reserve.

A typical case is that of the Coté band surrender of a portion of the Reserve, and the deferred payment, which is well illustrated by the following letter sent by John McDougall:

CALGARY, February 12, 1907

To the Honourable

The Superintendent-General of  
Indian Affairs, Ottawa.

Sir:

When in Kamsack a few days ago the Chief and Council of the Coté Band of Indians came

to me with the complaint that the Government was breaking faith with them concerning the surrender of a portion of their reserve, which they had made during 1905. They claimed that the half of their equity, which was to have been paid them within six months of their making the final surrender, had not yet been paid. That they had written the Department, and had as yet received no satisfaction.

On inquiry, I found that the case was as the Indians put it. The proposition these Indians made reads as follows:

(a) Five per cent. or half of our equity as above stated be paid to us within thirty days of our making a full legal surrender of said lands.

(b) That the balance, being five per cent. as above stated, be paid to us within six months of first payment as described in (a).

You will remember that when I saw you in Edmonton, you approved of this proposition made by these Indians, and instructed the Department to accept the same, and put through the transaction.

The surrender was made in December, 1905, and the first five per cent., or what represented the same, was paid at that time. It is now nearly fifteen months since then, and it is no wonder the Indians are complaining. In the Indians' proposition there was no mention of waiting until sale of lands for these payments be made.

I trust that you will have this matter attended to as soon as possible.

Another matter of importance was the surrender of the Reserve of the Swan Lake band,

about fifty-five miles south-east of Brandon, and two thousand four hundred and three acres of land belonging to these people about fifty-five miles south of Battleford, which the Government desired to purchase in the interests of settlement. During the negotiations, it was learned that the white settlers were anxious to secure the land, but not without justice being done to the Indians, and while a price had been set upon the land and terms agreed upon, three of the Indians held up the whole matter, because they had a grudge against the Government. One of the objections was that a transfer of land had been made without their consent, but the chief obstacle was an Indian, George Beatty, who had been a very efficient scout during the Rebellion of 1885, and had been expecting a bonus in cash or land and a medal for his services, and nothing had been granted. However, the Indians threatened to expel him from his office of Councillor, but John McDougall knew him well, and counted him a worthy man, so he used his influence with him, and wrote to Ottawa recommending the granting of a medal, and the matter was closed with satisfaction to all.

In his official position he travelled among the Indians in the Provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, and through portions of the District of Athabasca, inspecting, advising and helping the natives toward self-support and independence. He spent the greater part of the year 1909 travelling in British Columbia, visiting the reserves in the Fraser Valley, the North and South Thompson Valleys, the Nicola and Douglas Lake and Coldwater River countries, as well as



the country and reserves lying between Princeton in the Similkameen district and the boundary line on the Similkameen River, the Okanagan Valley from the boundary line to Sicamous, and other distant points. He was much impressed with the progress of the natives, for he found that within two generations great strides in civilization had been made. A report of his tour of inspection is as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,  
OTTAWA, Sept. 23rd, 1910

Hon. Frank Oliver,  
Minister of the Interior,  
Ottawa.

Sir:

In accord with instructions from your Department, I have recently visited the Indian people of British Columbia, those who live in the vicinity of Ashcroft and Savanne on the Thompson River, and also those who are in the Lillooet district, and from thence north as far as Fort George. In two large gatherings held at Bonaparte and Fountain Reserves, representatives of Bands from Quesnell and Soda Creek and many intermediate Reserves were present. Later, I went up the Skeena and on into the Babine country, and at several points I met the representative Chiefs and Headmen, in gatherings, and small groups, and also as individuals, and in all matters of Council, and request and statements made by these Indians, I took notes, and kept minutes, and these are now duly transcribed, and in the hands of your Department—copies of same, I will attach to this Report.

You are aware, Sir, that during the years of 1909 and 1910, I have travelled strenuously and extensively in portions of British Columbia. That I have been on several hundreds of Reserves, and met the peoples of many tribes, speaking distinct languages, as also mixed in with the first white settlers and recent newcomers, and learned what these say, and think, concerning this whole Indian question in British Columbia.

Moreover, you, Sir, are also cognizant of the fact, that I have been connected with such work all my life, and have had no small part in the making of treaties, and in the keeping of peace on the borders, and in the general settlement of new countries. Therefore, you will, I trust, pardon the candidness of this Report, which I now beg to submit.

I will then in the first place, present this subject from the Indians' viewpoint.

(A) The Indian people of British Columbia have now fully awakened to the knowledge that their vested right to the ownership and long centuries of occupancy of the greater portion of the Province of British Columbia, has never been dealt with, by either the British or Canadian Governments. That by British, Sovereign, Royal Proclamation, and by Canadian Government precedent action, such ownership and title has been conceded and respected, and many treaties have been made by these Governments with Indian peoples like themselves, whereby the Indian title (for consideration stipulated) was relinquished on their side, and thus righteously acquired on the part of these Governments.

(B) That any consideration given to the

Indian people of British Columbia, by these Governments aforesaid, in the way of setting apart lands and surveying Reserves for these Indian peoples, has been made relative as between Federal and Provincial Governments, so that the Indian himself, either as a tribe or band, or individual, is left without title to any land whatever, unless that he purchase what purports to be a title from some white man, or from the Provincial Government, but which in both cases the intelligent Indian of to-day questions as to the validity thereof. Thus the thoughtful, and progressive, and patriotic Indian finds himself, under present conditions, disinherited. In vain the long past, in vain his own life service of toil and development on land, and home—behold, this is not his.

(C) Further, the Indian people have awakened to the fact that they are without any part in the ordinary franchise of the other people, who are now dwelling on the lands of their fathers; that the Indians are despotically made to conform to laws and regulations which they have no voice in creating, and that thus they are under the beck and nod of an Indian Agent, or Provincial Magistrate, or constable, in matters concerning which the white man beside them is given a free hand. Right here, the best and strongest and most industrious and progressive are in despair. They find themselves robbed of their manhood. They are put on the level with the basest and lowest of their own people, and they are placed far below the plane conceded to the basest and vilest and most degenerate of the white people. Such a

condition these Indians cry out for deliverance from.

(D) However, it is a fact, and strange that it is, these Indian people fully recognize the virtue of government, and place their faith in the "Ottawa Government." They believe that this is a Christian Government, and therefore their case will be (when it is understood) righteously and justly dealt with. Were it not for this sublime faith in Ottawa, and the patience this has engendered, there would have been most serious trouble ere this between the Indians and the whites, because of the overbearing impudence and outrageous conduct of the latter.

(E) To-day the Indian peoples of British Columbia ask to be put on the same level as the white man. They say: "Come, let us settle the title to these lands. Then give us title to land in fee simple, family by family. Take away your Indian Act, take away your Indian Agent, take away your Indian Reserve System, put us into your citizenship, and we will either rise or fall, even as other men do."

The above is, in brief, the condition in British Columbia from the Indian viewpoint.

And now I will shortly give that of the white man.

1st. The "old timer or early settler." These are the people who have remained in British Columbia and lived beside and among the Indians for thirty to fifty years. These sympathize with the Indian, and for the most part acknowledge his claim, and wish for him a just settlement thereof.

These say the Indian is capable and industrious, and that he should be enfranchised

and given a place in the commonwealth. These say: "It is too bad the way the Indian is being exploited and impoverished and abused by the present liquor laws of British Columbia, as they affect the Indians." They say with the Indians, "We have no use for the Indian Agent. Too often he is a detriment more than a help." These say: "We hope this whole Indian question will be dealt with shortly, and conditions changed, so that the Indian may have a chance to work out his own salvation." Thus think and talk the men and women who know.

2nd. The "new comer," unless influenced by Christian sentiment, says: "Damn the Siwash! Move him out of this country," meaning, of course, contiguity to town, or railroad, or advancement in land prices, and quick speculation. These for the most part have no sympathy for the Indian, nor yet for any man, as they are seized with the "get-rich-quick spirit," and Indian Reserves, and Indians, and old settlers, are in their way in the speculation rush to sudden wealth.

They say: "The Indian is dying, and he cannot die too soon for us." In such language, often followed by impudent actions, these newcomers are aggravating the situation in British Columbia, and the Indian sometimes is led to believe that the newcomer, as above quoted, is in the majority among white men.

And now, Sir, having tried to put the case as it is from the viewpoints of the Indians, and the ordinary citizenship among the white people, I suppose I may be pardoned if I submit some suggestions as to what I believe should be done by the Governments interested,



to squarely meet this question, and settle it in the interests of the native peoples, as also those of the white people, in all the old settlements in British Columbia, but particularly in the cause of new settlement now going in, and which will doubtless increase in volume as new transcontinentals are built and branch lines therefrom open up the country.

I would respectfully submit—

(a) That by mutual endeavour such arrangement and agreement be sought after by the Provincial and Federal Governments interested, as that they decide upon a course which will secure the extinguishment of the Indian title to the lands in British Columbia.

(b) That the Indian be allowed to take up land in severalty, in such areas as the nature of the country and the climate thereof might determine—say from forty to six hundred and forty acres to each family.

(c) That these areas either large or small be conveyed to these Indian people by Crown Patent, and in fee simple.

(d) That paralleling this action the Indians of British Columbia be given the degree of enfranchisement of that of the white man, who dwells beside them.

And now, Sir, may I be permitted to say, that I fully believe that if the Governments interested will tactfully and fairly approach this very grave question, what I have suggested may be accomplished, without any recourse to the courts of Canada or Great Britain. And if thus settled, the honour and prestige of the British and Canadian Governments will be maintained, and simple justice will have been done to the native tribes who

in the order of divine Providence (it would seem) have been placed as in the hands and care of the Government of this great Dominion.

Failing action on this matter, at this time, the native tribes will continue to seek help outside of your Department, and both natives and white people, will become more unsettled and nervous, and possibly desperate, and rash consequences will ensue.

This whole question, will from now on, grow in its troublesome aspects all the faster, because the time has come for the opening up of British Columbia to the developing processes of the movements of settlement and capital.

All through the years that he was Indian Commissioner he retained the confidence and friendship of the Indians and was faithful to the Government. He protected the natives against the selfish and autocratic actions of unscrupulous Indian Agents, advising and defending them against the greed and lust of vicious white men. He was ever a patriot, explaining and upholding the Government in its administration of the laws of the nation. He was able to solve many problems, and above all he brought to the Indians a higher appreciation of our laws and a better understanding of the meaning of citizenship.

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## *Chapter XXIV—Building the West*

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NOT LEAST among the nation builders of Western Canada was John McDougall, who lived and suffered, talked and wrote with but one passion, the Gospel of Christ and the great North-West. Up and down the land, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic coast, he travelled incessantly, unhasting, unresting, relating stories of adventure and describing the vast resources of the wonderland of the West, which thrilled the hearts of young and old. His sermons were lectures on mission work among the native tribes, descriptions of the untrodden trails and of the countless acres of virgin prairie, and appeals for settlers, with a text from the Bible to endorse his orthodoxy. His lectures were on the same theme without a Scripture text! We have listened to him in pulpit and on platform, in city churches and rural schoolhouses, before cultured audiences and the rustic few, and it was the same story with a different setting, suitable for the place and the occasion.

The spoken word, however, was insufficient to satisfy his burning passion, and he became, through force of circumstances, a newspaper correspondent, working without any compensation, and seeking no favour and courting no popularity. When a disgruntled tenderfoot rushed into the columns of the local newspaper with a diatribe against the country, or a distinguished but critical tourist found space in the pages of a

magazine, our defender of the West pounced upon him, and hurled thunderbolts against ignorance and hasty observations. Among the hundreds of articles the greatest number relate to the Indians, and the suitability of the country for settlement. He seemed in his later years to walk with a pen in his hand. There are articles on the prevention of tuberculosis among human beings; Alberta as a stock-raising district; Calgary as a suitable place for large stockyards; war-time letters on recruiting; loving and tender appreciations of the Honourable David Laird, of Chief Factor Belanger, and of Stanley Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company, who lost their lives by drowning at Sea Falls on the Nelson River, and others on many different topics.

Under the caption *The Hudson's Bay Route* he writes:

For many years I have been a strong believer in the feasibility of the Hudson's Bay Railway as a short cut to the ocean, and on to the larger markets of the Old World, but until this last summer had always thought of that big region east of Saskatchewan River, and between that and the possible harbour on the Bay, as barren and destitute of any of those requisites which go to make settlement a reality, and the maintenance of a population a fact, and this has been to me one of the difficulties in the way, that in building a road to the Bay, there would be the necessity of running through a section of country from five hundred to six hundred miles wide, which would make little or no return in help to the enterprise. However, when down in that

same district a few months ago, I was agreeably surprised and delighted to find that it was not the barren desert I had supposed it to be, but, on the contrary, a delightful land, that there were hundreds of thousands of acres of arable lands, rich in capability to produce, which was amply demonstrated by the rank vegetation and remarkable growth on every hand, and by the gardens of the Hudson's Bay Company's Posts and mission stations, when we sampled the quality of the vegetables grown from this soil, of which we saw so much in our journeys. Then the native fruits were not only abundant but of fine quality. Raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, currants and cranberries were everywhere to be found in profusion. Had it not been for extensive forest fires, the timber growth would have been a great help in the opening up of the country; as it is now, there are fine groves of trees on the myriad islands, which dot the many lakes all through the country, and on the mainland there is still considerable which would be useful for all settlement purposes.

Another source of wealth is the superabundant supply of fish; large and small lakes and all rivers and creeks, which are almost infinite in number, are all full of fish. Whitefish, sturgeon, trout, pike and pickerel are swarming everywhere. Then the climate was a revelation, cold in winter, hot in summer, here we were from four to seven hundred miles north of Winnipeg, and yet the probability of summer frosts less than on the plains. The season is shorter but the growth is quicker, and as we paddled, and portaged, and sailed



for over a thousand miles north and west of Lake Winnipeg, I looked for the reasons for such a climate, and I believe I have found some of them.

1st. The altitude being so much lower than that of the Big Plains, then the air remains dried, and less liable to the rapid action of cold.

2nd. The very long period of sunlight, there being very little of real night during the summer months.

3rd. The abundance of living water, upon which the all-day sun shines, generates a warm evaporation, which continues its influence during the short night.

There is another feature which struck me forcibly, and that is, the very many immense water powers throughout that north land, not puny streams and sentimental little cascades, but mighty rivers, backed by great lakes, tumbling down over rocky precipices with gigantic force. When I say that in a canoe trip of a little more than one thousand miles, in order to avoid and surmount these immense waterfalls, we made seventy-seven portages, you will readily see how abundant these are. As to appearance, the whole district is pleasant to behold, grand ranges of hills, beautifully banked and gently flowing rivers, island-dotted lakes, rushing rapids, many falls, constantly the scene is changing and the outlook fresh. Every little while, the noisy rapid and the louder fall give way to the gentle river and the limpid lakelets, and to the man who is philosophic enough to forget the mosquitoes, the whole country is full of scenic beauty and nature's poetry.

To be thus so agreeably undeceived as to the nature of this portion of the Hudson's Bay Route, was to me very pleasant indeed, for I do believe in this great North-West, and for the reasons herein expressed am glad to find fresh cause for more confidence in our glorious heritage than ever before.

With the increase of population, and the awakening life and conscious power, there was a demand for newspapers, which would discuss local questions and supply information relating to the country. Twenty-one years after the first paper in the North-West was published at Winnipeg, Rev. John Maclean printed at Macleod a four-page monthly called *Excelsior* on a gelatine pad, which was distributed among the members of the Mounted Police and the few settlers which were in Southern Alberta. Copies sent by them to friends in Ontario and England brought favorable comments from the *Toronto Globe*, the *Echo* of London, England, etc. This primitive newspaper had a companion sheet called *The Blood Indian Monthly*, published in the following year, devoted to the interests of the native tribes. In December, 1880, Frank Oliver published at Edmonton the *Edmonton Bulletin*, a small four-page weekly, five by seven inches, with very small type, the editorials filling the larger part. These were so pungent and forceful, so charged with a great vision of the future, that much was done through it in moulding opinion regarding the North-West. During the winter of 1881-1882 a meeting was held in the Methodist Church on the island in

the old town of Macleod, to consider the question of starting a newspaper, and after a lengthy discussion a committee was appointed, consisting of D. W. Davis as convener, Rev. John Maclean and C. E. D. Wood. The committee was never called together. However, on July 1, 1882, the *Macleod Gazette* was issued with C. E. D. Wood as editor. In 1883 the *Regina Leader* was issued, with Nicholas Flood Davin, the noted Irish orator, as editor.

The Liberal Association of Centre Calgary chose John McDougall in 1913 as candidate for the Provincial Legislature; although he was defeated, during the excitement of the election and afterward, not a word was spoken against the character of the man. His platform was as follows:

1. I will seek for and support all legislation in the interests of all moral and intellectual well being of the people of Alberta.

2. I will seek for and support such legislation as will make the enfranchisement of our citizens in this Province just and equal, and regardless of sex.

3. I will ardently support all legislation which will aim at making the conditions which affect labour fair and just, and will be in the best interests of those men and women, and their families, whom I consider as the greatest asset we possess in the advancement of the prosperity of this new country.

4. I will support the splendid policy of the present Government in the extension of railways in Alberta, trusting that this will continue until there shall not exist a settle-

ment of producers in Alberta more distant than ten miles from railway transport.

5. I will support the vigorous extension of the Provincial Telephone System, believing as I do, that this is one of the great necessities as well as luxuries of our modern and growing civilization.

6. I will support the policy of the building of bridges across our multiple streams, and the casting and shaping of main highways and roads, so that this fair Province shall as soon as feasible be possessed of a system of trunk roads which will make traffic and pleasure equally possible to our people.

7. I will most heartily support any and all legislation which will further the best interests of the farmers and stockraisers of this Province. I fully believe in demonstration farms, and in the importation of the best live stock available, and in this way encouraging and helping the producing communities of this most wonderfully endowed Alberta.

8. I will support the introducing into our public school system those practical lessons of everyday life which in their teaching will make our youth grow up into useful citizens. Such lessons as will make farmers and gardeners and housewives, and healthy serving cooks, and mechanics, and all desirable technical teaching, so that we might reasonably expect our youth to grow up and become all-round useful members of this commonwealth.

9. In all the above you will please note, my fellow-citizens, that my plan and purpose is absolutely constructive, and pre-eminently endorsive of what has been accomplished in this Province in the last seven years. If you

elect me as your representative, I pledge you my honour that I will seek to serve your best interests at all times.

When the Stampede was organized at Calgary in 1912, he took an active part in securing Indians to assist in the event, and in subsequent pageants held at Banff he was one of the most active among the promoters. During the summer of 1916, the arrangements with the Indians for a Pageant at Banff were left entirely in his hands. Among the interesting episodes on that occasion was the installation, as chief of the Stoney Indians, of the Duke of Connaught. In acknowledgment of his appreciation, His Royal Highness sent McDougall an autograph photo of himself in Indian costume, with the missionary in the foreground.

Because of the prominent part McDougall had taken in the Stampedes and Pageants through the years, there was much criticism levelled at him. He was attacked by those who felt that he was not only undoing his own work as a missionary, but that his association with these forms of amusement were also detrimental to the morals and stability of the Indians themselves, as well as a menace to the workers on the missions. In his defence he pointed to the teaching of his whole life, wherein he had stated repeatedly, that the effects of civilization and the commingling of white people with the Indians in many cases were injurious, debasing and degrading body, mind and soul. It was true that he had condemned the pow-wow and sun dance with their tom-tom, paint, feathers and incantations, as tending to maintain pagan wor-



ship and practice. Indeed the Stoney Indians, through his ministrations, legislated in their Councils against even the making of drums until they were not allowed to be kept on the Reserves. However, he felt that there were sufficient safeguards at the Stampede and Pageants to protect the natives; the amusement would relieve the monotony of life on the Reserve, while the knowledge obtained would prove beneficial to them all. It was simply a difference of attitude, and if any man had a right to speak on the matter, it was the missionary who had spent his whole life among them, and was their spiritual leader and friend.

When the Prohibition Law was passed in Alberta, he was appointed Temperance Commissioner. Among the many honours and emoluments which accrued to him was that of Judge of the Juvenile Court, a position for which he was well fitted by sympathy, good judgment and experience.

Among the greatest scholars in the Cree language were Joseph Howse, Archdeacon Hunter, Father Lacombe, Rev. John McKay and John McDougall. The last of this worthy group spoke the language as a native, and as we have seen, was more proficient in it than in his mother tongue. It was an easy task for him to translate hymns, which he frequently did for diversion as he travelled over the long and lonely prairie trails. He says in one of his letters:

I can travel from the Missouri River to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Columbia River to the Labrador, and do not require an Interpreter for either Cree or Salteaux. The

Salteaux I have spoken and understood from my childhood, when, as a boy of ten years, I often interpreted for my father and Government officials, and for the last thirty-four years have spoken Cree, first, the Swampy dialect as spoken around Lake Winnipeg, then the Pure Cree, the mother tongue, as spoken on the Saskatchewan by both Plain and Wood Crees. Anyone with the parent language is readily understood by all those speaking the several dialects of the same language.

In co-operation with the Rev. E. B. Glass, B.A., he prepared a *Primer and Language Lessons* in Cree and English of forty lessons, and a *Cree Hymn Book* in Syllabic characters, which were published in Toronto in 1888. In 1899 a Committee was formed under the direction of the Anglican Metropolitan of Rupert's Land, for the revision of the Bible in Plain Cree, as the Bible published by the Bible Society in 1862 was in Swampy Cree. Associated with the Metropolitan as Chairman, were the Bishops of Athabasca and Moosonee, Archdeacon John A. McKay, Rural Dean W. A. Burman, Archdeacon G. Holmes, Rev. John McDougall, Rev. Orrin German, Rev. E. B. Glass, Rev. Robert B. Steinhauer, Rev. Egerton R. Steinhauer, Rev. J. G. Anderson, Rev. Gilbert Cook and Rev. R. Farles. Each of the members was given a portion of the Bible to revise, and in August, 1902, a meeting was held in St. John's College, Winnipeg, when the several manuscripts were carefully examined. Rev. E. B. Glass revised Isaiah and Jeremiah; Archdeacon John A. McKay, I and II Samuel, and Daniel; John McDougall was

entrusted with the Pentateuch; and the other translators had charge of the remaining portions of the Old and New Testaments. The task of supervising the whole Bible as it was passing through the press required some one able to read the proof sheets and make the necessary corrections, and Archdeacon McKay was appointed, taking up his residence in England on the regular staff of the Bible Society. Six months of each year were spent in the work, and at the end of three years, on his seventieth birthday, July 14, 1908, Archdeacon McKay rejoiced in its completion, and the Bible in Plain Cree with the Syllabic characters was given to the Cree Indians of Western Canada. John McDougall was an able translator, and he was frequently called upon in the preparation and revision of books and pamphlets published in the Cree language.

McDougall was a splendid story teller. We have sat around the camp-fire, heedless of the intense cold, listening spellbound to thrilling tales of adventure, surpassing any of the experiences narrated in his published letters and books. His knowledge of the history of the West was gleaned from the traditions related by the Indians in the buffalo skin lodges, and was entirely independent of books of travel. Now and again he wrote an historical article, interesting and suggestive, one of which, entitled *The Discovery of Calgary*, published in the *Calgary Albertan* in March, 1911, is worthy of note.

In your splendid Anniversary issue of February 28th there appears an article striving to make out that the present site of the

city of Calgary was the spot on which there had been a fort entitled "Fort la Jonquière" established as far back as in 1752-3. Now, Sir, it seems strange that none of the Indian tribes frequenting this south-western portion of what is now Alberta should have any knowledge of such a fort. These knew of the forts along the North Saskatchewan, and of the changes of locality which had been made concerning each trade post. They knew of the Mountain House, and of its destruction and rebuilding several times. They knew of the White Mud House, which antedated Edmonton several generations of men, and was situated some sixty or seventy miles further up stream, and on the north bank. They knew of an old post, which was situated below Edmonton, at the mouth of the Sturgeon River. They knew of the abandoning of these old posts, and the concentration of trade at the Beaver Hole House, which is now Edmonton. They knew Fort Pitt or the Small House. They knew of Carlton House or the Waiting House as they termed it. They knew of Fort à la Corne, or the Small Garden Spot, all the above being on the North Saskatchewan. They also knew of a fort on the south branch called the Chesterfield House, somewhere below the junction of the Red Deer with the Bow and Belly Rivers. They knew of the Bow Fort or Bow House, situate on the north bank of the Bow River, some forty-eight or fifty miles west of Calgary, and which was destroyed in the early part of the last century, but after fifty years of understanding their language, and sojourning with them, and studying their traditions and history, I never

heard a word of any "House" or Fort, near where Calgary now is situate.

Moreover, if such a fort had been built at, or near, the site of the present city of Calgary, say two hundred and fifty years ago, surely there would be strong physical evidence of the same. Such is the character of the soil, and climate of the Bow River Valley, that any disturbance of its surface, unless carefully replaced by the hand of man, will remain for a long period of time. Buffalo trails and dust pans, many hundreds of years old, are still strongly in evidence, and must be ploughed and harrowed out of existence, and I will warrant that if the old mud-roofed fort, called "Fort Brisbois," built in 1875 by the Mounted Police, had been burned down some years later, and all white men had gone out of the country, and remained out for the next two hundred and fifty years, that then there would be apparent strong evidence of this fort having been built on this spot, and I contend that the building of a fort in the seven-teen-hundreds would leave more, far more evidence of having been here than Fort Brisbois could. In those days all the heating was done by huge chimneys of stone and mud, and wherever these were built they remain, unless removed by the hand of man. To-day the chimney mounds of Bow Fort are as distinct as they were when I first saw them in 1873. Thirty-eight years have made no change with them, and I feel sure that three hundred years would make but little change with them, that is, if our climatic conditions would remain, as doubtless they have for the last many centuries.



Such a revelation of facts compels us to make a strong appeal for the formation of Historical Societies, through which important events and data would be preserved, and a stimulus given for historical study in relation to the West. There is a wealth of tradition, which, unless preserved, will soon pass from us. In the early days there was founded, in Winnipeg, the Manitoba Historical Society, whose *Transactions* are now of great value; the Saskatchewan Historical Society at Prince Albert laid good foundations; the Macleod Historical Society, organized in 1886, included in its membership Dr. Kennedy, President, Rev. John Maclean, Secretary, Sir Frederick Haultain, Commissioner Perry and Major John Cotton of the Mounted Police, C. C. McCaul and Judge C. E. D. Wood. Excellent papers were read at the meetings, but none were published.

The North-West is still a young country, and cannot boast of a great literature, still there exist over seven hundred books dealing with Western subjects. One of the most prolific among our authors was John McDougall, though he did not publish a volume until he had reached middle life. His literary work comprised a biography of his father, *Life of the Rev. George M. McDougall*, two novels, and five volumes of autobiography, full of interesting experiences. *Forest, Lake and Prairie* covers the period from his birth in 1842 till he arrives at Edmonton in 1862; *Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe*, 1862-1865; *Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie*, 1865-1868; *In the Days of the Red River Rebellion*, 1868-1872; *On Western Trails in the Early Seventies*, 1873-1875. In this series of

reminiscences there is an unfinished volume without a title, on the period from June, 1875, to February, 1876. Outlines of projected books were found among his papers. *Wape-Moos-tooch, or White Buffalo*, was a novel of a brave youth in the native camps, true to life and full of adventure. *Katrine, the Belle of the North*, a short novel of six chapters, was published in *Onward* of Toronto, but never issued as a book. In simple form and without any embellishments he told stories of real life when the West was young. We catch glimpses of the beauties of nature, listen to the war-whoop of the Indians, travel over long trails, cross wide stretches of lakes, paddle up mighty rivers, and are at home with him beside the camp-fire, finding delight in the tales of other days.

A hurried trip to Great Britain on a short lecture tour revealed his knowledge and eloquence. The Dominion Government lost a fine opportunity when he was not engaged to travel through the British Isles and other countries inducing settlers to seek homes in the great North-West. He served his country with undying enthusiasm, striving after neither honours nor paltry emoluments, but glad to be a loyal servant of the land he loved so well.

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## Chapter XXV—The End of the Trail

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HALF a century of unremitting toil and conflict lessened not the enthusiasm and powers of endurance of this veteran of the plains. He remained a missionary till the end of his days, watching with earnest solicitude over the Indians whom he led from savagery to civilization, glad indeed that he had enjoyed so large a share in their march of progress. Though there had been severe hardships, he still wore a smile without any seams on his manly face. The great adventurer was now standing on the edge of another trail and the last, his visions realized and many of his prophecies fulfilled.

It was natural that his long and efficient service should be recognized. He was Chairman of District from 1875 to 1906, twice President of Conference, a member of General Conference throughout his active ministry, and a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in 1911. He served for some time as a member of the General Board of Missions, and of the Board of Alberta College. Victoria College, Toronto, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa*. In addition to this we have already mentioned the numerous offices to which he was appointed by the Federal Government.

After the Rebellion of 1885 was over the Rev.

Dr. James Woodsworth received the following letter from General Strange:

CAMP BEAVER RIVER,  
ALBERTA, June 18, 1885.

To the President,  
Manitoba Conference, Methodist Church,  
Sir:

As I have availed myself, for the public good, of the services freely offered and conscientiously rendered by Rev. John McDougall of your Church, I think it my duty to thank you, and the Church over which you preside, for the valuable services rendered, as well as to render a brief account of these services, which, in my opinion, reflect honour not only on himself, but on your whole community. On the outbreak of hostilities, the Rev. John McDougall offered his services. Knowing his twenty-six years' experience in this country, and his influence for good among the Indians, I accepted his offer to go north in advance of my column to Edmonton, with four of his faithful Stoneys, to warn the turbulent Indians on the various Reserves that the strong arm of the law would eventually take note of misdeeds, and to assure the people of Edmonton that I would spare no effort to come to their succour at the earliest possible date. He achieved his somewhat dangerous and difficult mission to my entire satisfaction. On his arrival at Edmonton, I authorized him to procure supplies in advance, and to start the construction of scows for the conveyance of troops down the river to effect a junction with the mounted force, and main body of my force, at such a point as would be within

striking distance of the enemy, but sufficiently far to secure disembarkation without danger. His intimate knowledge of the country aided me materially in bringing to a successful issue this part of my plans. During the whole march he was ever at my side, ready to inform me of the character of the country in my immediate vicinity, and translate information from half-breed or Indian scouts. On my arrival at what remained of Fort Pitt, the Rev. Mr. McDougall again volunteered for a dangerous duty. He crossed the Saskatchewan, and examining a trail, found traces of the lady prisoners. In conjunction with Major Perry, N.W.M.P., and a small detachment of that corps, he pushed on to Battleford, opening up communication with General Middleton's force. On his return, he continued his valuable services to the banks of the Beaver River, where General Middleton, assuming command of the whole force, relieved me from the necessity of retaining longer the services of one I now know, value and respect as a friend. In addition to military scout duties, I need not tell you that he did not neglect those of his sacred calling, holding services for the soldiers when possible, and the striking example of a manly soldier, combined with the sacred office of the ministry, has not been without its effect upon the camp. Your community may well be proud of him, and the Dominion Government owes him the thanks, which I have endeavoured to convey to you.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. BLAND STRANGE,

Major-General Commanding Alberta Forces.



Alert in body, vigorous in mind, and with still greater plans for the future, there seemed a promise that such sanctified experience would perform larger and better things. Suddenly, however, the unexpected came to pass, the story of the years was finished, the music of the song died beyond the Western hills. The veteran, having reached the end of the trail, was stricken, without a murmur, and with no disappointment. One of his sons was already in the trenches in France, and he went to the station at Calgary to bid farewell to two more. There he caught a chill which developed into la grippe. Despite his suffering, he preached on the day following in Central Methodist Church, Calgary. Then he went home to linger for a few days, and to slip away with a smile on his face. The news of his death spread quickly from one end of the Dominion to the other. Eulogistic editorials appeared in the leading newspapers from Halifax to Vancouver. The West was in mourning over the passing of a great empire builder, the prophet of the plains.

His body lay in state as if he had been a mighty conqueror. His funeral was impressive as the expression of the sorrow of a nation. He fulfilled Lord Disraeli's definition of greatness: "What is a great man? Is it a Minister of State? Is it a victorious General? A Field-Marshal covered with stars? Is it a Prelate, a Prince, a King, even an Emperor? It may be all these, yet these, as we must all daily feel, are not necessarily great men. A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation."

The old missionary died at Calgary on January

15, 1917, aged seventy-four years and nineteen days. Four days later the funeral service was held in Wesley Church in charge of the Rev. George G. Webber, President of Alberta Conference. There were representatives from the Legislative Assembly, the Attorney-General's Department, Civic Councils, Boards of Education, Colleges, religious denominations and public institutions of Calgary and Edmonton, including Bishop Pinkham and Dean Paget for the Anglicans, Mr. P. Burns for the Roman Catholics of Calgary, Mayor W. T. Henry, Judge H. C. Taylor, Rev. Dr. T. C. Buchanan, Rev. Dr. W. A. Armstrong, and Major R. Hardisty from Edmonton, together with many old friends from various parts of the Province.

Picturesque indeed was the large number of Indians in coloured garments, whose tears revealed their unspoken grief. After a brief service at the home by his pastor, the Rev. Samuel W. Fallis, D.D., the funeral cortege passed through the streets. It was formed of the Mounted City Police, the Royal North-West Mounted Police, Veterans, Indians, deputations from the two cities, mourners and the general public. At the service there were addresses by the Rev. George G. Webber, the Hon. H. W. Cushing, Rev. Dr. George W. Kerby, Jonas Bigstoney representing the Indians, and Dr. J. H. Riddell of Alberta College. In his address Dr. Kerby said:

Some men are written on the surface of history and can be lost, others are woven into the texture and can never perish, and such was John McDougall. It was not his pur-

pose, nor circumstance, nor speech, nor fame, nor deeds, but himself, in whom the power of God incarnate rests, the patriot, the prophet, the pioneer of the last great West. When God wants to do some great work, he begins by capturing the moral forces in some one man; for political reform in John Cobden; the liberating of four million slaves in Abraham Lincoln, the rudiments of an empire and the new democracy of Western Canada in John McDougall, and he, like other great men in history, is like the spirit that goes marching full of national consciousness and good. He found the Indians in paganism, and left them enjoying the privileges of civilization, he found the West unsought for and left it more sought than any other country, he found it no man's land and left it the home of crowds.

The Hon. W. H. Cushing paid a personal tribute to McDougall's great worth as a friend and colleague.

On the platform sat Jonas Bigstoney, chief of the Stoney Indians, a man of magnificent physique and noble mien, whose speech was interpreted by the Rev. E. R. Steinhauer.

As far as I can remember, I am going to tell you, and speak a little. While our land was free, and the country was free, our friends here met our father on the plains. They followed him as a friend and brother, and had faith in him and in his teaching. As he found us, all our families were pagans. All these teachings dropped, and we are now following him in his steps. And as far as I can remember, day and night, storm and shine, we always

found our friend here to do his duty. Just as we remember him to-day, and all our lives, we will strive to follow him. All the tribes, the Stoneys, Crees and Blackfeet, all have the same feeling of loneliness. Just as you are all here to-day, there may be difference as to the colour of the skin, but we have one aim as brethren. As I think of the days of the past, I think of the ministry of our brother, and how he told us the time would come when our spirits will depart, and to-day, as I think of it, I say in my heart, he has faithfully done his duty. And as you hear me to-day express my thoughts, he has done his duty as a guide faithfully, and now as we are here to-day, with a common feeling of loss, we want to express our sorrow to his wife, daughters and sons. As I look at this Bible opened up, and this is what has brought us together, and I look on his wife, I can almost say, she has been a mother, helping us to do the right. And as we all remember, we have heard him tell how Christ came to the world. They (Dr. and Mrs. McDougall) have fulfilled their part, and this I wish my people may follow.

Dr. Riddell of Edmonton, who gave the closing address, spoke in part as follows:

Among the men who have toiled in the past for the uplift of humanity, and have been crowned because of their toil, no one was more worthy of an enduring crown, and a garland that never fades, than the one whose body lies here to-day. A great missionary, a great patriot, a dauntless pioneer, and a far-seeing statesman, he loved his native land, he delighted in the toilsome task of breaking new

trails, he peered down the shadowy lines of development, and saw the significance of passing events, as they stood in relation to the welfare of his beloved Canada, and above all, he sought to tell the story of the saving power of Jesus Christ to the Indian in his wigwam, to the Council of the Chiefs on the plains, and to crowded congregations in the larger centres, as they listened with breathless attention to his graphic descriptions of life in the great and opening Westland. Few men had in such marked degree the rare powers of description as our honoured friend. No one could listen to the thrilling description of a buffalo hunt, no one could hear him tell of the glowing prosperity that would yet visit these Western lands, without being stirred to the depths of his soul. There was always present in his addresses and appeals a poetic ardour, and a glowing optimism, which lifted his hearers to new and radiant heights, in which he made them realize the possibilities of our Canada. It is no small tribute to the genius of this man, to be able to say of him, that he was not only true to the Indian, loved the Indian with whom he spent a large part of his life, understood the Indian as few understand him, but when that Indian was led astray by designing and selfish men, he manifested not only his love for the Indian, but a loyalty and love for his native land that was strikingly remarkable, and in that sad struggle of a few years ago, when certain tribes of Indians rose in revolt, frenzied by the pleadings of a crafty leader, the tribes under the direction of John McDougall failed not a whit in their loyalty and



devotion to Canada and the British Crown. No Indian over whom John McDougall exercised any influence joined the rebels. His contribution to the nation in this respect is such that the debt can never perhaps be paid. . . .

This man surely had the soul of a poet, and the inspiring power of a great orator. The first act of his impressive life was to give himself to the cause of God, and to the welfare of the Empire, and he gave himself without stint and without grudging. The last act of his life was to give his own sons to the struggle for truth and freedom, and so thoroughly did this gift fill his thought, that almost his last question was about the welfare of the boys, and this last act he did as readily and as enthusiastically as he gave himself in his boyhood days. Dr. John McDougall will live long in the memory of the Indians who have roamed over the far-flung plain, he will live long in the estimation of the men who have toiled by his side and have seen his sterling worth, he will live long in that intangible yet abiding contribution which he made to the upbuilding of Canada and the Christian Church. To a great man, then, stirred by a great soul, with great ideals and great visions, we with bowed heads and subdued hearts pay our respects to-day, and promise in his presence, now silent in the cold impress of death, to live worthy of him and his achievements.

A telegram was received by the Rev. S. W. Fallis from the Rev. Dr. S. D. Chown, General

Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada:

All our people in the Mission and Book Rooms have received the news of the passing of Rev. Dr. John McDougall with feelings of profound regret and tender sympathy for his friends. We recognized him as a pioneer prophet of the plains, who placed Church and State under deepest obligation by his public services. His name will be enshrined in the annals of Canada, as one of the makers of the Dominion. Sorry cannot attend funeral. Doctors Briggs, Allen, Endicott and Stephenson join me in this message.

On the morning of the funeral, word came from France that David, one of his sons, had been wounded on the battlefield, adding deeper pathos to the event.

A memorial service was held on the following Sunday at Central Church, Calgary, in which the minister, Rev. Samuel W. Fallis, D.D., spoke in impressive and beautiful language of the great work done by John McDougall.

Not only the Church, but also the nation, is slow to recognize the place and worth of this strong man, who, regardless of discouragement, persisted in his vision for the Western country, and gave his life lavishly and without emolument for its realization. One cannot but deeply regret the failure to recognize, at exceedingly important periods in the history of these great Provinces, the peculiar knowledge and genius, which, always available, but never pressed upon a reluctant country or Church,

might have been utilized to the permanent advantage of the nation. John McDougall had all the instincts of a real statesman, seeking to create public sentiment, not simply to reflect it; a true leader of the people, continuously inspiring them amid the most adverse circumstances, with a noble and irrepressible vision. I always think of him in the terms of Markham's great poem on Lincoln. When Heaven desired to make a man to meet a need—

She took the tried clay of the common road—  
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,  
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;  
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;  
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.

. . . . .  
The colour of the ground was in him, the red earth;  
The smell and smack of elemental things;  
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;  
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;  
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;

. . . . .  
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,  
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.

. . . . .  
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,  
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.

. . . . .  
He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

The City Council of Calgary adopted the following resolution:

That in the opinion of this Council, some recognition should be made by the Dominion Government for the invaluable services which were rendered to the Western Provinces by the late Dr. John McDougall, and that a committee of two be appointed to discuss this matter with the local Member, Mr. R. B. Bennett, and request him to bring this matter to the attention of the Dominion Government at Ottawa.

In the Social Welfare Report, the following tribute appeared:

In his death the Society has lost a very dear and devoted friend. On the 1st of March, 1914, he was appointed a Judge of the Juvenile Court, and for nearly two and one-half years gave much of his time to the work of helping to reform the juvenile offenders. Some idea of the extent of his work in this connection may be gathered by the fact that, during the period referred to, he adjudicated in six hundred and seventy-nine cases. The Judge of a Juvenile Court needs to be a person of strong personality, generous nature, and good judgment. Dr. McDougall was such a person. He dignified the office of Judge. His heart was in the work, and it would be impossible to overestimate the influence he exercised over the youth. His aim was not to convict or punish the offender, but rather to discover, if possible, the latent good, and to use that as a starting point for a better career. No work that Dr. McDougall ever

engaged in appealed to him more strongly than the work of the Juvenile Court, and the splendid service he rendered the Society, and the City, in this connection merits the most grateful and loving remembrance.

Poems, articles and letters eulogizing the man and his work were published, from which only a few selections can be made, as the whole would fill a volume.

From a long article on John McDougall by the Rev. R. G. Macbeth, M.A., D.D., the following is taken:

McDougall was deeply versed in the ways of the Indians, for beginning among the tribes in Northern Ontario, he had come West to spend the rest of his days among them. If Dan Crawford of Aberdeen, who is rounding out his quarter-century of work in Darkest Africa, describes his mental processes as "Thinking Black" because he had so fully entered into the life of the negro, McDougall might speak of himself as "Thinking Red," for he gave all his days almost to work among the Red men in the West. During recent years, McDougall, as before, did much work of value for the Government, where he recognized no party. One of the advantages of residence in the West before Confederation is freedom from party predilections. And hence McDougall served the country in a special sense rather than part of it. But now he has taken the long trail over the Great Divide, and leaves a rapidly diminishing circle of men who really know the days of the frontier.



From Island Lake Mission in the north beyond Lake Winnipeg, the Rev. John W. Niddrie sent a long letter, from which this selection is gleaned:

It seemed well to us, although possessed of but scant literary skill, yet because of twenty-seven years' close acquaintance and unbroken fellowship, to add our humble tribute. When on the 15th of January, 1917, Dr. McDougall was called away to his reward, the Indian people of Canada lost a great and good friend, the country a noble, public-spirited and honoured citizen. During our seven years' stay in the northern country, we had been in regular correspondence with him, and since the news of his demise has reached us, our thoughts have often reverted to the closing paragraph of his last letter, a part of which we will submit here, and which reads thus: "Well, my dear fellow, stand to your guns, be faithful, and the blessing of God will rest upon you." Our sympathy and prayers go out to the loving, faithful woman who for over forty years so loyally stood by his side, and was ever ready to share in his labours for the uplift of mankind. The name and work of John McDougall will live and breathe on the pages of Canadian history, for no life ends for this world.

His tomb is in the Union Cemetery, which overlooks the Bow River and the Elbow River, a fitting place indeed, as it is one of the old camp-grounds of the McDougalls. Beyond are the Rocky Mountains, and God stands within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

The Western prophet, with his knowledge of the country and his great opportunities, might have become a millionaire, but his was the fate of the pioneer and martyr, for he died poor. His death was the last chapter of one long sacrifice. Interwoven in the history of the North-West, and especially of the Province of Alberta, are linked the names of Father Lacombe and John McDougall, pioneers, missionaries and comrades. These great men travelled over the same trails, loved the Indians, lived in their camps, were peacemakers among the tribes during the second Riel Rebellion, were excellent Cree scholars, spent their later years within ten miles of each other, and only one month separated them in death. They both lie under the sod of their beloved Province. They were honoured alike by the red men of the West. Men of all ranks and creeds respected and loved them, and their memory will be revered through all the passing years.

There remain to mourn John McDougall, his widow, five sons, John, David, Morley, George and Douglas, and four daughters, Mrs. Wheatly, Mrs. Magnus Begg, Mrs. Matheson, and Lillian Elizabeth. His brother David and his wife survive him, together with his three sisters, Mrs. (Senator) Richard Hardisty, Mrs. Leslie Wood and Mrs. Harrison Young and their families. There is also a great multitude who fondly remember the good, grey head, and treasure the words which fell from his lips.

All is now quiet on the old North Trail. The venerable face will no longer be seen; the kindly

greeting will no more be heard. But his memory will live in the hearts of the people. His heroic deeds and great achievements are the heritage of his country, and a challenge to men of every class and creed to achieve, in honour, love and sacrifice, a proud place among the nations for our fair Dominion.



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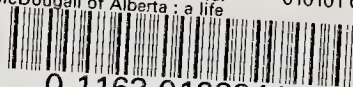
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MacLean, John, 1851-1928.  
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